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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire.* Par A. V. Arnault, de l'Académie Française. 4 vols. Paris. 1833.

HERE, at last, we have something genuine; and after the long series of *fabricated memoirs* with which the Parisian press has so impudently and dishonestly wearied and cheated the public, we meet with some degree of satisfaction a work of this class, which really is what it professes to be. The praise of *not* being a fraud is but small; and yet we can say little more in recommendation of these volumes. The substantive matter is trivial, the facts are few and inaccurately stated, the opinions are strongly marked with prejudice and partiality, the style is laboured and affected; and, on the whole, we are obliged to pronounce these to be, of genuine memoirs, the very worst we have met. M. Arnault himself is a very uninteresting personage: at two or three periods of his life he contrived to obtain a temporary celebrity; but, except some retired actor of the *old* Théâtre Français, or some surviving twaddler of the *Café Procope*, we doubt whether any one can have the least curiosity about M. Arnault. He, indeed, seems to have had some suspicion of this sort, for he takes merit to himself for affixing to his work the humble character of *Souvenirs* rather than the more important and *responsible* title of *Memoirs*. The distinction is correct enough, and his practice follows his theory. *Memoirs* imply an account of the *dicta et gesta* of the writer himself; while the wider scope of *Souvenirs*—Reminiscences—enables the author to swell out his volumes into a history, private, political, and literary, of all that has passed in the world since his own birth—with descriptions of all the places he may have ever visited—and biographical characters of every man he has ever chanced to see, coloured or discoloured according to his own passions or partialities. M. Arnault's *Memoirs* could hardly have occupied a single volume, while the *Souvenirs* of the earlier half of his life have already filled four octavos, and the sequel bids fair, at his rate of going, to fill six or eight more.

M. Arnault is justly indignant against modern memoir-writers, who, as he says, 'make a traffic of *self*, and sell themselves and

their names to book-makers;' and he tells us, with some indignation, that

'One of the most *accredited* editors of those *romances*, which are now published daily under the title of *memoirs*,—after buying the manuscript of an author who, having brought a history of *self* into the market, expressed a desire to revise his own work—replied, "That's *my* affair—leave it to me—I'll arrange all that—I'll do for you what I do for the others; for between ourselves, my friend, as to memoirs, I *publish* none that I don't *make*." '—p. vi.

Our reviews of the *soi-disant* Memoirs of Louis XVIII. and Le Vasseur * have already let our readers into this secret, and have, we have reason to hope, checked, not only in England, but even in France, this disreputable manufacture, or at least (which is eventually the same thing) diminished its profits; and we are not sorry to have, from M. Arnault, additional evidence of the audacity of this system of fabrication. We are tempted on this subject to relate an anecdote:—Soon after our review of the Memoirs of Louis XVIII. reached Paris, a literary friend wrote to say that he wondered we should have taken so much pains to expose an imposture which *tout le monde* (at Paris) *avait déjà apprécié*. This induced us to look a little closer to the fact, and we found that if *tout le monde* had indeed discovered the work to be a forgery, *tout le monde* had obligingly held his tongue till four *tivraisons* (of two volumes each) had plundered the pockets of *tout le monde*. Nay, we know that M. de Talleyrand—who is, we suppose, no insignificant component part of *tout le monde*—was, up to the publication of our review, quoted as an authority for the authenticity of the Royal Memoirs; and the work was proceeding, full swing, without having produced from the Parisian literary world anything like doubt or contradiction. And even now, although the circulation has been absolutely stopped in England, and checked in all well-informed circles on the continent, we believe that the authors and editors, though they have not ventured to say a word in their defence, *ne se tiennent pas pour battus*, and are still busy with similar manufactures. We shall not be inattentive to their proceedings, and shall again endeavour, whenever the occasion shall present itself, to save our readers, and the Parisian *tout le monde*, from paying tribute to the audacious cupidity of those '*accredited* editors who publish *no memoirs but what they themselves manufacture*.'†

But

* See Quarterly Review, Nos. XCVI., Art. VII.; and XCVII., Art. II.

† We hardly think it worth while to bestow even a *note* upon a specimen of this sort of manufacture which has been placed on our table as we write: it is entitled '*Soirées d'Abbotsford, Chroniques et Nouvelles, recueillies dans les salons de Walter Scott. Paris. Librairie de Dumont.* 1834. 8vo. pp. 344.' The preface contains

But while we cordially agree with M. Arnault in censuring this disgraceful traffic, we cannot think that his own course is altogether blameless; for, as we have hinted, three at least of his volumes are mere catchpennies; and—under the title of his *Souvenirs*—he had inveigled us into the purchase of a mass of old newspaper criticisms on departed plays, stale anecdotes from all the *Biographies Modernes*, and tedious accounts of his travels, extracted from road-books and local *Guides*. We have also to complain, that he has, in another particular, imitated the objects of his censure—by publishing not a complete work, but merely *livraisons* of a work, of which the extent and expense are indefinite. This is another trick of the Parisian trade, against which we warn our readers. One is content to give a dozen francs for a couple of volumes of Le Vasseur, or of the Duchess of Abrantes, or of Louis XVIII., or even of M. Arnault, but when you have bought them you find these two to be only the preludes to *two more:* well, you are unwilling to have an incomplete book, however worthless—you buy the second *livraison;* then comes another and another, and you are still tempted to 'throw good money after bad,' as the saying is, till at last you find yourself involved to the extent of eight, ten, or twelve volumes, really not worth binding. We therefore earnestly press upon our readers the prudence of suspending their purchases of such works *till they shall be completed*—a course which, if generally adopted, would have two excellent effects: it would oblige the Parisian publishers to let us have the whole work at once; and it would force the authors or editors to compress their information into reasonable compass. Eight or ten, or a dozen volumes, and an expense of two or three pounds, would be abridged to two volumes and a cost of ten shillings, not only without any sacrifice, but even with improvement, of the merit of the works.

Now for M. Arnault personally. We remember hearing Madame de Stael say, in her epigrammatic way, '*L'Etranger est la postérité contemporaine:*' this *mot* we believe she borrowed from Desmoulins—for, rich as she was in *bon-mots*, she frequently condescended to borrow—particularly *chez l'etranger;* but whether the phrase be hers or his—Corinne's or Camille's—it gives M. Arnault but a short prospect of posthumous fame; for we verily believe that, beyond the exterior Boulevard of Paris, he is scarcely remembered as an author, and that

tains a minute description of Sir W. Scott and his house, which shows that the writer never conversed with the one nor entered the other; and as to the '*Chroniques*,' &c., they are—what English reader would have believed such impudence to be possible?—they are, without exception, paltry scraps of fiction, translated from the London Annuals of the last three or four years—'The Gem'—'The Bijou'—'The Forget Me Not,' &c. &c. In short, the whole affair is a stupid lie.

none of his works ever passed the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, or the Channel. Accordingly, his personal and literary story will be soon told. He was born in 1766; his father, and subsequently he himself, had purchased offices in the household of the French princes —Arnault's being in that of Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII. Arnault's *liberal* spirit confesses this with evident reluctance, and describes his office by studied periphrases. 'His duty was,' he says, 'to supply, for six weeks in the year, the place of the Comte d'Avaray, who was about *Monsieur* what the Duke of Liancourt was about the king.'—p. 164. This lucid explanation, *ignotum per ignotius*, is all that M. Arnault affords us: though he is minute enough upon other points, he leaves his reader quite in the dark as to what his official duties and title were. We are sorry, however, to be obliged to confess our mortifying suspicion that he was neither more nor less than a kind of *valet;* and still more sorry to say, that the art with which he disfigures this fact gives no favourable impression of his candour. Who would not believe, from his expressions, that he and M. d'Avaray performed, in each other's absence, the same duties to *Monsieur*, that the Duke de Liancourt performed for the king—and that he and M. d'Avaray were equals, or, at worst, that he was M. d'Avaray's deputy? Now, if we are not misinformed, it was no such thing: the Duke de Liancourt was *Grand Maître de la garderobe du Roi*, (grand master of the wardrobe,) and Messrs. Le Comte de Crénay and Le Marquis d'Avaray were *maîtres de la garderobe de Monsieur*, and relieved each other in the tour of duty—while poor little Arnault was, as we have heard and believe, in the *very subordinate* station of *valet de la garderobe;* and if he ever replaced M. d'Avaray in his absence, it must have been as a corporal replaces a captain in the command of a company, when all the other officers happen to be out of the way. O fie, M. Arnault! —a *liberal* should not be ashamed of his proper calling; an honest autobiographer ought not to involve his first step in life in studied obscurity; and above all, he should not, for the sake of a little paltry vanity, make an elaborate *falsification of a fact.*

In the winter of 1790, while he was still in the service of *Monsieur*, he produced his first and best-known work, the tragedy of '*Marius à Minturnes.*' The Revolution had already gotten possession of the stage, and the Roman names and republican sentiments which naturally entered into the subject, contributed, no doubt, to the short popularity of this piece. But this literary success was soon counterbalanced, and his prospects were sadly clouded by *Monsieur's* emigration, which left Arnault without office or salary; and as he had spent most of his patrimony in the purchase of this little place, the loss was very severe to him: indeed, he seems,

seems, as we shall see, never to have forgiven the innocent cause of his disaster, and throughout his whole book aims many poor sarcasms and revives many atrocious slanders against his old master. Arnault admits that he was at first awkward in the performance of his service, but that *Monsieur*—

'to do him justice, never showed the least impatience of his *maladresse*:—but neither,' (complains the mortified ex-valet,) 'did he show any satisfaction when by practice I had learned to do better. Indeed, he was a real *idol*, that never showed either dissatisfaction or pleasure at being better or worse served by its ministers. Once, and once only, he departed from the system of moderation he had prescribed to himself. One of his *valets de chambre*, named Duruflé, a literary man of some distinction and who had even obtained a prize from the Academy, having hurt the prince while drawing on his stocking, he exclaimed, "*What a fool!*" "I did not think," replied the other, "that one was a *fool* for not knowing how to put on *Monsieur's* stocking." "One is a fool," rejoined the prince, "who has not sense enough to do properly what he undertakes to do."'—vol. i. p. 166.

'*Pas si bête*,' as honest Figaro says—*Monsieur* at least was no fool. Indeed, M. Arnault admits that he was a '*garçon d'esprit*;' and though he evidently has a spite against him, and endeavours by a hundred little sneers and some very calumnious insinuations to lower his character, the foregoing anecdote is the most serious offence which he specifically alleges. We guess, however, that this offence may have been more serious in Arnault's eyes than it appears at first sight, as there is reason to suspect that it was *Arnault* himself, not *Duruflé*, who received the reprimand.

M. Arnault's politics were not as yet, he tells us, very decided; though it is evident that he was on the *liberal* side; but the massacres of September gave a pretty strong hint, that Paris was no longer an eligible residence for any person—however *liberal* his sentiments might be—who had been in the service of the royal family;* accordingly, on the 5th September, 1792, M. Arnault left Paris, and after many difficulties escaped from Boulogne to England. He spent about six weeks in London; and as the most he can say of his acquaintance with our language is, that he knew *quelque mots d'Anglais*, we are not surprised to find that he has little to say about us, and that, in saying that little, he has made some ridiculous mistakes,—such as designating *Ancient Pistol* in Henry V. as Le *Vieux* Pistol,—but we cannot so easily forgive

* A small but curious proof of the virulent fanaticism with which everything that had any connexion, however slight, with royalty, was persecuted in those days, has fallen under our notice as we are writing this article. Having had occasion to consult the *Almanach Royal* for 1790, we happened to procure a copy handsomely bound—but the red morocco and gilding had not prevented the prudence of some former owner from *cutting out* from the title on the back of the volume, the word '*Royal*'!

him

him one or two deliberate misrepresentations—as when he tells us that he saw, in the same play, the French scene, between Catherine and her attendant, acted at Drury Lane in all the grossness of the original language. Now, Drury Lane theatre was pulled down in 1791, and not re-opened till 1794; as, however, he *might* have seen the Drury Lane company at the Opera House, we forgive that inaccuracy: *but* he adds, that he was 'very much surprised at hearing in an English playhouse an entire scene which he perfectly understood!' This is a fact about which there could be no mistake: he might have forgotten the name of a play, or of the theatre, or of the actors, but there could be no mistake when he recollects the extraordinary occurrence of a whole French scene, and a scene so very remarkable. Now, we think we may assert that this cannot be true: 'Henry V.' was indeed played at the Haymarket in the autumn of 1792; but as to the *French scene*, M. Arnault most certainly did not see *it*. There is, as everybody knows, such a scene in the *printed* play, but everybody equally well knows that it never was *acted* in modern times. These are small matters, but as tests of veracity they are just as good as more serious affairs; and we confess that we are compelled by a variety of such circumstances to repeat our doubts of M. Arnault's general accuracy.

M. Arnault's emigration may have been mainly decided by the influence of fear, or, as he expresses it, 'by his horror of blood,' but we see cause to surmise that there was a little of another kind of prudence in it. The advance of the allies into France made it probable, in September, 1792, that the royal cause was about to triumph,—and in that case a little tour to London would have been an irresistible claim to restoration, if not to promotion, in the royal household: we are led to this suspicion by M. Arnault's avowal, that

'after the retreat of the Prussians, the successes of the French, and *après le train que prenaient les choses*, the prolongation of his visit to England had no longer any reasonable motive, but might even be seriously injurious.'—vol. i. p. 393.

and so he returned to France; where, unfortunately, the reign of blood was not only not passed, but had taken a course wider, deeper, better organized, and more demoniacal, than even the mob massacres of September.

Two or three anecdotes relative to those days of terror we think worth preserving: the first is truly characteristic of a French *savant*—

'I have made,' said La Grange, 'a statement of the mortality in Paris during the years 1793 and 1794, and on comparing them with the preceding years, I do not find that the establishment of the Revolutionary

tionary Tribunal made any great difference. Deduct from the number of the victims those who would have died from old age, sickness, or accident, and you will find that the influence of this tribunal on the mortality of the capital is reduced to almost nothing.'—vol. iv. p. 316.

Now, this calculation of the *bonhomme* La Grange (as Arnault strangely calls him) is not more atrocious in morals than erroneous in statistics—as discreditable to the mathematician as to the man. In the first place, the population of Paris had been so enormously diminished—every one who could possibly quit that hell upon earth having done so—that if the mortality in the diminished numbers had only equalled the natural mortality of former years, it would have proved a vast increase on the proportionable number of deaths. Again, begging the philosopher's pardon, we think that, even if the number of deaths had been the same, some little difference might be suggested between dying in one's bed, and being mangled on a scaffold. And again, did not this learned gentleman see that his calculation supposes that the guillotine was peculiarly active with those who were the least possible of being guilty of any offence—the old and the ailing? But above all, since his calculation was founded on the returns of the mortality, what was the use of the *calculation* at all? If the returns were accurate, they must have specified how many were executed. Why then does he not tell us *that* number? Why proceed with circuitous trouble to produce a vague result, instead of the certainty which he must have possessed, and which he chooses to conceal? This was the same savant who, when 'Napoleon, *who liked that folks should believe in a God*,' (vol. iv. p. 317,) asked him 'what he thought of God,' replied, 'A pretty theory—it explains a great many things.' '*Zolie hypothèse!*' (the philosopher *lisped*), '*elle explique bien de sozes.*' La Grange's science seems to us quite on a par with the feeling of one Artaud, who, a few days after the execution of Camille Desmoulins, said, with a sentimental sigh, 'One cannot mow the harvest without cutting down some flowers.'—(*ib.*)

M. Arnault, by his intimacy with the infamous Chenier and some other notorious Jacobins, fell under the imputation of having belonged to that party; and an attempted defence of Chenier in these volumes seems to give additional countenance to that opinion; but, to do him justice, we must express our belief that such suspicions were groundless; at least we may confidently say that of the three greatest infamies of that period—the murders of the innocent and patriot-king, of the innocent and heroic queen, of the innocent and angelic Elizabeth—he *now* speaks with proper feeling; and with regard to that one of these illustrious victims against whom the most violent *acharnement* of the Jacobins had bee

been directed—the Queen—he speaks, not merely with pity, but with respect and admiration, creditable both to his feelings and his understanding. He attributes the death of the king to the *audacity* of the *Mountain* and the *lacheté* of the Girondins; and he states, very truly, that the *people* were so little in favour of the execution, that Louis would probably have been rescued, but for the adroit manœuvre of the faction of blood, which—by calling out the National Guard on that day, and keeping them in military order and activity—prevented the union of those who, if at liberty, would have, no doubt, made some effort to save their innocent and still beloved sovereign. 'He carried,' says M. Arnault, 'the quality of passive courage even to sublimity, and died like a martyr.'—(vol. ii. p. 6.) We know not how, with such sentiments, M. Arnault could have been suspected of having contributed to the king's death; but he states that he was so, and he attributes the exile to which he was doomed, after the Hundred Days, to that unfounded imputation.

'The death of the king might have had a political object;' but he adds, in an obvious imitation of Mr. Burke, 'what excuse can be made for that of the queen—for dragging to the scaffold all that mankind ought to reverence and honour—beauty, grace, dignity, goodness?'

'That woman whom I had seen at Versailles resplendent with majesty and happiness—throwing into the shade, by her *personal qualities*, that most brilliant court and the youngest and most beautiful of those who adorned it—that woman whom nature had made a grace, fortune a queen, enthusiasm a divinity, and revolutionary madness a heroine!—I saw her again on the 16th Oct. 1793, dragged in a common cart, dressed in mean clothes borrowed for the occasion, and under which her arms were pinioned—I saw her dragged—widow of the king and of the kingdom—to the scaffold, still red with the blood of her husband. It was while I was accidentally crossing a street that leads from the *Halles* to the Rue de la Ferronerie, that I saw—involuntarily and at a distance—this frightful procession. In half an hour she was no more, and the blood of Maria Theresa was mingled with that of Henry IV. and St. Louis.'—vol. ii. p. 88.

The guillotine never rested from its labour—'even Sunday shone no sabbath-day to it;'—one *holiday* it however had—the day of Robespierre's celebrated 'Feast of the Supreme Being.' Yet even that day revived, by a strange incident, the recollections of its bloody predecessors. In a car drawn by twelve bullocks, appeared some deified prostitute, whom Robespierre followed, at the head of a procession of the National Convention. When they came to the site of the guillotine—although the place had been carefully washed, and covered with a thick coat of gravel—the poor

poor beasts stopped suddenly, and exhibited such marks of horror, that it was not without great difficulty and severe goading that they were at last driven forward.—(vol. ii. p. 90.)

Much as he detested these *scenes of blood*, Arnault's *curiosity* induced him to witness the execution of both Danton and Robespierre. He met, he says by accident, the fatal car which carried the former and his associates to that very scaffold to which they had sent so many others. It is well known, but never can be too often repeated, that the Revolutionary Tribunal which condemned him, Danton himself had instituted!—the atrocious violence which stifled his defence, Danton himself had enacted! During the fatal procession, Danton was calm, seated between Camille Desmoulins, who was ranting, and Fabre d'Eglantine, who appeared stupified. Camille fancied himself a martyr to his new-born humanity—for *he grew humane when he found he was himself in danger;* but Fabre, more just, was overwhelmed with remorse and shame. Another person attracted notice in this batch of monsters—it was Herault de Sechelles. The mild tranquillity that reigned on the handsome and interesting countenance of this man (who had been in high legal office under the crown before the Revolution, and was an eminent *law reformer* in his day) was of another kind from the stern calm of Danton. Danton showed no signs of terror, but Herault exhibited as tranquil an air and as lively a colour as if he were going out to a dinner. Every spectator was interested by his appearance, and inquired with emotion the name of that amiable person; but when it was told —when the inquirer heard it was *Herault de Sechelles*—the interest vanished, and no one bestowed a second thought on the *selfish apostate.*

It was but a few weeks before his own exhibition on the same stage, that Herault had happened to meet the cart conveying Hebert, Cloots, and others of his former associates, to execution. 'It was by chance,' he afterwards said, 'that I met them; I was not looking for them, but I am not sorry to have seen them—it was *refreshing.*' This Arnault relates with just indignation; yet when he—a *tragedian*, be it remembered, by trade—met this batch of victims, he exclaimed, 'Here is a *tragedy* well begun, let us see the last act;'—and he followed it to the Place de la Révolution. We think that *his* exclamation is well worthy a place beside Herault's.

Of this *batch*—as it was commonly called—Danton died last: 'it was growing dark—at the foot of the horrible statue (a colossal effigy of Liberty, in plaster-of-Paris, erected on the pedestal of the ci-devant statue of Louis XV.) which looked black against the sky, the dark figure of Danton rose, defined rather than illuminated by

by the dying sun.' His air was audacious, his attitude formidable, and that head *about to fall* had still, says M. Arnault, an air of authority and dictation. His last words addressed to the executioner, were—'Don't forget to show my head to the people; 'tis worth looking at.' Danton is a kind of hero with the Liberals now-a-days, just because Robespierre survived him; as Brissot and Vergniaud are still greater favourites and have their statues on bridges and in palaces, merely because Danton and Robespierre put them to death. In this there is a kind of injustice—they were *all alike* villains; and if they had all perished on the 31st of May, Marat, and Hebert, and Danton, and Robespierre, would have been universally lamented as more innocent *at that period* than the Brissotins! It was only by living a little longer that the Mountain attained its 'bad pre-eminence'—he that lived longest had most scope for his natural ferocity; and Robespierre is become the scape-goat by which the reputations of all the rest are to be purified, because he happened to have better luck or more talents than the rest, and to have maintained his power a little longer. If one could make distinctions in *extreme* cases, we should, after a most attentive, and we might almost say personal, observation of the whole course of the Revolution, venture to pronounce that Robespierre, monster as he was, was not *originally* and *substantially* a worse man than Brissot, Louvet, Desmoulins, Danton, and fifty others, whom it is now the fashion to consider as comparatively innocent victims of the atrocities of which they were the prime inventors and hottest instigators. Robespierre fell, not because he carried those atrocities farther than his predecessors, but because he was suspected of a vague intention of putting a stop to them.

Amidst all these bloodstained anecdotes Arnault mingles, with the most Parisian indifference, the trash of his own little pursuits and the gossip of the theatres. When he followed Danton to the scaffold, he was within a moment of being too late, because he just looked in on Mehul, the musical composer, to say three words about one of his operas; and Mehul would have accompanied him to the '*last act of the tragedy*,' but that he happened to be in his night-gown and slippers. In such a state of society and feeling we are not surprised that one of the favourite exclamations of the Parisian public—who must always have a '*vive*' something or other—was '*Vive la mort*.'

Trembling, scribbling—shuddering, singing—vibrating between the *coulisse* and the scaffold, the café and the guillotine, Arnault contrived to carry his head on his own shoulders, through the reign of terror; and when Buonaparte began to take the lead, he, by the help of Regnauld (nicknamed de St. Jean d'Angely),

d'Angely), his brother-in-law, made some advances in the good graces of the Corsican conqueror, by whom he was entrusted with a mission to the Ionian islands, which he abandoned (we do not quite understand why) to make a tour in Italy; and this tour, in the dullest style of a *guide*-book, occupies about a volume of M. Arnault's Memoirs. The only thing remarkable in this portion of the work is the proof it affords of the bold and pertinacious mendacity with which Buonaparte afterwards belied his own proper name. When Arnault visits Vesuvius, he inscribed some lines in an album which is kept there:—

'Soldat' (which he was not) 'du fier Bonaparté,
Avec l'altier panache où resplendit sa gloire,
Au sommet du Vésuve, aujourd'hui j'ai porté
Les trois couleurs de la Victoire.'—vol. iii. p. 127.

The rhyme here puts the Italian pronunciation beyond all doubt; yet read the series of petty falsehoods which Buonaparte thought it worth while to dictate at St. Helena, in contradiction of this notorious fact. See also our former contradictions* of this falsehood—one which we cannot think trivial when we see what strenuous efforts Buonaparte made to give it vogue.

Arnault was one of the *savans* selected to accompany Buonaparte to Egypt, and he embarked with him in *L'Orient*. He however went no farther than Malta, where he, in a rather unceremonious manner, *deserted*, as Buonaparte afterwards reproached him. We shall select a few anecdotes of the passage from Toulon to Malta.

Poor Arnault, being only a *pekin*—civilian—underwent great contempt, and consequently suffered many hardships. The military men shoved him to the far end of the dinner table, seized his cabin, unslung his cot, and left him to sleep upon the bare deck. This ill-treatment, however, and an extra glass of punch, saved, in fact, *L'Orient*, the fleet, the expedition, and the embryo-emperor. Troubled with *insomnie* and indigestion, Arnault arose one night from his hard pallet, and went to the upper deck, where his experienced eyes beheld what the naval officers of the watch had not seen—that the ship was nearly ashore. He gave the alarm—like the goose of the Capitol—and the world was saved. But the French are not so grateful as the Romans; the latter almost deified their saviour geese—Buonaparte told his goose to hold his tongue; the matter was hushed up, and is now only told when there is no one to contradict it, or, may we add, to believe it. The secret was so well kept, says our goose, that, ten years after, Ganthaume (the admiral, in whose ear Arnault says he cackled his alarm) forgot *and denied it.*

* Quart. Rev., Vol. XII. p. 239; and Vol. XXVIII., p. 254.

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To alleviate the tedium of the voyage, Buonaparte used to hold, in the evenings, what he called an *Institute* in the great cabin, at which the *savans*, and followers, and naval and military officers were expected, that is, ordered, to attend. There Buonaparte, seated on a kind of throne, would give a theme for discussion. It is evident that he was already—indeed he had been from an early stage of his Italian successes—playing the autocrat.

'Déjà Napoléon perçait sous Bonaparte.'

These formal discussions were clearly intended to relieve the haughty general from the indignity of taking a share in social amusements—from that *equality* which stood at the head of all his public acts, but never entered into his presence; but they were dreadfully dull to all but the great man and the *savans*. The members of the *Institute* sat round a table, covered with a green cloth, at the head of which sat Buonaparte, as president; the military myrmidons were placed on back seats round the cabin. Junot, very ill-bred, very unlettered, but giddy and candid, could not abide these sermons, and often disturbed them. One evening he insisted that *Lannes*—just as illiterate as himself, but a graver personage, who had the fear of the general ever before his eyes—was entitled to a seat at the green table—'his very name' (*l'Ane*), says Junot, proclaims him to be of the *Institute.*' This passed off, and the debate continued. By-and-by it was interrupted by a loud snoring, which drowned the voice of the speaker. 'Who is that,' exclaimed the General, indignantly, 'who snores here?'—'Tis Junot,' replied Lannes, taking his revenge for the late joke. 'Wake him,' ordered the commander-in-chief: but a moment after the snoring began louder than ever. 'Wake him, I say;' and then, with a tone of impatience, 'why do you snore here at such a rate?'—'General,' answered the hare-brained Junot (who was always half mad, and died wholly so), 'tis your *sacre fichu* Institute, which sets every body asleep but yourself.'—'Go, then, and sleep in your bed.' 'That's all I want,' rejoined Junot; who immediately departed, and was no more pressed to assist at the sittings of the *Institute.*

Arnault next gives us a specimen of Buonaparte's taste and temper, which, from so devoted a worshipper, is of some little value towards estimating the real talents and character of that emperor of mountebanks. One day during the voyage, he summoned Arnault to read to him :—

'*Arn.* What will you have me read—philosophy—politics—poetry? *Buon.* Poetry.—*Arn.* Choose. *Buon.* What you will.—*Arn.* Shall it be Homer, the father of all poets? *Buon.* Homer let it be.—*Arn.* The Iliad, the Odyssey, or the Batrachomyomachia? *Buon.* (*evidently*

(*evidently puzzled*) What's that you say?—*Arn.* The Battle of the Frogs and Mice, the War of Troy, or the Travels of Ulysses? *Buon.* No battles just now; *we are on a voyage*, let us have *the voyage*—besides, I *know little* of the Odyssey, let us read the Odyssey.'—vol. iv. p. 38.

Now it is quite clear, from Arnault's being obliged to explain the subject of the Iliad as well as the Odyssey, that the hero knew as much about the one as about the other—that is to say, just nothing at all; which, as we shall see presently, did not prevent his giving a very decided critical opinion 'on the father of poetry.' Arnault was dispatched to fetch—a French translation, no doubt, of—the Odyssey, and when he returned, Buonaparte *rang the bell* for Duroc, and gave him orders not to let any one come in, and not to come himself till called. Then began the reading: but after Arnault had read a few lines, describing the feastings of the Suitors, Buonaparte burst out into ridicule of those ancient manners:—'That's what you call fine!' he cried; 'these *heroes* are nothing but marauders, scullions, and kitchen-pilferers: if our army cooks were to be guilty of such conduct, I should order them to be shot.' In vain did Arnault endeavour in measured phrases to correct this style of criticism—he seems ashamed of it; and indeed we think, for mingled absurdity, ignorance, and stupidity, it exceeds anything we have ever read—the mistake of the *Suitors* for the *heroes* of the piece—the confounding the merits of a description with the nature of the thing described—the overlooking the higher qualities of the poem for the inferior accidents—neglecting the countenance of the Apollo to examine his sandal—and measuring the manners of the mythological ages, by the standard of the suttlers and provost-marshals of the army of Italy—with fifty other corollaries which could be deduced from this short text, are, we think, wholly unparalleled, and only faintly shadowed, in the description of that other great *military critic*—*Ensign Northerton*, in Tom Jones, who '*damned Homo*,' upon about the same degree of acquaintance, and with as much good sense, as Napoleon the Great. 'That's what you call sublime;' added he—'but how different is Ossian from your Homer!' and taking up a volume of Ossian which lay on his table, says Arnault 'like Homer, by the bedside of Alexander'—he began 'to *read* or *rather to recite*' his favorite poem of Temora.

The education of this imperial Zoilus had been, however, somewhat neglected; everybody knows that he could scarcely *write* or *spell**—Arnault lets us into the secret that he could scarcely *read*—hence we suppose it is that we find in all the Memoirs about

* See Quarterly Review, Vol. XIV. p. 77.

him,

him, that he was generally, if not always, *read to*. But we shall give the curious passage in Arnault's own words:—

'He began to read or rather *recite* Temora. Now he was very far from *setting off (faire valoir)* what he read. For *want of practice in reading aloud*, his tongue would make many slips (*lui tournait souvent.*) Sometimes by reading a *t* instead of an *s*, and again, an *s* instead of a *t*—he would make *liaisons*, which one might well call *dangereuses*—disfiguring the words—(*estropiant les mots*)—and sometimes putting one word for another—the effect of a hurry, which gave a character rather *burlesque* than *epic* to his Ossianic enthusiasm and the swollen emphasis with which he uttered his text.'—vol. iv. p. 85.

Here is a perfect description of a clever child endeavouring to follow in print the lesson which he had already learned by rote. We always knew that Buonaparte was almost illiterate; but of so serious a deficiency in the mechanical art of reading we were not before aware.* Now that the fact comes out, it explains to us a variety of little personal circumstances, which before passed unobserved in the various Memoirs of his life. While, however, he was thus delighting himself, and boring the obsequious Arnault, by calling Macpherson a sublime genius, and '*Homer a dotard*'—the door opened—it was Duroc.

'"What's the matter?" asked Buonaparte with a frown. "I have not called—I have not rung." "General," answered Duroc, "as the squadron is *lying-to*, General Kleber (the second in command) has taken the favourable opportunity of coming on board to see you—he is in the outer cabin." *Buon.*—"Did I not tell you to wait till I should ring—have I rung—why have you dared to disobey my orders?" *Duroc*—"I thought, General, that the peculiarity of the circumstance—" *Buon.*—"You thought wrong—nothing justifies your disobedience—begone, and don't return till I call you—begone!"'—vol. iv. p. 86.

Duroc retired disconcerted and mortified—Arnault was little less so—at such a specimen of rigorous despotism, which would have been brutal anywhere, but was absolutely absurd at sea—in a fleet—and when the report to be made was of an unexpected event, the lying-to of the fleet—and the arrival of the second in command, who took advantage of an opportunity which might not occur again during the voyage, and which might not itself last five minutes! and while, as Arnault says, Kleber might have thought the great man was busied in arranging the affairs of the world, he was only stammering out Macpherson's fustian, and calling '*Homer à dotard.*' But we think (although it seems to have escaped

* L'Abbé de Pradt pronounced him to be '*profoundly ignorant.*' (See Quarterly Review, Vol. XIV. p. 94.) We take the liberty of referring to that article for a character of Buonaparte, which every subsequent work published about him seems to confirm.

Arnault)

Arnault) that we can—(not excuse, but)—explain this burst of brutality, that seems at first sight so unaccountable. Buonaparte, conscious of the little defect we have just alluded to, knew or fancied, that others might suspect it, and he was enraged that Duroc's intrusion should discover him *taking his reading lesson* from his (perhaps unconscious) preceptor! All the circumstances corroborate this suspicion—the sending Arnault (in order to conceal the real object) for a book, of which ten lines were not read—the strict orders not to be interrupted—the taking up the other book which *lay ready* on the table—(aboard-ship, books do not lie about accidentally)—the reading *to* the man who had been summoned to read to *him*, and the (on any other hypothesis unaccountable) rage at being discovered at these studies—all these circumstances satisfy us that our solution is the true one; and it is by such accidental traits that we are enabled to pierce through the cloud of flattery and falsehood with which Buonaparte took such incessant and infinite pains to surround, and to magnify, by obscuring it, his real character.

Arnault, as we have said, left the expedition at Malta, and on his return to France, was captured in the *Sensible* frigate by H.M.S. Seahorse. He gives a very fair narrative of the action and the results; and we are glad to find that M. Arnault's story not merely corroborates, but adds something to the short and modest account which Captain Foote officially gave of his victory. Capt. Foote's letter in the 'Gazette' gives 18 killed and 37 wounded—total 55; while Arnault states the total at 60, of which 15 were killed; the difference of the numbers of the killed was probably that three of the French died of their wounds after the prisoners had been removed. M. Arnault speaks with admiration of the beautiful order in which he finds the English vessel after the action, though she had been two years at sea—and with becoming gratitude of the generous and delicate attentions which he personally, as well as all his companions in misfortune, received from Captain Foote and his officers. The prisoners were released under a special cartel, at Cagliari, and Arnault finds his way back to Paris, where he resumes the very unimportant story of his literary life and society. In 1799 he produced his tragedy of the *Venetians*, which had considerable success. On Buonaparte's return, after a slight sneer at Arnault's *desertion*—which would probably have been more serious had not Buonaparte been so recently guilty of a still more heinous *desertion*—he was again taken into a kind of subordinate confidence, through the influence, we suspect, of his brother-in-law, Regnauld, who now became the chief of Buonaparte's literary clique.

In the 18th of Brumaire, Arnault was, he tells us, one of the conspirators—'how we apples swim!'—He was desired, it seems

seems, to write articles in the journals, and was even entrusted with the composition of a song which was to rally the troops and the populace round the new standard; he was also employed to carry messages and to do other little jobs connected with the plot; and from what he then knew, and what all the world has since known, he has compiled an account of that affair, which however has little or no novelty. One episode, which has something dramatic, we shall endeavour to abridge.

The *affair*, which had been frequently postponed, appeared at last definitively fixed for the 16th Brumaire; and, on the evening of the 15th, all seemed ready. Talleyrand, Rœderer, Regnauld, and Arnault, were assembled at Talleyrand's house, waiting the word of command—but it did not come. Arnault, as least liable to be suspected, was sent to inquire of Buonaparte whether the affair stood for the morrow. In the meanwhile, Bertrand-Talleyrand,* to deceive any one who might chance to call in, made his rubber of whist, and Raton-Arnault was, on his return, to make a sign, to be understood only by the initiated. Arnault, on arriving at Buonaparte's,

'found his salon full of everybody of every fashion—generals, legislators, jacobins, royalists, lawyers, abbés—a minister, a *director*, nay, the *President of the Directory* himself, against whom the plot was laid; and it seemed as if all parties knew what was going on—and as if they were all conspirators. To see the superiority of Buonaparte's air in this motley assemblage, one would have said that they were all in his confidence.'—vol. iv. p. 354.

While Raton was waiting to deliver his message, he witnessed a curious scene. The President of the Directory, honest Gohier, was sitting on a sofa with Madame Buonaparte, when Fouché, the minister of police, came in, and took, by invitation, his seat on the same sofa. 'Well, what news, citizen-minister?' asked the citizen-president, sipping his tea with a satisfied pomposity very comic under all the circumstances. 'News? nothing at all!' replied Fouché; 'only the usual gossip'—'What about?'—'Oh, of course, the *conspiracy*.' 'The *conspiracy!*' exclaimed Josephine, in a tone of alarm. 'The *conspiracy!*' repeated the good president, incredulously shrugging up his shoulders. 'Yes,' said Fouché, smiling, 'the *conspiracy*—but I know all about it. Give yourself no trouble, citizen-president; trust me, I am not the man to be caught napping. If there had been a *conspiracy*, I promise you that you should, before this, have had evidence of it on the Place de la Révolution (the site of the guillotine), or the Plain de Grenelle' (the scene of military execution); and

* Everybody knows that the chief success of M. Scribe's comedy '*Bertrand and Raton*,' arises from the resemblance which the Parisians see between Talleyrand and *Bertrand*.

he

he burst into a loud laugh. 'Fie, citizen Fouché!' said Josephine, 'how can you laugh at such things?' 'Citoyenne,' replied the imperturbable Gohier—who thought it gallant to say something to quiet the evident alarm of the lady, of the *real* source of which, however, he had evidently not the most remote idea—'Citoyenne, the minister knows what he is about. Be at your ease; when one talks of such extreme measures before ladies, 'tis a proof that there is no occasion for them. *Do as the government does—laugh at such rumours and sleep in peace!*' After this singular conversation, which Buonaparte, who was standing by, heard with a smile, the guests retired, and Arnault had an opportunity of delivering his message. 'The *affair*,' replied the general, 'is adjourned to the 18th. I leave *them* time to ascertain that I can do without *them*, what however I am willing to do with *them*.' *Them*, no doubt, meant the two councils, which Napoleon and Lucien were endeavouring to dupe, buy, or intimidate. Arnault returned to Talleyrand's, whom he found at his whist with Madame Grant, (not yet Madame de Talleyrand,) Madame de Cambis, and Regnauld. After reporting the results of his mission, Arnault and Regnauld stole away to an obscure printing-house to correct the proofs of the proclamation which was to announce the new revolution. The rest is known. Poor Gohier, who *slept but too sound*, was awakened by the guard which took him into custody. The councils were removed to St. Cloud; the Five Hundred were dispersed as the Long Parliament was, and *as all similar assemblies must eventually be;* Buonaparte became sole governor of France; and when Regnauld and Arnault waited on him in the evening to congratulate him, he replied—

'If within one month we have not a general peace, in four we shall be on the Adige. In any case it is *peace—peace*—that this day has won. That is what must be announced to-night at all the theatres—that is what must be published to-morrow in all the journals—that is what must be repeated in prose and in verse, and even in songs—and that's your affair (addressing Arnault); all variety of means must be used to fit the variety of tastes and intellects.'—vol. iv. p. 380.

Fifteen years of *war—war*—the bloodiest, the most extensive, the most aggressive, and the most unprincipled—are the best commentary on Buonaparte's pretended anxiety for *peace; his* intended peace was indeed fit only to be announced on buffoon stages, and promised to the world in the street songs of hired ballad-singers.

Here M. Arnault closes the fourth of his volumes; the whole pith and substance of which might, as we stated in the outset, be comprised in one. He concludes by saying that 'he has now to tell the story of his former associates and friends—become emperors, kings, dukes, marshals, what not—shall he have,' he asks, 'leisure and time to tell it?' We are not so inhuman as

to reply, we hope not; but we may venture to express a wish that, if he does 'pursue the swelling theme,' he may be less diffuse, less trivial, less partial; and rather more solicitous to amuse or inform his readers, than to increase, by every artifice of amplification, the bulk of his volumes, and the consequent amount of his copyright.

ART. II.—1. *Pindar in English Verse.* By the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A.M. London. 12mo. 1833.
2. *The Odes of Pindar, translated from the Greek, with Notes Critical and Explanatory.* By Abraham Moore, Esq. Part II.
3. *Bibliotheca Græca, curantibus Frid. Jacobs et V. C. F. Rost. Vol. VI. continens Pindari carmina, edente Ludolpho Dissenio, Professore Gottingensi.* Gothæ et Erfordiæ. 1830.

'IF a man should undertake,' says Cowley, 'to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another; as may appear when he that understands not the original, reads the vulgar traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure, rhyme, without the addition of wit and the spirit of poetry—(*quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum*)—would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose.' He adds, 'I have in these two odes of Pindar taken, left out, and added what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, *as what was his way and manner of speaking.*' And then, by way of letting the English reader know precisely the way and manner in which Pindar was accustomed to speak, Cowley proceeds to render the commencement of the second Olympic Ode in the following terms:—

> 'Queen of all harmonious things,
> Dancing words and speaking strings,
> What god, what hero wilt thou sing?
> What happy man to equal glories bring?
> Begin, begin thy noble choice,
> And let the hills around reflect the image of thy voice!'—

To the merit of which Pindaric burst Pindar himself can no otherwise lay any claim than on the score of three Greek lines, which, in despite of Cowley's hard words, we will venture to set before the reader in three lines of literal prose:—

> 'Ye harp-controlling hymns!
> What god—what hero—
> What man shall we resound?'

There is in the original a superb compound—ἀναξιφόρμιγγες—which rings on the ear like the sounds of a harp by night; with the exception of that fine word, the poet suffers but little loss in

in our plain English. Pindar at times bitterly reviles his enemies, and calls them crows, and daws, and worse; yet *their* malignity did him small harm with his contemporaries, and none with posterity; but, strange to say, the admiration of a poet of exquisite genius and fancy—the very model, upon occasion, of pure diction in his own language, has been well nigh fatal to him in modern Britain. Pindar would have loved Cowley had he known him in the flesh, for they were both pure, religious, loyal, and learned men; yet his self-love must have been less active than we think it was, if he would not have considered the friendship even of Cowley purchased too dearly at the expense of having his great Olympic song so handled by our countryman as it was destined to be.

That Cowley did not understand the construction of Pindar's odes, is apparent from the argument which he prefixes to his translation of this second Olympic, where he says that 'this ode (according to the *constant custom* of the poet) consists *more in digressions than in the main subject.*' The manner which he thus mistakenly imputes to Pindar, Cowley adopted himself in the composition of those odes of his own, which, from a supposed similarity of style, he called *Pindarique* Poems,—not worthless, but yet of little worth, and which, by popular association, have largely contributed to throw the poetry of Pindar into that discredit or neglect which they themselves excited, and partly deserved. Some particular passages in the works of the Theban poet have indeed been excepted by scholars, and noted for general admiration; but the 'fine passages' are not the finest things in Pindar, and the charge of general obscurity and want of unity has been gathering for a long time so thickly round his name, that it may seem worse than idle to attempt at this time of day to dispel the settled gloom.

The fame of Pindar amongst the ancients was transcendant and unique. Horace, who had but little of his spirit, had nevertheless a deep sense of his unapproachable majesty. Cowley, who was much nearer akin to the Latin than the Greek poet, expresses his own and Horace's feelings upon this point with great prettiness, after his peculiar manner:—

'Lo! how the obsequious wind and swelling air
The Theban swan does upward bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way!
Whilst, alas! my timorous muse
Unambitious tracks pursues;
Does with weak unballast wings
About the mossie brooks and springs,
About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,
About the gardens' painted beds,

About the fields and flowery meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey fly,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.'

That verse so harmonious, and poetry so splendid, picturesque, and noble as Pindar's, should have been laid so completely on the shelf as it has been in modern times, affords a very remarkable instance of the effect of popular prejudice founded on erroneous criticism. And truly, if to write poems in lines of every diversity of length, without metre or rhythm, without connexion or sense, were to write like Pindar, we think it would be much better to leave the old bard 'alone with his glory,' such as it still is, than, by venturing a word in his favour, run the hazard of quickening into increased activity the swarms of poetasters who now annually vent their petty insults upon the English muse:—rhymesters at best, but who cannot rhyme truly, and who, confident in the gifts of nature, care not, or know not, that poetry is an *art*—a most subtle, complicated and difficult *art*, requiring an ear for, or a sense of, musical harmony, an appreciation of the effect of rhythm upon metre, and an insight into the meaning of the words and power of construction of their native language. But it is the case with the little poets as with the little painters of the day; they are both alike impatient of study, and sacrifice the enduring beauty which results from just proportion, to the momentary *effect* produced by unnatural contrasts of light and shade. Every season, in the exhibition rooms of London, we see subjects, at which Michael Angelo would have paused, attempted by young men who have positively not learned to draw with ordinary correctness; while our tiniest rhymesters trip, with unblushing audacity, from the namby-pamby canzonet of your silken 'Annual,' or the boyish doggrel of a Magazine Satire, upon themes for the contemplation of which Milton, in the plenitude of his strength, would have girt up his loins with prayer and fasting.

We have been partly led to the consideration of this subject by the appearance of an entire translation of Pindar by Mr. Cary, and the completion of that by the late Mr. Abraham Moore. Both of these versions, differing widely from each other, are valuable additions to the library of English translation. The first is more the work of a poet, the second that of a scholar. Both may be read with advantage by the student, and with pleasure by those unacquainted with Greek; but Cary's is by much the best substitute for Pindar himself. We regret that a few notes, explanatory of the genealogies and local allusions, were not given in this latter version; at least the date and occasion of each ode, and the name of the person whose victory is commemorated, ought

ought in all reason to have been prefixed by the translator. These omissions may be supplied upon some future occasion, which, small as the encouragement in the present day is for works of this sort, we hope will not be wanting; and if the few remarks which have occurred to us in resuming our acquaintance with Pindar shall in any degree be found useful in making the true character of his poetry, and the probable principles upon which his odes are constructed, better known, we shall feel gratified with our labour.

That the successful translator of Dante should become a successful translator of Pindar, though a fortune worthy of high congratulation, is not to us either unexpected or unaccountable. For, though it be true that Dante and Pindar were men of very diverse tempers, and the poetry of each exhibits traits of thought and feeling unknown to that of the other, there is, nevertheless, one characteristic by which, as poets, they are in common pre-eminently distinguished. We mean to say that Dante and Pindar are, in a strict sense of the word, the two most *picturesque* of the great poets of the world—that they display this power in so remarkably high a degree, that, in spite of all minor discrepancies, both of them must be ranked by the philosophic critic in the same class. In order to guard against mistake, we must add, that by *picturesqueness* we do not mean a frequency or prominence of mere *picturable matter*, such as may be found in every ode of Horace, and in almost every song in Metastasio; for this abundance of *matter for painting* is often conspicuous in the works of poets in whom *the power of painting* is signally deficient. We rather intend to mark the natural faculty—which is not acquireable by art—of producing by words a distinct image of outward form or compound action, visible to the mind's eye, and so clearly visible, that the pencil cannot make its outline clearer. As for a single example, take the well-known passage:—

> 'Ella non ci diceva alcuna cosa,
> Ma lasciavane gir, solo guardando
> A guisa di leon quando si posa.'—*Purgatorio*, c. vi. v. 64.

Or Guidi's image of Rome,—

> ——— 'tacita nel seno
> L'orme del ferro e dell' età sofferse;
> E talora mirò le sue sventure,
> *Come leon che con terribil faccia*
> *Guarda le sue ferite, e altrui minaccia.*'—
> *Mathias Comp. Liv.* iii. p. 29.

Or those few lines—

> Ἄγχι δ' ἰλάων
> πολιᾶς ἀλὸς οἷος ἰὼν ἔρεφε,
> ἄκνιος βαρύκτυπον
>
> Euripides

Εὐτρίαιναν· ὁ δ' αὐτῷ
πὰρ ποσὶ σχεδὸν φάνη.—Olymp. I. v. 114.

'He came; and by hoar Ocean's flood
Alone in darkness stood;
Then call'd, amid the sullen roar,
On him whose trident shook the shore.
Straight at his feet the god appear'd.'—*Cary.*

Or the picture of Pallas appearing to Bellerophon by night:—

κυανοχαίτᾳ ἐν ἕρκει κοιμησαμένῳ οἱ
παρθένος σέβας εἶπεν
ἵππιον. ἀνὰ δ' ἅλαλτ' ἐρᾷ ποδί.
παρκείμενον δὲ συλλαβὼν τέρας.—κ. τ. λ.—Olymp. XIII. v. 94.

'As he in darkness slept,
Thus, to his sight reveal'd,
Waving her azure shield,
The Virgin seem'd to say.
Straight on his feet he leapt;
The wonder seized that near him lay.'—*Cary.*

Or, if we may be excused a further and longer illustration, take the account of Evadne's labour and the birth of Iamus:—

Ἃ δὲ φοινικόκροκον
ζώναν καταθηκαμένα.—κ. τ. λ.—Olymp. VI. v. 66.

'Her crimson'd girdle down was flung,
The silver ewer beside her laid,
Amid a tangled thicket hung
With canopy of brownest shade;
When forth the glorious babe she brought,
His soul instinct with heavenly thought.
Sent by the golden-tressed god,
Near her the Fates indulgent stood
With Ilithyia mild.
One short sweet pang releas'd the child;
And Iamus sprang forth to light.
A wail she utter'd; left him then
Where on the ground he lay;
When straight two dragons came
With eyes of azure flame,
By will divine awaked out of their den;
And with the bees' unharmful venom they
Fed him, and nursled thro' the day and night.*
The king meanwhile had come,
From stony Pytho driving; and at home
Did of them all, after the boy, inquire,
Born of Evadne;—"for," he said, "the sire
Was Phœbus, and that he
Should of earth's prophets wisest be,
And that his generation should not fail."

* Surely 'unharmful venom' is a misleading version of ἀμεμφεῖ ἰῷ μελισσᾶν, which means the blameless or pure dew or juice of the bees—honey. Not

Not to have seen or heard him they avouch'd,
Now five days born. But he, on rushes couch'd,
Was cover'd up in that wide brambly maze,—
His delicate body wet
With yellow and empurpled rays
From many a violet.
And hence his mother bade him claim
For ever this undying name.'—*Cary.*

The sympathetic sense of the picturesque in poetry, and the power of preserving it in another language, which gave Mr. Cary so much advantage in translating Dante, have insured to him a proportionate success with Pindar. We do not say that his success, taken absolutely, is equal in this his later attempt; and it is not surprising that such should not be the case, the difficulties of adequately rendering Pindar being so much greater. Add to the mere talent or knack of translation which many possess, the generally pure and racy diction, and the strong sense of the picturesque which cannot be denied to Mr. Cary, and you have provided the main qualities of a good translator of Dante. The moral tone and manner of narrative of the Divine Comedy are very easily imitable, as may be inferred by the uniformity, in this one respect, of versions by Hayley, Cary, Byron, and Wright; but the difficulty of executing the terza rima in English is, we think, insurmountable. Perhaps (as we lately had occasion to express our opinion) Mr. Cary showed the soundest judgment in adopting the Miltonic measure—not as like, but as a satisfactory substitute for, the original. Certainly Mr. Wright's double triplets without the third rhyme, which so subtly links together the total rhythmic flow of the Italian, sound to our ears as little like the Dantescan harmony as Cary's blank verse, and not so easy and noble. But, considerable as the difficulty of the terza rima is in the way of a translator of Dante, it is little in comparison with the task of rendering into English the various and complicated movements of Pindar's Odes. The great Florentine marches through the nether, middle, and upper worlds with an even step; learn his pace once, and you may keep up with him always. But it is not so with Pindar; the speed with which he sets out is often enough doubled or trebled before he gets to the end of his course; eagle of song as he was, and dared to call himself—not the *swan*, as Horace and Cowley call him—he has all the movements of that imperial bird, now towering right upwards to heaven's gate, now precipitating himself to the earth—now floating with spread wings in the middle ether, and now couching with the setting sun on the gilded battlements of a temple. No poet is so slow—none so rapid; a master of sentences, a preacher

preacher of piety, an offerer of prayers, he drops word after word as if he feared the escape of a light phrase in the presence of God; and with a thought, the string of his tongue is loosened, the fire is kindled within him, and the verse bursts forth like the gushes of a virgin fountain, swelling, heaving, falling, but ever increasing; the melodies converge, interlace, twist, and unite, till a sound of many waters arises—a unison of many voices inextricably blended, yet distinctly perceptible—and the accumulated harmony subdues the inner and the outer sense, as with the chorus of a distant organ, or the gentle roar of a dying storm at sea.

> 'Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
> Addiderat, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri.
> Fulgores nunc horrificos, sonitumque, metumque
> Miscebat operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.'

The metre and rhythm of Dante in the Divine Comedy being so elaborately opposite to the prevailing movement in Pindar—as the *incessus* of Jupiter might be to the *impetus* of his eagle—it is obvious that in the mechanism of the verse the translator of Pindar has to satisfy a very peculiar and very trying demand upon his skill. Our English lyric poetry will afford him no adequate model by which to express any of the longer odes of Pindar in all the varieties of their movements; the language itself presents no natural facilities, although we are far from from saying that in the hands of a master it might not be wrought into the ductility and continuousness required for the purpose. In the choruses of the Samson Agonistes, Milton has shown that the lyric manner, which chiefly prevails in the Greek *drama*, can be competently preserved in English. Take for example that solemn and affecting complaint,—

> 'God of our fathers! what is Man,
> That Thou towards him with hand so various,
> Or might I say contrarious,
> Temperest thy providence thro' his short course,—
> Not evenly, as Thou rulest
> The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
> Irrational and brute!' &c.

—passing off into this variety of rhythm,—

> 'But who is this, what thing of sea or land—
> Female of sex it seems—
> That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
> Comes this way sailing,
> Like a stately ship
> Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
> Of Javan or Gadire,
> With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
> Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,

Courted

Courted by all the winds that hold them play,—
An amber scent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind?'—

But the truth is, the choric odes of the Greek tragedians are constructed upon principles, and breathe a spirit very different from what we seem to discover in Pindar, who especially requires a more distinct expression, and a quicker repercussion of musical sounds. In this respect, also, our great master has, in his L'Allegro and Il Penseroso—more particularly in the former—shown a power over the English language of which there are few examples, and which cannot without the very greatest skill and felicity be preserved within the limits allowed by faithful translation. Long habit has seemed to make rhyme essential to our lyric verse; and, no doubt, by marking the metre more distinctly, and by exciting and gratifying the ear in its craving for the return of similar sounds, rhyme does very materially add to the peculiar pleasure which every one of any sensibility receives from the recitation of that kind of poetry. It helps also to supply something of that melody and sonorousness of words in which the Greek is so infinitely superior to the English and all other modern European languages. But then, on the other hand, rhyme is a very Procrustes' bed in the hands of a translator; the dimensions of the original must be made to fit the appointed frame, cost what it may in amputation, excision, or stretching; and it may well be questioned whether, upon a review of all our English versions of the Greek and Latin poets—to say nothing of the foreign poetry of modern Europe—more has been gained by the use of rhyme, in producing what is called *readability*, than has been lost, through the difficulties which it imposes, in omissions, garblings, and total misrepresentations of the meaning and character of the original authors.

It is certainly not true that rhyme is indispensable to the perfection of some kinds of lyric verse in English. The choruses in the Agonistes, in which the rhymes are only scattered here and there, are a proof of this; so we must be bold to say—notwithstanding some stiff phrases—is the translation from Horace:—

'What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses, in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness?' &c.

And, in our judgment, Collins's rhymeless Ode to Evening is not surpassed for musical effect in any language in Europe;—

'If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,

Like

Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,' &c.

We some time ago chanced to hear Mr. Coleridge recite the following lines, as a specimen of lyric rhythm, which he thought might satisfy the ear without rhyme; and we well remember, whilst listening to the intonations of 'that old man eloquent,' our feeling that rhyme would have been even injurious to the effect.

'*To a Cataract from a cavern near the summit of a mountain precipice*:—

'Unperishing youth! *Strophe.*
Thou leapest from forth
The cell of thy hidden nativity!
Never mortal saw
The cradle of the strong one;
Never mortal heard
The gathering of his voices—
The deep-murmur'd charm of the son of the rock,
Which is lisp'd evermore at his slumberless fountain.
There's a cloud at the portal, a spray-woven veil
At the shrine of his ceaseless renewing:
It embosoms the roses of dawn;
It entangles the shafts of the noon;
And into the bed of its stillness
The moonshine sinks down, as in slumber,—
That the son of the rock—that the nursling of heaven,
May be born in a holy twilight.

'The wild goat, in awe, *Antistrophe.*
Looks up and beholds
Above thee the cliff inaccessible!
Thou, at once full-born,
Madd'nest in thy joyance—
Whirlest, shatter'st, splitt'st—
Life invulnerable!' &c.

* * * *

If this, or something like this, could be sustained permanently, and fitted to correspond with the varieties of the original, we think more of what is really Pindar's, and less of what is not Pindar's, might be worthily given in an English version. The labour to the translator would, in one respect, be greatly increased, unless he were a *master* of versification; for where the popular support of rhyme is wanting, the choice and balance of words must be exquisite, in order to produce the melody which the English ear requires in lyric measures. But if the translator were a perfect craftsman in this, then surely, being liberated from the necessity of finding like-ending words, he might venture to interpret his original with an exacter

exacter fidelity. The almost necessary faults of rhyming translators are not so much those of omission as of commission; they are not satisfied with what satisfied their betters; *nescio quid majus Iliade* is always secretly in their hopes, and they insist that the fire of the original must not be lost by an over-scrupulous attempt to preserve its form. With which proposition we entirely agree, and only require an instance to be shown where that which really is fire in the original has ever been extinguished—or even dimmed—by the *exactness* of the form of transfusion alone. But if something more is meant, and it is alleged to be a translator's duty to embellish the original, then we dissent. At least, if you smear paint upon a plain face, you ought to be very sure that you will improve what you must disguise. It may well be that the bare place which you have decked with fruits not its own, was intended—or, at all events, now serves—to give relief and lustre to the flower planted next to it; and it may also be, that the sheathed rose-bud, which with infinite labour you have contrived to blow all abroad, has thereby lost at once the beauty and the fragrance which it had. Some one brought to Sheridan, we think, the *Beauties* of Shakspeare, in one volume; he asked, where the other seven were. So it is pre-eminently with Pindar. No other poet of all antiquity so imperatively demands from a translator a strict observance of his shade as well as his light; to adorn that which he has left plain is, more than with any other poet we know, to confound all resemblance. He is, for the most part, so figurative, that, where he speaks without a figure, it may well be presumed that he did so on purpose, and his purpose ought to be observed.

We will say for Mr. Cary, that he has been *less* ashamed of his original than any other translator of Pindar who has gone before; indeed, we expected as much from his manly version of the rough places in Dante: yet rhyme and fashion, and the cant of common versifiers, have led him away from the simple straight-forwardness of his noble original more often than we could have wished. We have already mentioned those three opening lines of the second Olympic; just take them as an example:—

Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες ὕμνοι·
τίνα θεὸν, τίν' ἥρωα,
τίνα δ' ἄνδρα κελαδήσομεν;

Which Mr. Cary renders thus:—

'Ye hymns, that rule the lyre,
What God, what hero shall *inspire*,
What mortal man, the *warbled* song?'

'Whom shall we sing, O Hymns?' says Pindar, with a strong personification, but a direct and simple meaning. The translator makes

makes Pindar ask the *Hymns* who shall inspire the *Song*. Are not the hymns and the song the same?—and is not this as tasteful as to say—'O Violin, what shall we play on the fiddle?'—meaning the same kit all the while? Besides, what has the word '*inspire*'—and, especially, what has the word '*warbled*'—to do in such a passage? The first we impute to the rhyme; the second, we set down to a momentary deliquium of taste and Pindaric feeling. Pindar never *warbles*, that we remember:—did David warble?—he sings, if you will, and strikes the lyre; and if there must be epithets in English, where there are none in the Greek, let them twang, or chime, or ring, or sound, in any way, as from the strings of the lyre—the instrument of gods and heroes; but let us have no memorial of *sol fa*, or the prima donna. Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες should be the pitch-pipe to the translator of Pindar.

We have mentioned this short passage as an obvious instance of that sort of slipslop translation, which is more unbearable when applied to Pindar, than to almost any other poet we know. But this is not Mr. Cary's general manner; if it had been, our respect for his Dante would have made it necessary for us to be silent on his Pindar. No, the general character of this translation is manly, and some of the most difficult things in Pindar, and the most opposed in tone, are executed with equal excellence. The moral sentences and personal reflections of the poet are rendered with great spirit; for example, can anything be better than this?—

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶ-
νος ὠκέα βέλη
ἔνδον ἐντὶ φαείνειν
φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· κ. τ. λ.—II. Olymp. v. 149.

'Beneath mine elbow a full quiver lies
Of fleetest arrows, sounding to the wise;
But for the crowd they need interpreters.
His skill is most who learns in Nature's school;
All else, expert by rule,
Are none of hers;
Mere tongues in vehement gabble idly heard,
Clamoring, like daws, at Jove's celestial bird.'

Or this—

Ἦ θαύματα πολλά.
καί που τι καὶ βροτῶν φρένας
ὑπὲρ τὸν ἀλαθῆ λόγον
ὑποδαιδάλλοισι ψεύδεσι ποικίλοις
ἐξαπατῶντι μῦθοι· κ. τ. λ.—I. Olymp. 43.

'Many a wonder is, in sooth.
But sometimes more than truth,
On man's beguiled thought
Invention will prevail
With a well-woven tale,
In varied colours quaintly wrought: And

And grace, that can a magic throw
On all that charms the sense below,
By lustre not *his* own relieved,
Hath made th' incredible believed.
But after-days the best convincers are:
And man should only fair
Speak of the gods, and good:
For so is blame eschew'd.'

All the passages in Pindar of this grave, sententious kind—and most of our readers know how numerous and characteristic they are—appear to us to be translated by Mr. Cary with peculiar success. But his success is not limited to this department of the original; in those passages in which an exquisite elegance of style, and, a certain subtle lightness of thought predominate, he has more than once been very felicitous. We know nothing in all Pindar so graceful—so exclusively graceful—in manner, as his address to the Graces: the inspiration seems more than a figure, and, indeed, we cannot doubt that the poet, upon this occasion, studied in a peculiar degree to achieve a tone germane to the character of his ladies-patronesses. We venture to quote the whole ode, which is short, and will serve as an instance of the poet's and the translator's manner, in an entire composition.

Καφισίων ὑδάτων λαχόντες—κ. τ. λ.—XIV. Olymp.

'O ye, ordain'd by lot to dwell
Where Cephisian waters well;
And hold your fair retreat
Mid herd (*s*) of coursers beautiful and fleet;
Renowned queens, that take your rest
In Orchomenus the blest,
Guarding with ever-wakeful eye
The Minyans' high-born progeny;—
To you my votive strains belong:
List, Graces, to your suppliant's song!
For all delightful things below,
All sweet, to you their being owe;
And at your hand their blessings share
The wise, the splendid, and the fair.
'Nor without the holy Graces,
The gods, in those supernal places,
Their dances or their banquets rule;
Dispensers they of all above
Throughout the glorious court of Jove;
Where each has plac'd her sacred stool
By the golden-bow'd Apollo,
Whom in his harpings clear they follow;
And the high majestic state
Of their Eternal Father venerate.

'Daughters

'Daughters of heaven;—Aglaia, thou
Darting splendours from thy brow;
With musical Euphrosyne,—
Be present. Nor less call I thee,
Tuneful Thalia, to look down
On this joyous rout, and own
Me their bard, who lead along,
For Asopichus, the throng
Tripping light to Lydian song;
And Minya for thy sake proclaim
Conqueress in the Olympic game.
'Waft, Echo, now thy wing divine
To the black dome of Proserpine;
And marking Cleodamus there,
Tell the glad tidings;—how his son,
For him, hath crown'd his youthful hair
With plumes in Pisa's valley won.'

Pindar lived to be eighty years old, and, like all the great poets of his age, and indeed, country, was a voluminous writer. The books of odes which we possess did not constitute a fourth part of the works which were collected and edited by Aristophanes and Aristarchus. Those great grammarians classed the remains of Pindar, which seem to have been entirely lyric, under the names of Pæans, Dithyrambics, Prosodia, Parthenia, Hyporchemata, Encomia, Scolia, Threni, and others. They distinguished the Epinicia, the largest part of which we still have, from the Hymns, more strictly so called. It has been said that the most brilliant specimens of the Pindaric muse have not come down to us. We cannot quite believe this: not doubting, assuredly, that time has robbed us of much, little inferior in merit to that which it has preserved; but conceiving it more probable, in the absence of explicit testimony, that, upon the whole, the best was the most celebrated, and the more celebrated the most likely to live. The few *fragments* which still remain, amply prove that Pindar was Pindar always, and we should be glad to see another edition of Mr. Cary's book enriched by versions of two or three of the most connected of them. The Scolium χρῆν μὲν κατὰ καιρὸν ἐρώτων—κ. τ. λ.—and the Threnic fragments—τοῖσι λάμπει μὲν μένος ἀελίου—κ. τ. λ.—in particular, are exquisitely beautiful, and ought not to be lost to the English reader of this great poet. The Dithyrambic lines—δεῦτ' ἐν χορὸν, Ὀλύμπιοι—putting us in mind of Schiller's, or more truly, Coleridge's 'Visit of the Gods,'—will also bear translation.* As far as it is possible to judge from these scanty relics, we

* We jot down the following rough lines merely to show the different tone of the Dithyrambus from the majestic Epinician:—

'Down

we should think that Pindar's boldness of imagery and luxuriance of language never deserted him; but that in the Epinician Odes he had exercised a severer taste and a more exalted tone, than in his other compositions.

This might well be expected, when we come to consider the surpassing dignity of the occasions upon which these odes were composed, and the remoteness and variety of the countries to which they were sent. The Games which attracted the costly and laborious competition of princes and magistrates, must have been associated with feelings and solemnities of a very peculiar interest;—and the poet, whose odes were chanted in Rhodes, and in Sicily, in Cyrene, Lacedæmon, Corinth, Athens, and Lesbos, must have possessed a truly national fame, and almost all that was civilized in the world as his theatre. It should be remembered that the Olympic and other public Games were in their institution and accompaniments strictly religious solemnities, and the hymn which was composed upon the occasion of a victory was designed as much for the honour of the God as for the praise of the man. We ought to say that the Divinity was *more* regarded than the winner of the prize; for it would have revolted the religious and the prudential feelings of a Greek of Pindar's age to have made the successful individual the principal figure in the hymn. The honour was in itself transcendant, and for that very

'Down to our dance, gods!
Come down from Olympus—
Hither descend!
Glory o'er Athens and joyance bestowing,
O light, as ye wont, in the forum o'erflowing,
Where the crowds, and the chorus, and sacrifice blend!
Lo! they come! Now the violet-coronals bring,
And pure honey dew-drops
Fresh gather'd in Spring!

'See me advancing
Under Jove's guidance
Singing divine!—
'Tis the ivy-clad Boy!—God Bromius we name him;
With a cry and a shout Eriboas we claim him!
O! begotten of mother of old Cadmus' line
In the mighty embrace of omnipotent sire—
I come from afar off
To lead thy bright quire!

'For the new palm-bud
Caught glance from the prophet
Of Nemea's strand;
When the nectarous plants felt the spring-tide sweet-smelling,
What time the young Hours oped the ports of their dwelling!
Now the violet blooms are chance-flung on the land,
And the rose and the rose-leaf are wreath'd in the hair,
And voices and pipings
Ring loud in the air!'

reason

reason the praise was spread over as wide a surface as possible. A Nemesis attended on too great felicity: there was a certain jealousy in the gods which might be provoked by triumph and soothed by moderation; it was thought possible to propitiate this avenging principle by voluntary abandonment of part of what was strictly due. Polycrates threw his diamond signet into the sea. The Athenians raised a marble statue to the goddess immediately after the battle of Marathon. Pindar directly attributes the success of the victor to a divinity, and is careful to pour his 'foaming cup of praise' over the city, the tribe, the ancestors, and even the servants of the winner. He rarely writes for a wrestler or pugilist without distinctly naming and commending his trainer, nor is the groom, or the charioteer, or the horse forgotten. Sometimes the poet praises the master of the choric band, and sometimes he praises himself. Every thing is praised, that Hiero or Diagoras may not have to bear the whole odium—the φθόνος—of the splendid triumph; severe admonitions to humility are not spared, and Pindar seldom fails to offer up a deprecating prayer—so to call it—in the character and with the solemnity of a priest.

Let any one peruse the Epinician Odes of Pindar with this clue, and he will clearly perceive that the Greek poet did not celebrate his patrons after the manner of the laureates of Louis's court; he studiously avoids a concentration of eulogy upon one head; the victory is in stronger relief than the victor, and the splendour of the victory is almost merged in the general and enduring glory of the Games themselves. Moreover Pindar addresses even Hiero and Arcesilaus as their guest and friend; his tone towards men of lower rank is that of a man conferring a gift. He ends his first great Ode to Hiero thus:—

Εἴη σί τι τοῦτο
ὕψοῦ χρέων πατεῖν, ἐμέ
τι τερπνὰὶ νικαφόρους
ἐμιλεῖν, πρόφαντον σοφίᾳ καθ' Ἑλ-
λανας ἰόντα πανταῖ.

'Thine be the lot this time
To tread the path sublime;
For me, meanwhile, with conquerors my friends
To live, conspicuous still,
For the wise poet's skill,
Wherever Greece extends.'—*Cary.*

He puts on their wreath of victory, and sticks amaranth in the midst of it—to flourish when the olive or the parsley should be withered. He is conscious that he gives more than he receives, and is at no pains to conceal it. The dignity of the poet was surely never pitched so high, or so majestically maintained.

The respect which Pindar demanded was willingly paid. The homage

homage was universal and enthusiastic. The Amphictyonic Council decreed to him a right to the public hospitality of every town of Greek name; the Pythian oracle ordered a portion of the Theoxenia—a species of sacrificial offerings—to be set apart for Pindar's use, a privilege which was continued to his descendants; and an iron chair, or throne, was assigned to him within the Delphic temple, in which, upon solemn occasions, the poet seated himself, and recited his hymns to the people. Pausanias says* that the chair remained to his day, and that he had seen it and heard the tradition connected with it. An Epinician Ode by Pindar doubled the honours of victory in the games, and the fellow-countrymen of the winner made less account of his Olympic crown than of his mighty poet's praise. The Rhodians are said to have been so transported with admiration of the ode composed in honour of Diagoras, their giant boxer—the seventh Olympic—that they caused it to be inscribed in letters of gold and set up in the temple of the Lindian Minerva. From such remarkable testimonies to the merit of a living poet—who had his rivals and enemies—we might reasonably conclude that the Greeks of the most splendid age of Greece saw nothing obscure or rambling in the works which they so fervently admired. The Rhodians would hardly have acquiesced in Cowley's criticism, although, upon the supposition of their understanding English, they might have said, or thought, something of the sort of Cowley's own Odes. If Pindar seems obscure, or rambling, to us, we must surely in all modesty suppose that a part of the fault is in ourselves. We ought to give this learned Theban the benefit of the old retort—*intelligibilia non intellectum fero.*

And yet that such a man as Cowley, besides so many others, should have made the same objection, and have even coupled Pindar with Lycophron, is certainly enough to make us examine, with some care, the probable grounds for such a charge. As to Lycophron, we must protest against the monstrous association. The Cassandra *is* obscure, in the strictest and worst sense of the term; it is wilfully involved in verbal enigmas, which no skill in the language, no insight into the design, can possibly help us to solve without the aid of an interpretation which has come down from the times of the Grammarians. A poet who nakedly designates Hercules by the words τριέσπερος λέων, because that hero wore the Nemean lion's skin, and because, upon a certain occasion, three nights were put into one on his account, means evidently, before all other things, to propound riddles, which may be luckily guessed, but cannot possibly be construed by any scientific rules. We say this without meaning to dispute the genius of the poet of Chalcis; there are passages in his work

* *In Phoc.*

which attest a very peculiar power; and it is extraordinary that they should be disfigured by so preposterous a style. But Pindar presents no difficulties in his words taken by themselves; his phraseology is plain enough, and his figures, although very bold and sometimes very complicated, are always obviously significant of the poet's sense at first reading. If there were corrupt metaphors in Pindar—which we deny—we believe they would little or not at all account for any person's difficulty in understanding his Odes; even a *bull* is always perfectly intelligible; it is a fault in the logic of terms, but the intention of the speaker is not in the least degree rendered doubtful by it. Let us be allowed, by the way, a few words upon Pindar's figures.

Lyric poetry, although subjective in the highest degree, differs from Elegy in this,—that, whereas the latter is occupied in the expression of feelings connected with the past or the future, with sorrow or love—in short with reflections on that which is absent—in the Ode the present is always predominant over every mood of time and space, and the poet associates himself with imagery directly presented to the eye of the reader. Hence it is that narration and description may find a place in lyric poetry; but the distinction between the imagery in Pindar and in Homer is this:—in the latter it is purely objective—the poet being a voice and nothing more; whilst in Pindar everything is associated, and forms part, by way of likeness or contrast, of the one fundamental and pervading theme of the poem. The poet himself breathes in every line. It is, moreover, essential to lyric verse that the expression should at one time be highly condensed, at others drawn out and continuous—of both of which extremes Pindar presents numerous examples in almost every ode. Hence it is that the simile, in its most simple form of juxtaposition, is rarely adopted in these odes; and where it is so found, it is for the most part in cases in which a single word or phrase constitutes the object of comparison. For instance, κόρακες ὡς—φελλὸς ὡς αἰθόμενον πῦρ ἅτε διαπρέπει νυκτὶ—and a few more of the same sort. We do not remember six similes in Pindar in this simple form—the one almost exclusively employed in the Homeric and Hesiodic poems.

Both the principles which we just now noticed call for the closer and more impersonated form of the metaphor in lyric poetry, and Pindar has availed himself of it with unequalled boldness and variety. His favourite mode is to merge the subject in the object of the comparison—the thing to be illustrated in the thing which is to illustrate—and then to apply to the substituted image the train of thought, in fact, belonging to the primary subject; and not only so, but also frequently to revert to *language* which can only be attributed in strictness of terms to that primary subject, and which is incongruous with the object of comparison. Let us make

make what we mean a little clearer by an example or two of these Pindaric figures. At the conclusion of a most beautiful ode—third Nemean—the poet says to Aristoclides,—

χαῖρε
φίλες. Ἐγὼ τόδε τοι
πίμπω μεμιγμένον μέλι λευκῷ
σὺν γάλακτι, (κεκραμένα δ' ἴερσε' ἀμφ-
ίεσσι,) πόμ' ἀοίδιμον Αἰο-
λῆσιν ἐν πνοαῖσιν αὐλῶν,
ὀψί στε.

'Farewell, O friend, to thee I send
This chalice, honey with the white milk blended,
(The dewy bead-drop dancing round the brim)
A cup of praise and tuneful lays,
With breath of pipe Æolian tended.'—*Cary.*

'I send *this honey and milk* (=the ode) with a dewy crown—a *draught* of song—*to be accompanied by the breath of Eolian pipes.*'

In the eighth Nemean to Dinis, Pindar says—

ἱκέτας Αἰακοῦ σιμῶν γουνά-
των πόλιός θ' ὑπὲρ φίλας
ἀστῶν θ' ὑπὲρ τῶν δ' ἄπτεται, φέρων
Λυδίαν μίτραν πανεχνὰ στυπτ-
ὰ μιλήσιον.

'A suppliant to Æacus I come;
And touch his holy knees
Both for the city, and for these
Who call it their beloved home;
Bearing the Lydian mitre bound
With many a fold of mazy sound.'—*Cary.*

'I bear a Lydian *wreath* (=an ode set for the Lydian mood) *sonorously* variegated or adorned.'

And beyond a hundred others of like construction, let the following remarkable passage be cited:—

ἀκούσατ'· ἢ γὰρ, ἰλιπότιδες Ἀφροδίτας
ἄρουραι ἢ Χαρίτων
ἀνασπολίζομεν, ἀμβαλὼν ἱερὰν ὁμὸν
χθονὸς ἀίσσων περισσχόμενος·
σὺν δὲ νιν ἀλκίσιος ἵνθ' ἀλκίσιοι Ἐμμενίδαις
σταμίᾳ τ' Ἀκράγαντι καὶ μὰν Ξενοκράτει
ἰσῶμος ὕμνων
θησαυρὸς, ἐν πολυχρύσῳ
Ἀπολλωνίᾳ τετίχωται νάπᾳ·
τὸν οὔτε χειμέριος ἅμαξος ἰσακτὸς ἱλλὰς
ἱερὰ ἐρεμνὸν πρίλας
τραπὼν ἀμείλιχος, οὔτ' ἄνεμοι ἐς μυχοὺς
ἁλὸς ἄξουσι παμφόρῳ χειρὶ δι

τυπτόμενοι. φάει δὲ πρόσωπον ἐν καλαῖς
πατρὶ τιᾷ, Θρασύβουλε, κοινάν τι γενεᾷ
λόγοισι θνατῶν
εὐδόξων ἅρμασιν νίκαν
Κρισαίαισιν ἐν τυχαῖς ἀπαγγελεῖ.—VI. Pyth. v. 1.

'List: for our furrow turns a field,
To bright-eyed Venus or the Graces dear,
As we, the temple near,
Approach the navel of loud-roaring earth,
Where due to Pythian victor's worth,
For the Emmenidæ and Agragas
(By whose fair towers the river flood doth pass)
And for Xenocrates the blest,
A treasure of sweet hymns doth rest,
Wall'd in the golden Apollonian glen:
Which neither wintry tempest driving loud,
Inclement army of the echoing cloud,
Nor wind shall sweep, with surf all-swilling, hurl'd
Into recesses of the watery world;
But standing forth, in light, it shall to men
Declare, with serene face,
The conquest, Thrasybulus, of thy car,
A common glory to thy sire and race,
In Crissa's winding vales.'—*Cary.**

'We *plough the field* of Venus or the Graces—(=we prepare an ode) —as we *approach* the navel of the earth (=Delphi, it being a Pythian victory), where a *treasure of song* in honour of the Pythian victors is erected and preserved—which treasure (= the ideal treasure of fame and song, as opposed to the gold and silver offerings in the Delphic treasury) neither wind nor rain shall affect; but on the contrary, *it* (the song) shining clearly (as if it were gold), shall declare your glories, &c.'

We end these instances with a short passage, remarkable for the supervention of the direct simile upon the metaphor:—

χρυσίας ὑποστάσαντες εὐ-
τυχεῖ προθύρῳ θαλάμου
κίονας, ὡς ὅτι θαητὸν μίγμασιν,
πάξομεν.—VI. Olymp. v. 1.

'Placing golden columns under the well-built porch of our chamber (=commencing with a splendid exordium to the ode)—we will erect *it* (=the chamber or ode), *as if we were building a beautiful palace.*'

We fear Dr. Johnson would have called these and the like

* We cannot compliment Mr. Cary upon the whole of this version. What is the meaning of a 'furrow turning a field?' The seventh line is exceedingly tame and prolix for the single epithet *ποταμία*, and surely *παμφόρῳ χειράδι* does not mean 'with surf *all-swilling*,' but sand, stones, and mud, driven or collected together, in a passive sense? We recommend, by the way, to Mr. Cary, in case of a second edition being called for, the use of Boeckh's text, instead of Heyne's, from which it is evident his translation has been made.

false

false metaphors; and certainly, if it be universally true that no circumstances can justify a departure from what may be termed the literal unity of a metaphor, then Pindar must be allowed to be remarkably open to the censure of criticism upon this account. But we venture to think that this matter has been settled a little too hastily, and upon too narrow principles of logic. It is exceedingly difficult to trace with precision the process by which a word, primarily denoting a visual image, or a determinate act of the senses, becomes invested with moral associations; but we all know, or may know upon a little reflection, that a very large portion of the language spoken at any given period by every civilized people, is made up of words and phrases metaphorically applied. The usage of such words as *light* and *darkness*—or *to see, hear, feel, taste,* and the like, will demonstrate the extent in which the language of common life is composed of terms employed in a secondary or translated meaning. No man ordinarily speaks three sentences together without two metaphors in them, and the diction of the peasant is as figurative as that of the gentleman. But it is obvious that, by familar use, all sense of the figurative application is lost, and the words are spoken as in their primary signification alone. Hence we conceive the true rule to be, that no use of words ought to be considered really metaphorical, where a simply moral sense has been conventionally stamped upon the phrase, so as to merge to the mind's eye the visual image originally expressed by it.

For example, great fault has been found by some critics with Hamlet, for deliberating whether—

> ——— '*to take arms* against *a sea of troubles,*
> And by opposing, end them.'

Spear and shield, it is said, are inapplicable to such an adversary. Very true; but 'to take arms' against a thing is a worn-out metaphor, and, therefore, no effective metaphor at all. It suggests no incongruous image. Even the 'sea of troubles'—πελαγος κακων—when taken by itself, scarcely raises any distinct image; but if you add any appropriate action, as 'to float on,' 'to be drowned in,' a sea of troubles, then the figure emerges and the phrase becomes apparently metaphorical. Prospero says—

> 'The charm dissolves apace;
> And as the morning *steals* upon the night,
> *Melting* the darkness, so their rising senses
> Begin to *chase* the *ignorant fumes* that *mantle*
> Their clearer reason.'

Some of the words used in this passage, if reduced to their original physical meanings, would be inconsistent with each other;

other; but does any one, however fastidious, feel any inconsistency in them? Is it not clear that conventional use has impressed upon them a secondary sense, which suggests no image sufficiently distinct to produce any confusion in the mind? Horace says to a youth, unfortunate in the object of his love—

'Ha! miser,
Quanta laborabas *Charybdi*,
Digne puer meliore *flamma!*'

But is not *flamma*, in this passage, a mere word for *amor*? and does it in truth suggest any such thought of fire, as to be incongruous with Charybdis? We own we cannot perceive it, and we believe that if attention were paid to this simple remark, and a reasonable allowance made for conventional use, Pindar might, upon this score alone, be relieved from the weight of a great deal of very impertinent criticism.

But it is still more important for the defence of many of the figures in the lyric and dramatic poetry of the Greeks and most other nations, to observe that the logic of terms may sometimes be superseded by the paramount logic of passion. What we mean is that, in a very highly wrought state of the imagination, there is a predominant tendency to figurative expression, and that the mind, eager to utter its thoughts in the most vivid manner possible, does not content itself with the details and accompaniments of one single image, but, having struck out the principal figure, deserts it, and glances forth in succession other and distinct images of the subordinate parts and links of the fundamental proposition. For it frequently happens that such fundamental proposition has various aspects, which can more vividly be presented to the imagination by distinct physical forms; and we think that such forms may allowably be left to stand as integers in the picture, trusting for their harmonious grouping to the motion and spirit of the general thought which supports and embraces them—just as in a modern toy the separate and fixed figures of men and beasts are endowed with connexion and life by the whirl of the card upon which they are painted. Are we prepared to condemn such a passage as this:—

'She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he *bestrides* the lazy-*pacing* clouds,
And *sails* upon the *bosom* of the air!'—
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. Scene ii.

or

or the following:—

> 'This is mere madness;
> And thus awhile the fit will work on him:
> Anon, as patient as the female dove,
> When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
> His *silence* will *sit drooping*.'—*Hamlet*, Act v. Scene i.

or Milton's lines on the sounds of the lady's voice, in Comus:—

> 'How sweetly did they *float* upon the *wings*
> Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
> At every fall *smoothing* the *raven down*
> Of darkness, till it *smiled*.'

May not these figures be taken in *succession* upon the mind's eye, and yet so far linked together, or placed in such harmonious opposition, that a single and unconfused impression may be the result? We make these remarks with humility—not assuredly as having any mercy for the slip-slop or rigmarole of some of the modern versifiers, nor disputing Quinctilian's general rule that —*quo genere cæperis translationis, hoc finias*—but suggesting the allowability of greater freedom in the figuring of thoughts during an exalted state of the imagination, and especially adverting to the necessity, peculiar to high *lyric* or *dramatic* passion, of expressing the whole thought by images the most illustrative of every part of it. We may be wrong, but we can never consent to place such metaphorical anomalies as may be found in some of the very greatest poets that ever lived, in the same class of false style with the silly trash which is now so common as to need no particular citation. There is this difference at least between the errors of Pindar, Shakspeare, or Milton, in this point, and those of the writers to whom we allude, that the poets *do* produce images, whether consistent with each other or not, whereas the poetasters create no distinct image at all, but, after infinite distortion, bring forth words only, and words signifying nothing.

But most persons will allow that the main difficulty of Pindar does not lie in his figurative language, be that corrupt or not. That he is difficult, we fully admit, and believe that the difficulty consists almost exclusively in our not thoroughly understanding the plan and method of his odes, and confounding them with the lyric compositions of Horace, and other poets of the English, Italian, and German literatures. There are lyric poems in the English language, which, in beauty and harmony, are inferior to none in Pindar; but they are not *like* Pindar's odes; the plan is different, the tone is different, the style is different. Pindar could not have written the Prothalamion or Epithalamion of Spenser, nor Wordsworth's Platonic Ode; but neither could Spenser or Wordsworth have risen to the splendid—the almost lightning

ning energy of the first Pythian, or to the marvellous picturesqueness of the fourth Pythian. We imagine Pindar to be a strictly unique poet; he seems to have been as peculiar amongst his own countrymen—πρόφαντον καθ' Ἕλλανας—as he has remained ever since. Corinna, indeed, his preceptress, must be named; but nothing of hers has come down to us, nor does much seem to have survived her own time. Nor, as far as we know, was her method similar to that of her pupil-rival; it seems to have been more like that of Stesichorus, who excelled in a peculiar combination of the epic and lyric styles, which, upon a former occasion, we said might have been something like the manner exhibited in the Kehama. But Pindar, although he followed the advice and example of Corinna in introducing narration in his odes, did so upon truer principles of lyric poetry; his narrative parts are not epical and ending in themselves, but very evidently emanating from the theme of the ode, and serving to explain or adorn it. And we have always thought that Pindar meant himself to hint this difference in his practice from that of his predecessors, by those commendations of brevity with which he so frequently concludes a piece of history or fable:—

μακρὰ μοι νῖσθαι κατ' ἀμαξιτόν· ὦ—
ρα γὰρ συνάπτει· καί τινα
ὅμον ἕπομαι βραχύν·
πολλοῖσι δ' ἄγημαι σοφίας ἑτοίμως.—IV. Pyth. 439.

'Long for me the beaten track;
For closes fast the hour;
And some shorter path I ken;
And many else there be, the followers of my lore.'—*Cary.*

Moore's version of the last line is,—

'And wisdom follows where I lead.'

Surely the meaning has been mistaken by both. We understand the bold poet to say here, as he says elsewhere often enough,—'*I excel* many others in this craft or talent—σοφίᾳ—this knack of doing *multum in parvo.*' In other places he says:—

τὰ μακρὰ δ' ἰξυσίτιν
ἐρύκει μι τεθμὸς—the law or principle of the ode—
ὄφρα σ' ὑπαγόμενα.—IV. Nem. 53.

πάντα δ' ἰξυσιτῖν, ὅσ' ἀγώνιος Ἑρμᾶς
Ἡρώδοτον ἔπορεν ἵστωρ, ἀφαρ-
ρεῖται βραχύ μίτρον ἴσχων
ὕμνος.—I. Isth. 85.

'This my brief song forbids to tell.'—*Cary.*

No; it is 'the Hymn having short space for such narrations,'—as in the preceding passage, where Mr. Cary translates τεθμὸς 'our statute.' Moore has it, correctly and spiritedly,—

'All

'All their glorious deeds to tell
Lyric law forbids the string;
Time urges.'—

Pindar repeats this sort of remark, in different words, in almost every ode preserved to us, and especially remembers it before or after telling a story. If he erred in prolixity of narration in the beginning of his career, as Plutarch's anecdote* would seem to prove, certainly no poet ever corrected a fault more completely than he did. The οἶμος βραχύς of Pindar may be studied by historians and orators as well as by poets; it is the perfection of conciseness and graphic precision withal. Perhaps it may be said with confidence, that in Pindar the distinct thoughts bear a larger proportion to the number of words used, than in any other poet—with the exception of Shakspeare in his Venus and Adonis and Rape of Lucrece. Yet, after taking notice of a few peculiar ellipses and unusual usages of the prepositive particles, the competent reader finds less difficulty in the mere construction of Pindar's sentences than of those of most of the other great writers of independent Greece. Not to mention Thucydides—can any one, after due comparison, charge half as much involution and abruptness of phrase upon these Epinician Odes as upon the tragic chorusses—especially those in the Agamemnon and Choephoræ? It may be the effect of great admiration and dutiful study; but to us the Pindaric odes seem written in characters of light, and we feel, speaking humbly, as if we apprehended their spirit and meaning as well as those of any other of the precious works of the high Greek muse, which the hand of time has spared.

In proceeding now to lay open, in the summary manner which the length of our preceding remarks renders necessary, what seems to us to be the Pindaric method discoverable in these Odes—we must make our sincere acknowledgments to Professor Dissen, for the pleasure and instruction which we have received from an attentive perusal of his very ingenious preface to the edition of Pindar mentioned at the head of this article. It can be no deduction from the value of our humble commendation to say that we cannot assent to all the ramifications of his theory, nor that the main foundations of it were not new to our minds. On the contrary, we tender it as a proof of the truth of the theory itself in general, that independent scholars—unequal surely in everything, excepting a profound admiration of the great poet in question—should see, or seem to see, precisely the same leading lines in the construction of his poems. The professor has worked out and applied his principles with that resolute industry and patient devotion, which

* De Glor. Athen. Reiske. vii. p. 320.

so honourably distinguish the Germans, and which, we say it in sorrow, are so signally deficient in most of the works of our modern English scholars.*

As long as any one acquiesces in the vulgar reason assigned for Pindar's fables and histories—namely, that the poe was obliged to have recourse to them for materials of his poems;—as long as he agrees with Cowley in thinking, that the second Olympic, or any other of the Epinician Odes, consists more in digressions than in the main subject,—so long, in our judgment, such a person will remain in utter ignorance of the manner and subject of those extraordinary poems. It is said that the incidents of an individual contest in the games could not afford matter for repeated odes of victory. But it must surely be admitted, that if Pindar had thought it proper for the occasion, such powers as his might at least have succeeded in the description of *one* chariot race—*one* boxing match—or *one* quinquertium. Does any one seriously believe that such a poet as Pindar—so copious, so varied, so picturesque—could not find in the struggle and accompaniment of an Olympic or Pythian contest in that glorious age of Greece, what a scarcely greater poet had found in the Funeral Games of Patroclus?—what a much inferior poet was afterwards to find in those of Anchises? Have we duly considered, and passed before our mind's eye, the august spectacle of one of these assemblies—the tens of thousands of Greeks of every race, met again at the end of four years, on the sacred plain—from the islands—from Asia—from Africa—from Sicily—the sword thrown aside for *this* and *this* alone—the twelve altars burning on either side of the course—the grove of Hercules—the tomb of Pelops—the foaming Alpheus—the fane of Jove—the oath-bound candidates—the inviolable judges—the struggle, the agony, the wreath, and the triumph? Could not such a glorification of gymnastic virtue as this have furnished forth imagery and sentiment for one ode, or several odes,—or even a considerable part of all the odes which were demanded of the poet? Whereas, with the partial exception of the V. Pythian, to Arcesilaus, Pindar does not, as far as we remember at this moment, vouchsafe five lines in any one

* Dr. Arnold's Thucydides and the Museum Philologicum of Cambridge are the only very recent exceptions that occur to us from this general imputation of sciolism and want of zeal; but, if we may judge from a few sheets which have come into our hands, another work is about to appear which will go far to vindicate the name of English scholarship from the disrepute into which it has lately fallen. We allude to Mr. Mitchell's annotated edition of the *Acharnenses* of Aristophanes—(the first only, we hope, of a complete series of that poet's comedies)—in which we recognize profound and varied erudition, combined with manly and sagacious views of life and manners, and an English style not easily to be surpassed for clearness, energy, or grace.

ode to a notice of the incidents of the particular contest in question. He generally mentions the victor in the barest way possible; a line or two—a figure—an epithet—suffices. He just designates the place and the species of game, and says no more about it. If the Epinician Hymn had been generally considered as a poem devoted to an eulogistic description of the winner's own prowess, would Pindar have been so unskilful as not to comply with the expectation of his patrons;—and if so, would his odes upon such occasions have been so anxiously sought and so universally admired?

The truth, we venture to say, is, that the object and intention of the Epinician Hymn have been totally mistaken. We have been angry with a circle for not being square. The candidates for victory in the great games of Greece were persons in whom a whole state was deeply interested; in many instances, where there was great promise of gymnastic excellence, the expenses of the ten months' preparatory training—in the gymnasium at Elis—were borne by the public treasury; and when the victor's name was proclaimed by the heralds, those of his city—his tribe—and his father, were especially remembered. Every Rhodian—perhaps every one of Doric blood—partook in the glory of Diagoras. The Olympic wreath was, according to Cicero, little less honourable than a Roman triumph. The κῶμος, or festive procession homewards, was the inviolable object of generous envy to the tribes among which it passed; and the breach in the wall through which the victor entered his native city, was left for a season unrepaired, as a mark of the common glory of himself and his country. There was a solemn celebration of the happy event in which the whole city joined, and the anniversary was observed in the family, and perhaps tribe of the winner, for generations afterwards. He was entitled to the first place in all spectacles, received costly presents from the magistrates, and was at many places, as in Athens, maintained for life at the public charge. The Epinician Hymn was composed to be chanted upon the most solemn occasions—sometimes at the banquets given by the victor at Olympia itself, at the termination of the games, but more commonly, as we see expressed by Pindar himself, sent by the poet afterwards, and intended to be *performed* by the practised band of histrionic musicians, who accompanied the κῶμος to the native city of the victor. The details of the particular contest were unimportant—would have been irrelevant—in such a public solemnity. It was the Olympic victory itself—the being victor where excellence only could win the palm—that constituted the glory of Hiero and Arcesilaus. Syracuse and Cyrene shared the glory; the victor was *their* countryman; *their* names had been proclaimed in the ears of all the Greeks,

Greeks, and the chaplet—more precious than gold—was suspended in *their* temples. The Epinician Hymn was sung in public, at stated periods, for years afterwards; and it was well remembered, that petty circumstances of conflict, though interesting to some at the moment, would certainly become tiresome and meaningless in course of time. Hence the hymn which was destined to immortalize the victor and his country was based upon themes of enduring interest; it assumed a sublime aspect; it lifted its voice to heaven in prayer and praise, and spoke the language of prophecy to the remotest posterity of its audience.

It is curious to observe how evidently accident has contributed to the vulgar criticism on Pindar. There can be very little doubt that the sort of circumstantial narrative of the particular contest, the absence of which in the Epinician Hymns is charged as a fault upon the poet, *was* in fact contained in those lighter compositions, the Hyporchemata, Encomia, and Scolia, which were not designed for public recitation—but were strictly meant for family songs. All Pindar's works of this kind have perished, and the consequence has been, that the modern reader, ignorant of the fine degrees and distinctions of eulogistic celebration amongst the Greeks, takes the Epinician Hymn to be intended for what a poem on a horse-race would now be—looks for false starts, bolting, and neck and neck—and is sorely blanked at finding the praises of Hercules or Pelops instead. There is one fragment of the Hyporchema preserved, which seems to be descriptive of some rough contest:—

πολλὰ δ' ἄλλοι' ἴμβαλε νωμῶν
τραχὺ βόσαλον· τίλος δ' ἀείρει πρὸς στιβαρὰς στάθμαξι πλευράς,
αἰὼν δι δι' ἰστίων ἰήϊαίστη.

So much for the general scope of the Epinician Ode. Let us now advert more particularly to Pindar's mode of constructing such an ode, as far as it is discoverable generally from the specimens remaining to us. In the first place, the praise of the victor and his success seems to have been resolved in the poet's mind into an exaltation of the causes or conditions of the success, and these he appears to distinguish as gymnastic or military virtue—ἀνδρία—or wealth and prosperity founded on the bounty of the gods—ὄλβος. One or the other of these two—either simple, or compounded with some similar or contrasted quality—will be found, upon minute examination, to constitute the key-note of every ode; and upon this general principle of adoption, that in the odes addressed to wrestlers, pugilists, pancratiasts, and runners in armour, the fundamental position or subject spirit—*sententia*—is manly energy; whereas, in the odes addressed to the curule victors, who were for the most part men of high station, and did not personally interfere in the race, the theme is the fortune and splendour of the princely state,

state, or the felicity consequent on the favour of heaven. It is not usual, however, to find the theme of the ode single, although there are some instances of such treatment in those odes which range under the first class of Ἀνδρία; as IX. Olymp. to Epharmostus the wrestler; II. Nem. to Timodemus, and IV. Isthm. to Phylacidas, both pancratiasts. In these three instances the theme is single, and every image and example has immediate reference to fortitude. But these are exceptions to Pindar's usual plan, which is to associate with the fundamental fortitude or fortune some other good quality, and celebrate both in conjunction; or, otherwise, sometimes to contrast an evil quality, and hold it up for scorn and abhorrence. As, for example, in the former class of odes, in XIII. Olymp. to Xenophon the Corinthian, the fortitude of the fellow-countrymen of the victor, both in military and gymnastic contests, is associated with their talent and elegance. In the III. Nem., the gymnastic fortitude of Aristoclides, as a boy, a youth, and middle-aged man, is associated with the praise of the wisdom to be expected in his latter years. In the VIII. Olymp., piety and justice; in VII. Isthm., justice and a peaceful disposition; in X. Nem., fraternal love; in V. Olymp., labour and a generous expenditure are the qualities compounded with fortitude. In the IX. Pyth. and V. Nem.—both written to boys—chastity; and in the XI. Pyth., political moderation, contrasted with tyrannical insolence, are enforced. In other instances the theme rests upon an opposition or balance of qualities: as in VIII. Pyth. and V. Isthm., where gymnastic and military fortitude are distinguished; and as in XI. Olymp. and X. Olymp., where poetry and war, Calliope and Mars, are contrasted. In VI. Nem., great vigour is contrasted with great weakness, with reference to the family annals of the victor; and in IV. Nem., the wounds received by Timasarchus are compensated by praise and song; in VII. Nem., the odium under which Sogenes laboured is relieved by the muse, who will speak his merits truly; and, in VIII. Nem., virtue is balanced by good and evil fortune.

We have said that there are three instances of fortitude being the single theme of an ode; but there is no similar instance of felicity or fortune—ὄλβος—being so taken by itself. Pindar would have thought it irreligious to praise any man upon the score of his fortune alone. Hence all the odes of the second class are founded upon an association of some other matter with the principal topic. The Pindaric ὄλβος is either the mere honour of victory in the games, or *that* associated with military glory, or with riches, or royal power, or high birth. With this felicity Pindar conjoins wisdom, or piety, or moderation—either, as most commonly, predicating such virtues of the victor—or exalting them by way of gentle

gentle admonition. In the III. Isthm. the general modesty of the family of Cleonynus is associated with their good fortune; yet insolence or arrogance—ὕβρις—is also deprecated. In the X. Pyth. the supreme felicity of Phricias, the father of the victor, is sung; but he is admonished that felicity is the gift of the gods, and may be suddenly reversed unless piety attends it. In IX. Nem. Chromius is urged to political moderation, lest the divine anger be roused. In XI. Nem. the poet warns Aristagoras, the chief magistrate of Tenedos, not to affect the tyranny. In I. Olymp. the favour of Neptune to Hiero, by which he had obtained the prize in the horse-race, is magnified; but the poet, taking notice of Hiero's intention of contending for the superior honour of the chariot race, exhorts him to piety, and sets out the punishment of pride, to which Hiero inclined. In the II. Pyth. he celebrates the military and agonistic glory of Hiero, his riches and power; but prays that wisdom may be joined with his fortune, and dissuades him from cruelty and evil desires. The IV. and V. Pyth. to Arcesilaus are founded upon a similar association or contrast. Sometimes, as in III. Olymp. and I. Nem., the honour of the victory is considered as the reward of the victor's virtues; and sometimes as a topic of consolation to him for past misfortunes—as in III. Pyth. to Hiero, who had lost his daughter and was suffering with disease—and especially in that magnificent ode, the second Olympic to Theron. The XII. and XIV. Olympic odes seem exceptions at first; but, upon consideration, it will be seen that the fortune of the victor in each instance is meant to be referred to the divine favour.

Unfortunately for us, the collateral information which has been preserved concerning the families and private histories of Pindar's prize-men is very scanty; but those who will attend to what the poet himself records, and to what the scholiasts have picked up, will perceive with what exquisite propriety and skill the composition of the themes of each ode is adapted to the time, the place, and the person. One grand ethic sentence, having a direct connexion with the subject, is the base of every hymn, and the standard to which all its parts are more or less closely referred; nothing is thrown off at random—nothing forced in for lack of something else to say; but all the legends, however multiplied—all the imagery and figures, however marvellous and bold—are touched with a meaning and a life not their own by the presence of a sublime moral dogma.

> ——— ' Cœlum, ac terras, camposque liquentes,
> Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra,
> Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
> Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.'

So

So much for the foundation of the Epinician Hymn. Let us now look for a moment to the superstructure raised upon it. Pindar, in general, treats his subject both *directly*, and through the medium of allusive fable. If the theme is compounded, he, for the most part, speaks of one of the components in the primary strain, and involves the other in the secondary; but sometimes each component is to be found interwoven throughout the ode. There are instances in which he employs no fable at all; but these are rare, and in them there will be found invocations of the tutelary divinities, which throw a mythic colouring over the direct mode of treatment. We refer to XI. Olymp. (Heyne's), V. Olymp., and II. Isthmian. The direct portion of the ode is the principal in respect of controlling the mythic part, although it is generally the shortest and least ornate. In it are stated the victor's name, the place where the prize was won, and the species of contest; also the other gymnastic victories, if any, gained by the victor or his immediate relations, and the praise of the divinity to whom the principal games in question were dedicated. In this part are contained the poet's prayers, and also admonitions and praises, although these latter are frequently involved in the fables. The propriety with which Pindar introduces his prayers will be apparent to any one who attends to the facts told in the ode itself, or to be collected from history; one thing in particular deserves mention upon this point—that a prayer is very often made the transitional link between one part of the poem and another; as from the mythic to the actual, in the addresses to Phœbus, I. Pyth. 74 (Heyne), and IX. Nem. 66 (H.);—from the praise of the city to that of the victor, its native, in the prayer to Jupiter, XIII. Olymp. 34 (H.);—from the praise of the victor's ἀνδρία, to that of his justice and modesty, in the prayer to Jupiter, VII. Olymp. 159 (H.); and sometimes Pindar makes use of an ethic remark, or γνωμὴ, in order to pass naturally and gracefully from one of his components to another, as, amongst many other instances, in the lines, II. Olymp. 98 (H.), τὸ δὲ τυχεῖν—κ. τ. λ.

The merits of Pindar as a straight-forward and pertinent writer in the *direct* portion of his Odes have never been denied; it is his copious use of fable that has principally subjected him to the charge of being a rambling and incoherent poet. Now we do not plead in his defence the intrinsic beauty of these fables, because he who could need their beauty to be pointed out to him must also need a sense beyond our power to impart; and also because we do not think that the mere beauty of these digressions, if they be such, affords any sufficient answer to the above-mentioned charge. But we say, that these fables are no digressions, but on the contrary, as closely pertinent to the true theme of the odes in which

which they are found, as any other part of those odes. We would fain bespeak the attention of our readers to this point, because it is one of much nicety, and by far the most important of all to a right understanding of the admirable art of this great and peculiar poet.

The Greeks of Pindar's age had little history, as that word was understood by Thucydides and Xenophon, and what they had was neither great nor interesting. But they had what served the purposes of poetry a thousand times better, an inexhaustible treasure of mythic history, common, as being Greek, to all Greece, yet peculiarly popular in parts in the different regions of Greece. It partook so much of history as to seem real, and so much of fable, as to seem miraculous; it was at once familiar and venerable. Like Homer's chain, it linked heaven and earth, time past and present, the gods and men in mysterious union together. It was sometimes Ionian, sometimes Doric; it belonged to states and to families; it embraced the islands and the continent; it followed the colonist to Asia, to Africa, to Sicily; and yet, whencesoever it sprang, whithersoever it went, it was national, holy, and revered. Whatever of lovely, beautiful, or grand, Greek genius could conceive or execute, was all canonized therein by time and popular respect; and so multiplied were the instances, and so extensive the localities of these legends, that examples of every quality or fortune, interesting from similitude of character or identity of origin, were never wanting to a poet of imagination. It is hard for us in these days to assume the old Greek mind; few rightly understand its peculiar moods of thought and feeling; fewer still can actualize those moods in their own consciousness. *We* have nothing like the mythic history of the Greek; our heroes of romance are either well known to be fictitious personages altogether, or else the historical part of their existence is in such immediate contrast with the fabulous, that the licence of their chroniclers becomes even more conspicuous. Brute, or Arthur, or Lancelot, excite no feeling of consanguinity in Englishmen; and fiction associated with the names of Alfred, or William, or Richard, can hardly fail to provoke the *incredulus odi* of criticism. But with the Greeks it was otherwise. The Homeric and Hesiodic poems, and the vast body of cyclic verse—now lost—constituted their Bible and their national history; no part of it was popularly deemed fictitious, nor was there any collateral record to interfere with the interpolations or new shapings of the skilful poet. Pindar more than once gives a peculiar edition of an old fable, not as his own invention, but as being the *truth;* just as an English judge overrules a prior decision, not as being unwise or unjust, but as not being in fact *the* law. There was this

this advantage in the mythic and heroic history of the Greeks, that the poet might select fables more or less ancient, general, or revered, as the character of his immediate subject might require, and yet it was easy to give to the most modern or familiar of them a connexion with antiquity, and an exaltation of tone when such were needed. Witness the different shades thrown over Hercules, and compare the Pindaric Jason, Achilles, or Ajax, with the portraiture of those heroes in Homer and the Tragedians.

No man seems to have been more deeply learned in the mythic history of his country than Pindar. He was a profound *divine;* the purposes of his poetry compelled him to adopt the popular system, and his own temper led him to uphold it. Pindar was a devout man, and could not put up with the dreary abstractions of the old mundane theory. He was full of love, and had a worshipping spirit, and needed deities with human sympathies, although with superhuman powers. In another age of the world, Pindar would have been a fervent Christian; he would not have courted (nor cajoled) reform mobs; he might perchance have fallen into toryism. He was accordingly a great antiquarian, a reverer of times past, an upholder of the wisdom of his ancestors. Hence it is, that we get an insight into his intention and principle in those mythic narratives of which the critics complain—and this we take to be—*the exhibiting of an ideal image or example of the ethic theme of the ode.* The poet states or alludes to the virtue or fortune of the victor in direct terms; then he passes into a mythic legend, generally connected by locality or kindred with his hero's country or family, in which legend is set forth, as in a brilliant mirror, the similar virtue or fortune of some famous ancestor, human or divine—but magnified in dimensions and, brightened in colouring, by every effort of a daring, although solemn, imagination. Thus in each ode the victor was made to gaze upon a magic looking-glass, which, like our Merlin's,

> —'vertue had to show in perfect sight
> Whatever thing was in the world contaynd
> Betwixt the lowest earth and heaven's hight,
> *So that it to the looker appertaynd;*
> Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
> Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
> Forthy it round and hollow-shaped was,
> Like to the world itself, and seemd a world of glas.'
>
> —*Faëry Queene.*

A 'world' it may well be called; for imperfect as our collection of the Epinician Odes is, there is hardly a fable in the whole Greek mythology, some shred or fragment of which may not be discovered in Pindar's magic orb. The particular legends are not introduced

troduced wantonly; they are all, without exception, *connected with the victor* in the contest *upon one or other of several principles of association.* In general the mythus arises naturally out of the family history of the hero, or of his tribe, or his city or country; less often it is founded upon the site of the games in which the prize was won,—as, for instance, in the first and third Olympics, and in a few others; and still more rarely the connexion is entirely, or in part, moral,—as in the magnificent first Pythian, where Typhœus is introduced generally as an example of pride punished, but with a particular application to Hiero, who had built a town at the foot of Etna—*imposta Typhœo*—and who had ordered himself to be proclaimed victor as an Etnean citizen. And Pindar usually observes this tasteful distinction—that when he means to admonish or reprehend, as he does whenever he sees fit, he takes his mythus from a foreign soil or an indifferent source, and never, but in one instance, brings up any of the victor's own kindred to shame him; whereas, when the poet is for praise, as of course he more commonly is, he in almost every case selects his fable from a quarter which will be honourable and interesting to his patron at the same time. He *warns* by Typhœus or Ixion; he *commends* by saying—'Thus that great man your mother's progenitor acted under similar circumstances; you have his blood in your veins; do the same!' Once, as we hinted above, in the fifth Nemean, he falls upon a foul spot in the victor's family annals; he just touches it, and then waives it in his characteristic manner:—

> κεῖνόμαι μέγα ἔργον, ἐν ἀλικᾳ τι
> μὴ κεκανδανιμένον·———
> ——— Σεσάρωμαι.
> σὺ τοι ἄκραντα κηδέων
> φαίνοισα πρόσωπον ἀλάθη' ἀνερυκής.
> καὶ τὸ σιγᾷν πολλάκις ἐστὶ σοφῶν·
> τᾶνον ἀνθρώπων νοῆσαι.

'By reverence check'd, I leave untold
A mighty deed less just than bold;
How from their home they forth are gone;
What angry Genius drives them on,
When from Œnone forth the race of heroes flies.
Here will I pause. Her simple brow
Not every truth may harmless show,
And to be silent well to know
Doth often mark the wise.'—*Cary.*

We have said that Pindar first states the *real*, and then exhibits his *ideal* counterpart. We do not, however, mean that he always commences

commences his odes with the first, and proceeds, in mere order of time, to the second. That precision was no more necessary to his total composition, than it is that any subject should literally precede its predicate in a verbal proposition. He often enough inverts the natural order, and sometimes complicates it in a highly artificial way. But the common method of the Pindaric Ode is as thus,—A—B—A; that is, it begins with the direct or actual —then takes up the mythic or ideal—and concludes by a resumption and exaltation of the actual with which it set out. The first Olympic is upon this plan. A more elaborate construction is as thus, A—B—C—B—A: what we mean by this cabala is, that

or A

the principal mythus, or B, is sometimes broken into two parts, and either a minor mythus—C—is inserted, or the direct theme —A—resumed in the interspace; whilst the whole, 'cycle and epicycle, orb in orb,' is embraced within the sphere of the fundamental proposition. But enough of this—which we fear will tire all who are not such *apasionados* of Pindar as we confess to be. Besides, our master himself has admonished us well—

> βαιὰ ἰν μακροῖσι παυίλλειν, ἀκεσὰ σοφίᾳς.

One word more. Amongst the many distinguishing qualities of Pindar's poetry, the most peculiar, as we partly hinted before, is the view which it presents of the Greek mythology. It is neither the gross, tangible anthropomorphism of the Iliad, nor the allegory of the Neo-Platonists, and least of all, the dark, inexorable destiny of the Tragedians. Pindar's faith is in the popular creed; he adheres with devout ardour to the dwellers on Olympus, and looks upon the earth-born Titans as angels justly fallen. We have no doubt he regarded the 'Prometheus Bound' of his great contemporary as a very irreligious work.

> ἔστι δ' ἀνδρὶ φάμεν
> ἰσπλὴν ἀμφὶ δαιμόνων κα-
> λὰ μίων γὰρ αἰτία.
>
> . . . .
>
> ἰμοὶ δ' ἔπειρα, γαστρίμαργον
> μαχάων τιν' ἐπιτῶν.
> ἀξίσταμαι.
>
> . . . .
>
> ——— ἀτὸ μοι λόγον
> τοῦτον, στόμα, βίψον·
> ἐπεὶ τόγε λοιδορῆσαι
> θεοὺς, ἐχθρὰ σοφία· καὶ
> τὸ καυχᾶσθαι παρὰ καιρὸν,
> μανίαισιν ὑπερφίαλον.
>
> * * * *

Yet,

Yet, although Pindar was strictly orthodox—nay, decidedly a high-churchman of the establishment of his country—his temper was so devout and his taste so exquisitely pure, that, perhaps unconsciously to himself, the popular system became in his hands refined and spiritualized—to the utmost possible extent consistent with the demand of poetry for distinct and sensuous images. This is so apparent that it can hardly escape the observation of the most cursory reader of this great poet. Compare the Homeric Neptune's four strides to Ægæ, and his charioting thence over the glad ocean to Troy—a passage of first-rate splendour—with the

ὁ δ' αὐτῷ
πὰρ ποσὶ σχιδὸν φάνη—

or the—

ἀν-
τιρρίγξατο δ' ἀρτασκὴς
πατρία ἔσσα—

of the same divinity in Pindar. In these and many similar passages, a power of instantaneous apparition is ascribed to the gods; they do not wait for their carriages, neither do they keep their suppliant in suspense, while they are dressing or arming themselves, neither do they convert themselves into bird, beast, or element; they are there and not there with a thought; they come and go as spirits should, in a mystery, although they are visible and tangible, in their own shapes, as Greek spirits had a right to be. They never rebel against Jupiter, nor do they quarrel or fight with each other. They have no Greek or Trojan factions, and instead of persecuting man and stimulating war, they assist him against the evils of nature, and are best pleased with the arts of peace. True it is, the male divinities still retain their ancient prerogative of gallantry, but Pindar imputes no similar weakness to the goddesses of Olympus; and the union of mortal women with gods is mentioned with a modest reverence. It is evident that Pindar had a sense of the scandalous nature of some of the old stories, and was anxious to purify the system which he loved, from the just objections which the rising scepticism of the physical philosophers was ready to urge against it. The old mundane religion of powers or functions was his abhorrence; he required living personal gods—beings superior to man, but capable of sympathizing with him—such as should link him with heaven, and ennoble him with celestial consanguinities, instead of degrading him without hope, as the puny after-growth of the exhausted earth. Of the popular religion so idealized, Pindar assumed the poetic priesthood; the prayers and praise which he offers have a sacerdotal tone; and there is a caution, a shrinking from irreverent language, which seems to imply an official necessity on his part, for superior individual

vidual piety. He addresses the laity from the altar. Mark and compare his absolute Ἄφιστα μὰ with the mock *Odi profanum vulgus* of the little Roman courtier. Horace has a thousand merits—but he was a French kind of Pindar.

It was Pindar's own subtle remark, that those who love not music are confounded with it, yea, though it be music of the spheres :—

ἀντίζονται βοὰν
Πιερίδων ἀΐοντα.

It is as true of the poet himself. We never knew any scholar indifferent about Pindar. Either you love and venerate him—you carry him, as the noble Romana did, in your pocket—or you cannot away with him at all. There is no medium.—But we must stop. We tender our thanks to Mr. Cary for the pleasure which the perusal of his translation has given us, and trust he will think it worth his while to go through his author once more with patience, and consider no pains lost by which vagueness may be removed and inaccuracies corrected. He needs not to be told by us, that every image should be *distinct* in Pindar —that every word should ring—that every thought should be stamped in characters of light. To the sublimity resulting from the obscure and the dimly-seen, Pindar has no claim; his figures are distinguishable in member, joint, and limb; their robes are sunbright, and the banners which they seem majestically to wave are bathed in the glory of high noon. Pindar was no David, no Æschylus, no Milton; and, with Dante's power, he would have abhorred Dante's subject. But such as he was, he stood, and he stands, aloft and aloof—unsurpassable—inimitable—incomparable; not the very greatest or the most affecting of poets, in an universal sense—but the one permitted instance of perfection in his own arduous, although particular, line—the absolute Master of Lyric song.

Can we part with Pindar, and not say one word at parting for his other translator? Poor Moore!—his last days were gloomy indeed. How bright the promise of his youth—how splendid the occasional coruscations of his happier hours in early manhood! —stored with all scholarship, ebullient with inexhaustible wit, eloquent where need was, good humoured, and gentle to all. He died a broken-hearted exile; where his name, his talents, and misfortunes were alike unknown. We have not quoted much of his translation of his beloved Pindar; let us do him some justice by transcribing a sonnet, which the faithful friend who has superintended the publication of his book has placed at the end of the second part:—

'*On*

'*On the Memory of a Lady to whom the Translations of Pindar's Odes were, from time to time, communicated as the work proceeded.*

'Oh! that the echo of my Lydian lyre
Could reach the tomb where fair Euphrasia lies!
She who so charm'd my trembling minstrelsies,
Which now her touch shall mend, her smile inspire
No more;—then not unmov'd thine ear should learn,
Blest Saint! what tears for thee thy widower pour'd,
What kindred hearts thy early doom deplor'd,
What incense pure from friendship's sacred urn
Breathed o'er thy laurell'd shrine.—Who now shall find
Learning with virtue join'd in beauty's frame—
And taste, and glory's love, and freedom's flame—
And wit's quick flash, the lightning of the mind!
These were thy gifts—which thus regret pourtrays
In strains unworthy thee—that live but in thy praise.'

ART. III.—*On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences.* By Mrs. Somerville.

THERE are two different ways in which *Physical Science* may be made popularly intelligible and interesting: by putting forward the things of which it treats, or their relations;—by dwelling on the substance of discoveries, or on their history and bearing;—by calling up definite images and trains of reasoning; or by taking these for granted, and telling what can be told in general terms concerning such matters. Popular knowledge of the former kind ought to be conveyed by the public lecturer, when, by means of his models, his machines, his diagrams, he exhibits to the senses complexities of form and position which it would baffle us to conceive without such sensible representations. Popular knowledge of the latter kind may be conveyed by the same lecturer, when, turning from his apparatus, he explains to his audience the progress and prospects of his science, the relation of what is now doing to that which has already been done, the bearing of new facts in one subject upon theory in another. Each of these two methods has its appropriate place and its peculiar advantages. The former excites notions perfectly distinct as far as they go, but is necessarily very limited in extent, because such notions cannot be caught and held without close attention and considerable effort; the latter method presents to us rapid views of connexion, dependence, and promise, which reach far and include much, but which are on that account necessarily incomplete and somewhat vague.

This

This latter course is, however, by no means without its use and value: for, strange as it may seem, it is undoubtedly true, that such general aspects of the processes with which science is concerned may be apprehended by those who comprehend very dimly and obscurely the nature of the processes themselves. Words can call up thought as well as things; and, in spite of the philosophers of Laputa, with their *real* vocabulary, the trains of reflection suggested in the former way are often more to our purpose, because more rapid and comprehensive, than those we arrive at in the latter mode. The office of language is to produce a picture in the mind; and it may easily happen in this instance, as it happens in the pictures of some of our un-Pindaric artists, that we are struck by the profound thought and unity displayed in the colouring, while there is hardly a single object outlined with any tolerable fidelity and distinctness. The long-drawn vista, the level sunbeams, the shining ocean, spreading among ships and palaces, woods and mountains, may make the painting offer to the eye a noble expanse magnificently occupied; while, even in the foreground, we cannot distinguish whether it is a broken column or a sleeping shepherd which lies on the earth, and at a little distance we may mistake the flowing sleeve of a wood-nymph for an arm of the sea. In like manner, language may be so employed that it shall present to us science as an extensive and splendid prospect, in which we see the relative positions and bearings of many parts, though we do not trace any portion into exact detail—though we do not obtain from it precise notions of optical phenomena, or molecular actions.

Mrs. Somerville's work is, and is obviously intended to be, a popular view of the present state of science, of the kind we have thus attempted to describe. In her simple and brief dedication to the Queen, she says, 'If I have succeeded in my endeavour to make the laws by which the material world is governed, more familiar to my countrywomen, I shall have the gratification of thinking, that the gracious permission to dedicate my book to your Majesty has not been misplaced.' And if her 'countrywomen' have already become tolerably familiar with the technical terms which the history of the progress of human speculations necessarily contains; if they have learned, as we trust a large portion of them have, to look with dry eyes upon oxygen and hydrogen, to hear with tranquil minds of perturbations and excentricities, to think with toleration that the light of their eyes may be sometimes polarized, and the crimson of their cheeks capable of being resolved into *complementary colours*;—if they have advanced so far in philosophy, they will certainly receive with gratitude Mrs. Somerville's able and *masterly* (if she will excuse this word) exposition of

of the present state of the leading branches of the physical sciences. For our own parts, however, we beg leave to enter a protest, in the name of that sex to which all critics (so far as we have ever heard) belong, against the appropriation of this volume to the sole use of the author's country*women*. We believe that there are few individuals of that gender which plumes itself upon the exclusive possession of exact science, who may not learn much that is both novel and curious in the recent progress of physics from this little volume. Even those who have most sedulously followed the track of modern discoveries cannot but be struck with admiration at the way in which the survey is brought up to the present day. The writer 'has read up to Saturday night,' as was said of the late Sir Samuel Romilly; and the latest experiments and speculations in every part of Europe are referred to, rapidly indeed, but appropriately and distinctly.

We will give one or two extracts. We take one concerning Halley's comet; the more especially as this remarkable visiter is expected to reappear next year.

'Halley computed the elements of the orbit of a comet that appeared in the year 1682, which agreed so nearly with those of the comets of 1607 and 1531, that he concluded it to be the same body returning to the sun, at intervals of about seventy-five years. He consequently predicted its reappearance in the year 1758, or in the beginning of 1759. Science was not sufficiently advanced in the time of Halley to enable him to determine the perturbations this comet might experience; but Clairaut computed that it would be retarded in its motion a hundred days by the attraction of Saturn, and 518 by that of Jupiter, and consequently, that it would pass its perihelion about the middle of April, 1759, requiring 618 days more to arrive at that point than in its preceding revolution. This, however, he considered only to be an approximation, and that it might be thirty days more or less: the return of the comet on the 12th of March, 1759, proved the truth of the prediction. MM. Damoiseau and Pontécoulant have ascertained that this comet will return either on the 4th or the 7th of November, 1835; the difference of three days in their computations arises from their having employed different values for the masses of the planets. This is the first comet whose periodicity has been established; it is also the first whose elements have been determined from observations made in Europe; for although the comets which appeared in the years 240, 539, 565, and 837, are the most ancient whose orbits have been traced, their elements were computed from Chinese observations.'—pp. 364-5.

We may add to what is here said, that Mr. Lubbock has also investigated the course of this body, and has come to a conclusion somewhat different from both these above-mentioned astronomers. The 'Nautical Almanac' for 1835, just published, contains a representation

representation of the path of the comet among the stars, according to each of these three mathematicians, its places being marked from Aug. 7, 1835, to Feb. 7, 1836. The positions, according to the different computations, though not very far asunder, are sufficiently distinct to make the separation, at a certain period, very wide. M. Pontécoulant, M. Damoiseau, and Mr. Lubbock, start their comets close together in August; but by the 4th of October, Pontécoulant is a whole length behind Damoiseau, (except these 'fiery steeds' have bodies and tails of portentous prolixity,) and Lubbock decidedly shoots a-head of both. It will be extremely interesting, when the period arrives, to observe which of the three lines Comet himself will select. We recommend this subject to those of our friends who have taken an interest in our recent philosophical disquisitions concerning the Turf, and especially if their 'adverse stars' prohibit a visit to Newmarket: for the stars, in this case, offer them a very sufficient compensation; and our amateurs, by backing one of the three calculated paths of this 'courser of celestial race,' as the true one, 'to be decided' by the comet himself when he makes his appearance, may have the luxury of *higher* play than has yet been known.

But we must return to Mrs. Somerville's chapter on Comets, and quote the account of another of these curious bodies. After speaking of Encke's comet, which has a period of 1207 days, she says—

'The other comet belonging to our system, which returns to its perihelion after a period of $6\frac{3}{4}$ years, has been accelerated in its motion by a whole day during its last revolution, which puts the existence of ether beyond a doubt, and forms a strong presumption in corroboration of the undulating theory of light. The comet in question was discovered by M. Biela at Johannisberg on the 27th of February, 1826, and ten days afterwards it was seen by M. Gambart at Marseilles, who computed its parabolic elements, and found that they agreed with those of the comets which had appeared in the years 1789 and 1795, whence he concluded them to be the same body moving in an ellipse, and accomplishing its revolution in 2460 days. The perturbations of this comet were computed by M. Damoiseau, who predicted that it would cross the plane of the ecliptic on the 29th of October, 1832, a little before midnight, at a point nearly 18484 miles within the earth's orbit; and as M. Olbers, of Bremen, in 1805, had determined the radius of the comet's head to be about 21136 miles, it was evident that its nebulosity would envelop a portion of the earth's orbit—a circumstance which caused great alarm in France, and not altogether without reason, for if any disturbing cause had delayed the arrival of the comet for one month, the earth must have through passed its head. M. Arago dispelled their fears by the excellent treatise on comets which appeared in the Annuaire of 1832, where

where he proves that, as the earth would never be nearer the comet than 24800000 British leagues, there could be no danger of collision.' —pp. 369-70.

We may observe that the alarm of which Mrs. Somerville here speaks, affords an example of the confusion of ideas, which popular views of scientific matters often involve; and thus shows us how valuable a boon it is to the mass of readers, when persons of real science, like Mrs. Somerville, condescend to write for the wider public, as in this work she does. The apprehensions with regard to Biela's (or, as it ought rather to be called, Gambart's) comet, which were entertained by our worthy neighbours, *tout le monde* of Paris, were of a kind somewhat peculiar. The expected arrival of this visiter, with his fiery train, produced a commotion scarcely inferior to that which was excited among the good people of Strasburg by the stranger in the red-plush inexpressibles. That his head or his tail would do us irreparable harm—that he would burn us with his nucleus—or drown or poison us with his atmosphere—were slight terrors compared with those excited by the combination of terms '*perturbations*' and '*orbite de la terre.*' It appeared that the comet would cross the earth's orbit; what mischief might not come of this? It was true that the earth would not be near the crossing at that time; but then, might not the orbit itself be seriously injured? Instead of an imaginary line in the trackless ocean of space, the fears of our friends appear to have represented to them the earth's orbit as a sort of railroad, which might be so damaged by what Mr. Campbell calls the 'bickering wheels and adamantine car' of the 'fiery giant,' that the earth must stick or run off, the next time the revolving seasons brought her to the fatal place. In M. Arago's agreeable and instructive article in the '*Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes,*' written in order to calm the panic arising from these 'horrible imaginings,' he says,—

'Shall I be so fortunate as to do this? I hope so; yet without being very confident. Have I not seen persons who, while they acknowledged that the earth would not receive, in 1832, any *direct blow* from the comet, still believed that this body could not go through our orbit without *altering its form;* as if this orbit was a material thing; as if the parabolic path which a bomb is just going to describe, could be affected by passing through the space which other bombs had traversed before!!'

But we must not dwell too long on one part of Mrs. Somerville's work; we must recollect that her professed object is to illustrate 'The *Connexion* of the Physical Sciences.' This is a noble object; and to succeed in it would be to render a most important service to science. The tendency of the sciences has long

long been an increasing proclivity to separation and dismemberment. Formerly, the 'learned' embraced in their wide grasp all the branches of the tree of knowledge; the Scaligers and Vossiuses of former days were mathematicians as well as philologers, physical as well as antiquarian speculators. But these days are past; the students of books and of things are estranged from each other in habit and feeling. If a moralist, like Hobbes, ventures into the domain of mathematics, or a poet, like Goethe, wanders into the fields of experimental science, he is received with contradiction and contempt; and, in truth, he generally makes his incursions with small advantage, for the separation of sympathies and intellectual habits has ended in a destruction, on each side, of that mental discipline which leads to success in the other province. But the disintegration goes on, like that of a great empire falling to pieces; physical science itself is endlessly subdivided, and the subdivisions insulated. We adopt the maxim 'one science only can one genius fit.' The mathematician turns away from the chemist; the chemist from the naturalist; the mathematician, left to himself, divides himself into a pure mathematician and a mixed mathematician, who soon part company; the chemist is perhaps a chemist of electro-chemistry; if so, he leaves common chemical analysis to others; between the mathematician and the chemist is to be interpolated a '*physicien*' (we have no English name for *him*), who studies heat, moisture, and the like. And thus science, even mere physical science, loses all traces of unity. A curious illustration of this result may be observed in the want of any name by which we can designate the students of the knowledge of the material world collectively. We are informed that this difficulty was felt very oppressively by the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at their meetings at York, Oxford, and Cambridge, in the last three summers. There was no general term by which these gentlemen could describe themselves with reference to their pursuits. *Philosophers* was felt to be too wide and too lofty a term, and was very properly forbidden them by Mr. Coleridge, both in his capacity of philologer and metaphysician; *savans* was rather assuming, besides being French instead of English; some ingenious gentleman proposed that, by analogy with *artist*, they might form *scientist*, and added that there could be no scruple in making free with this termination when we have such words as *sciolist*, *economist*, and *atheist*—but this was not generally palatable; others attempted to translate the term by which the members of similar associations in Germany have described themselves, but it was not found easy to discover an English equivalent for *natur-forscher*. The process of examination which it implies might suggest such undignified compounds

as

as *nature-poker* *, or *nature-peeper*, for these *naturæ curiosi;* but these were indignantly rejected.

The inconveniences of this division of the soil of science into infinitely small allotments have been often felt and complained of. It was one object, we believe, of the British Association, to remedy these inconveniences by bringing together the cultivators of different departments. To remove the evil in another way is one object of Mrs. Somerville's book. If we apprehend her purpose rightly, this is to be done by showing how detached branches have, in the history of science, united by the discovery of general principles.

'In some cases identity has been proved where there appeared to be nothing in common, as in the electric and magnetic influences; in others, as that of light and heat, such analogies have been pointed out as to justify the expectation that they will ultimately be referred to the same agent; and in all there exists such a bond of union, that proficiency cannot be attained in any one without a knowledge of others.'—*Preface.*

We may add, that in the same way in which a kindred language proves the common stock and relationship of nations, the connexion of all the sciences which are treated of in the work now before us is indicated by the community of that *mathematical* language which they all employ. Our space does not allow us to dwell on the illustration of this point, but we may select a passage or two. We cannot even refer to the curious sections on the properties of light; on the fringes of shadows, the colours of thin plates, the results of polarization, and of the analysis of polarized light after passing through crystals; on the evidence and proofs of the undulatory theory; which last great question our author, rightly, as we conceive, judges to be now nearly settled in favour of the undulationists. But we may quote what she says on one of the analogies which we have already noticed:—

'It has been observed that heat, like light and sound, probably consists in the undulations of an elastic medium. All the principal phenomena of heat may actually be illustrated by a comparison with those of sound. The excitation of heat and sound are not only similar, but often identical, as in friction and percussion; they are both communicated by contact and radiation; and Dr. Young observes, that the effect of radiant heat in raising the temperature of a body upon which it falls resembles the sympathetic agitation of a string, when the sound of another string, which is in unison with it, is transmitted

* When the German association met at Berlin, a caricature was circulated there, representing the 'collective wisdom' employed in the discussion of their mid-day meal with extraordinary zeal of mastication, and dexterity in the use of the requisite implements, to which was affixed the legend—'Wie die natur-forscher natur-forschen,' which we venture to translate '*the poking of the nature-pokers.*'

to

to it through the air. Light, heat, sound, and the waves of fluids, are all subject to the same laws of reflection, and, indeed, their undulatory theories are perfectly similar. If, therefore, we may judge from analogy, the undulations of some of the heat-producing rays must be less frequent than those of the extreme red of the solar spectrum; but if the analogy were perfect, the interference of two hot rays ought to produce cold, since darkness results from the interference of two undulations of light—silence ensues from the interference of two undulations of sound—and still water, or no tide, is the consequence of the interference of two tides. The propagation of sound, however, requires a much denser medium than that either of light or heat; its intensity diminishes as the rarity of the air increases; so that at a very small height above the surface of the earth the noise of the tempest ceases, and the thunder is heard no more in those boundless regions where the heavenly bodies accomplish their periods in eternal and sublime silence.'—pp. 250, 251.

We refer to the following on account of the novelty of the subject:—

'After Mr. Faraday had proved the identity of the magnetic and electric fluids by producing the spark, heating metallic wires, and accomplishing chemical decomposition, it was easy to increase these effects by more powerful magnets and other arrangements. The following apparatus is now in use, which is in effect a battery, where the agent is the magnetic instead of the voltaic fluid, or, in other words, electricity.

'A very powerful horse-shoe magnet, formed of twelve steel plates in close approximation, is placed in a horizontal position. An armature consisting of a bar of the purest soft iron has each of its ends bent at right angles, so that the faces of those ends may be brought directly opposite and close to the poles of the magnet when required. Two series of copper wires—covered with silk, in order to insulate them—are wound round the bar of soft iron as compound helices. The extremities of these wires, having the same direction, are in metallic connexion with a circular disc, which dips into a cup of mercury, while the ends of the wires in the opposite direction are soldered to a projecting screw-piece, which carries a slip of copper with two opposite points. The steel magnet is stationary; but when the armature, together with its appendages, is made to rotate horizontally, the edge of the disc always remains immersed in the mercury, while the points of the copper slip alternately dip in it and rise above it. By the ordinary laws of induction, the armature becomes a temporary magnet while its bent ends are opposite the poles of the steel magnet, and ceases to be magnetic when they are at right angles to them. It imparts its temporary magnetism to the helices which concentrate it; and while one set conveys a current to the disc, the other set conducts the opposite current to the copper slip. But as the edge of the revolving disc is always immersed in the mercury, one set of wires is constantly

constantly maintained in contact with it, and the circuit is only completed when a point of the copper slip dips in the mercury also; but the circuit is broken the moment that point rises above it. Thus, by the rotation of the armature, the circuit is alternately broken and renewed; and as it is only at these moments that electric action is manifested, a brilliant spark takes place every time the copper point touches the surface of the mercury. Platina wire is ignited, shocks smart enough to be disagreeable are given, and water is decomposed with astonishing rapidity, by the same means, which proves beyond a doubt the identity of the magnetic and electric agencies, and places Mr. Faraday, whose experiments established the principle, in the first rank of experimental philosophers.'—pp. 339, 340.

The following speculations are somewhat insecure, but they are proposed as conjectures rather than assertions, and are well worth notice:—

'From the experiments of Mr. Faraday, and also from theory, it is possible that the rotation of the earth may produce electric currents in its own mass. In that case, they would flow superficially in the meridians, and if collectors could be applied at the equator and poles, as in the revolving plate, negative electricity would be collected at the equator, and positive at the poles; but without something equivalent to conductors to complete the circuit, these currents could not exist.

'Since the motion, not only of metals but even of fluids, when under the influence of powerful magnets, evolves electricity, it is probable that the gulf stream may exert a sensible influence upon the forms of the lines of magnetic variation, in consequence of electric currents moving across it, by the electro-magnetic induction of the earth. Even a ship passing over the surface of the water, in northern or southern latitudes, ought to have electric currents running directly across the line of her motion. Mr. Faraday observes, that such is the facility with which electricity is evolved by the earth's magnetism, that scarcely any piece of metal can be moved in contact with others without a development of it, and that consequently, among the arrangements of steam engines and metallic machinery, curious electro-magnetic combinations probably exist, which have never yet been noticed.

'What magnetic properties the sun and planets may have it is impossible to conjecture, although their rotation might lead us to infer that they are similar to the earth in this respect. According to the observations of MM. Biot and Gay-Lussac, during their aërostatic expedition, the magnetic action is not confined to the surface of the earth, but extends into space. A decrease in its intensity was perceptible; and as it most likely follows the ratio of the inverse square of the distance, it must extend indefinitely. It is probable that the moon has become highly magnetic by induction, in consequence of her proximity to the earth, and because her greatest diameter always points towards it. Should the magnetic, like the gravitating force, extend

extend through space, the induction of the sun, moon, and planets must occasion perpetual variations in the intensity of terrestrial magnetism, by the continual changes in their relative positions.

'In the brief sketch that has been given of the five kinds of electricity, those points of resemblance have been pointed out which are characteristic of one individual power; but as many anomalies have been lately removed, and the identity of the different kinds placed beyond a doubt by Mr. Faraday, it may be satisfactory to take a summary view of the various coincidences in their modes of action on which their identity has been so ably and completely established by that great electrician.'—pp. 352-354.

We shall not here pursue this subject, as the examination of it at suitable length would lead us too far. We add some examples of the information contained in this work:—

'M. Melloni, observing that the maximum point of heat is transferred farther and farther towards the red end of the spectrum, according as the substance of the prism is more and more permeable to heat, inferred that a prism of rock-salt, which possesses a greater power of transmitting the calorific rays than any other known body, ought to throw the point of greatest heat to a considerable distance beyond the visible part of the spectrum—an anticipation which experiment fully confirmed, by placing it as much beyond the dark limit of the red rays as the red part is distant from the bluish-green band of the spectrum.'—p. 237.

The establishment of the identity of charcoal and diamond led sanguine persons to anticipate the time when our home-manufactures should rival the produce of Golconda. In such speculations it is but reasonable to take into account the reflection with which Mrs. S. closes the following passage:—

'It had been observed that, when metallic solutions are subjected to galvanic action, a deposition of metal, generally in the form of minute crystals, takes place on the negative wire: by extending this principle, and employing a very feeble voltaic action, M. Becquerel has succeeded in forming crystals of a great proportion of the mineral substances precisely similar to those produced by nature. The electric state of metallic veins makes it possible that many natural crystals may have taken their form from the action of electricity bringing their ultimate particles, when in solution, within the narrow sphere of molecular attraction already mentioned as the great agent in the formation of solids. Both light and motion favour crystallization. Crystals which form in different liquids are generally more abundant on the side of the jar exposed to the light; and it is a well-known fact that still water, cooled below thirty-two degrees, starts into crystals of ice the instant it is agitated. Light and motion are intimately connected with electricity, which may, therefore, have some influence on the laws of aggregation; this is the more likely, as a feeble action is alone necessary, provided it be continued for a sufficient time. Crystals

tals formed rapidly are generally imperfect and soft, and M. Becquerel found that even years of constant voltaic action were necessary for the crystallization of some of the hard substances. If this law be general, how many ages may be required for the formation of a diamond!'—pp. 307, 308.

The following is the history of the successive approximations to the place of the magnetic pole:—

'In the year 1819, Sir Edward Parry, in his voyage to discover the north-west passage round America, sailed near the magnetic pole; and in 1824, Captain Lyon, on an expedition for the same purpose, found that the magnetic pole was then situated in 63° 26′ 51″ north latitude, and in 80° 51′ 25″ west longitude. It appears, from later researches, that the law of terrestrial magnetism is of considerable complexity, and the existence of more than one magnetic pole in either hemisphere has been rendered highly probable; that there is one in Siberia seems to be decided by the recent observations of M. Hansteen,—it is in longitude 102° east of Greenwich, and a little to the north of the 60th degree of latitude: so that, by these data, the two magnetic poles in the northern hemisphere are about 180° distant from each other: but Captain Ross, who is just returned from a voyage in the polar seas, has ascertained that the American magnetic pole is in 70° 14′ north latitude, and 96° 40′ west longitude. The magnetic equator does not exactly coincide with the terrestrial equator; it appears to be an irregular curve, inclined to the earth's equator at an angle of about 12°, and crossing it in at least three points in longitude 113° 14′ west, and 66° 46′ east of the meridian of Greenwich, and again somewhere between 156° 30′ of west longitude, and 116° east.'—pp. 310, 311.

We may add that the place thus determined by Captain Ross agrees with that collected from considerations, which we conceive to be more trustworthy than observations made at one place, with so imperfect an instrument as a dipping needle is for such purposes. In Mr. Barlow's Memoir 'On the present situation of the Magnetic Lines of Equal Variation,' just published in the Philosophical Transactions, he says, 'The pole itself'—(as determined by Captain Ross and his nephew)—' is precisely that point on my globe and chart, in which, by supposing all the lines to meet, the separate curves would best preserve their unity of character, both separately and as a system.'

Our readers cannot have accompanied us so far without repeatedly feeling some admiration rising in their minds, that the work of which we have thus to speak is that of a woman. There are various prevalent opinions concerning the grace and fitness of the usual female attempts at proficiency in learning and science; and it would probably puzzle our most subtle analysts of common sense or common prejudice to trace the thread of rationality or irrationality

which

which runs through such popular judgments. But there is this remarkable circumstance in the case,—that where we find a real and thorough acquaintance with these branches of human knowledge, acquired with comparative ease, and possessed with unobtrusive simplicity, all our prejudices against such female acquirements vanish. Indeed, there can hardly fail, in such cases, to be something peculiar in the kind, as well as degree, of the intellectual character. Notwithstanding all the dreams of theorists, there is a sex in minds. One of the characteristics of the female intellect is a clearness of perception, as far as it goes: with them, action is the result of feeling; thought, of seeing; their practical emotions do not wait for instruction from speculation; their reasoning is undisturbed by the prospect of its practical consequences. If they theorize, they do so

> 'In regions mild, of calm and serene air,
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
> Which men call earth.'

Their course of action is not perturbed by the powers of philosophic thought, even when the latter are strongest. The heart goes on with its own concerns, asking no counsel of the head; and, in return, the working of the head (if it does work) is not impeded by its having to solve questions of casuistry for the heart. In men, on the other hand, practical instincts and theoretical views are perpetually disturbing and perplexing each other. Action must be conformable to rule; theory must be capable of application to action. The heart and the head are in perpetual negotiation, trying in vain to bring about a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive. The end of this is, as in many similar cases, inextricable confusion—an endless seesaw of demand and evasion. In the course of this business, the man is mystified; he is involved in a cloud of words, and cannot see beyond it. He does not know whether his opinions are founded on feeling or on reasoning, on words or on things. He learns to talk of matters of speculation without clear notions; to combine one phrase with another at a venture; to deal in generalities; to guess at relations and bearings; to try to steer himself by antitheses and assumed maxims. Women never do this: what they understand, they understand clearly; what they see at all, they see in sunshine. It may be, that in many or in most cases, this brightness belongs to a narrow Goshen; that the heart is stronger than the head; that the powers of thought are less developed than the instincts of action. It certainly is to be hoped that it is so. But, from the peculiar mental character to which we have referred, it follows, that when women are philosophers, they are likely to be lucid ones; that when they extend the range of their specula-

tive views, there will be a peculiar illumination thrown over the prospect. If they attain to the merit of being profound, they will add to this the great excellence of being also clear.

We conceive that this might be shown to be the case in such women of philosophical talent as have written in our own time. But we must observe, that none of these appear to have had possession of the most profound and abstruse province of human knowledge, mathematics, except the lady now under review. Indeed, the instances of eminent female mathematicians who have appeared in the history of the world are very rare. There are only two others who occur to us as worthy of entirely honourable notice—Hypatia and Agnesi; and both these were very extraordinary persons. It is, indeed, a remarkable circumstance, that the 'Principia' of Newton were in the last century translated and commented on by a French lady; as the great French work on the same subject, in our own time, the 'Mécanique Céleste' of Laplace, has been by a lady of this country. But Madame de Chastelet's whole character and conduct have not attracted to her the interest which belongs to the other two. The story of Hypatia is unhappily as melancholy as it is well known. She was the daughter of Theon, the celebrated Platonist and mathematician of Alexandria, and lived at the time when the struggle between Christianity and Paganism was at its height in that city. Hypatia was educated in the doctrines of the heathen philosophy, and in the more abstruse sciences; and made a progress of which contemporary historians speak with admiration and enthusiasm. Synesius, bishop of Ptolemais, sends most fervent salutations 'to her, the philosopher, and that happy society which enjoys the blessings of her divine voice.' She succeeded her father in the government of the Platonic school, where she had a crowded and delighted audience. She was admired and consulted by Orestes, the governor of the city, and this distinction unhappily led to her destruction. In a popular tumult she was attacked, on a rumour that she was the only obstacle to the reconciliation of the governor and of Cyril the archbishop. 'On a fatal day,' says Gibbon, 'in the holy season of Lent, Hypatia was torn from her chariot, stripped naked, dragged to the church, and inhumanly butchered by the hands of Peter the reader and a troop of savage and merciless fanatics: her flesh was scraped from her bones with oyster-shells, and her quivering limbs were delivered to the flames.'

From this strange and revolting story, we turn to the other name which we have mentioned, Madame Agnesi, who flourished during the last century at Bologna, where her father was professor; and when the infirmity of his health interfered with his discharge of

of this duty, the filial feelings of the daughter were gratified by a permission from Pope Benedict XIV. to fill the professorial chair, which she did with distinguished credit. Before this, at the age of nineteen (in 1738), she had published 'Propositiones Philosophicæ;' and, along with a profound knowledge of analysis, she possessed a complete acquaintance with the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, and Spanish languages. Her 'Instituzioni Analitiche' were translated by Colson, the Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge; and this version was at one time a book in familiar use at that university. The end of her history, though not of the terrible nature of that of Hypatia, is perhaps what an Englishwoman would look upon as rather characteristic than happy. She relinquished the studies of her early life, and went into the monastery of the *Blue* Nuns, at Milan, where she died January 9, 1799.*

We must leave it to some future reviewers to tell of the rapid acquisitions and extensive accomplishments of Mrs. Somerville; which, indeed, will bear confronting with those of Hypatia and Agnesi. Her profound mathematical work on the 'Mechanism of the Heavens' has already been treated of in this Journal; the germ of the present treatise was the preliminary dissertation to that work; and what opinion this development of that sketch is likely to give the world at large of her talents as a philosopher and writer, we hope we have enabled our readers to determine.

The reader of ancient folios (if any such persons remain in the land) will easily imagine how, a few centuries ago, such works as these would have come forth preluded by 'commendatorie verses,' in which the author would have been compared to Minerva and to Urania, or probably (very reasonably) preferred to all the nine Muses and the goddess to boot. In a case so fitted to excite unusual admiration, we are not at all surprised that the ancient usage should have been thought of; and though neither Mrs. Somerville's modesty nor the fashion of the day would authorize the insertion of such effusions in her pages, we happen to be able to lay before our readers one or two of these productions: we presume they are intended to be valued (like coronation medals struck in base metal) rather for the rarity of the occasion than the ex-

* We have not met with any account of this sisterhood; but we conceive that when Protestant nunneries are established in this country, (as we have occasionally recommended,) it would be desirable to have one foundation, at least, of this colour. We presume that they would substitute a review for the breviary, and a confidential critic or professor for the father confessor. We do not pretend to suggest any rule for the *dress* of the order; but their principal daily meeting would probably be a repast upon bread and water—(*toasted* bread and *warm* water in this severe climate could not be considered blameable indulgences;) and it might correspond with the *lauds* of Catholic institutions—'*Lauds*,—the last portion of *nocturns*—*officium matutinum*—*vespertinum*.'

cellence of the article; and with that view we shall insert two specimens from the mint of Cambridge. The first is a sonnet:—

'Lady, it was the wont in earlier time,
When some fair volume from a valued pen,
Long looked for, came at last, that grateful men
Hailed its forthcoming in complacent lays;
As if the Muse would gladly haste to praise
That which her mother, Memory, long should keep
Among her treasures. Shall such custom sleep
With us, who feel too slight the common phrase
For our pleased thoughts of you: when thus we find
That dark to you seems bright, perplexed seems plain,
Seen in the depths of a pellucid mind,
Full of clear thought; free from the ill and vain
That cloud our inward light? An honoured name
Be yours, and peace of heart grow with your growing fame.'

Another of these versifiers proceeds thus, after a well-known model:—

'Three women, in three different ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
Rare as poetic minds of master flights,
Three only rose to science' loftiest heights.
The first a brutal crowd in pieces tore,
Envious of fame, bewildered at her lore;
The next through tints of darkening shadow passed,
Lost in the azure sisterhood at last;
Equal to these, the third, and happier far,
Cheerful though wise, though learned, popular,
Liked by the many, valued by the few,
Instructs the world, yet dubbed by none a Blue.'

We are not going to draw our critical knife upon these *nugæ academicæ;* but we may observe, that we believe our own countrywoman does not claim to have been born in a different century from Madame Agnesi; and that, though Hypatia talked Greek, as Mrs. Somerville does English, the former was an Egyptian, and the latter, we are obliged to confess, is Scotch by her birth, though we are very happy to claim her as one of the brightest ornaments of England.

ART. IV.—*The Doctor, &c.* 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1834.

THIS work has excited more attention than any one belonging, or approaching, to the class of *novels*, which has appeared in England for a considerable number of years; and we are not at all disposed to wonder that such should have been the case. It is broadly

broadly distinguished from the mass of books recently published in the same shape and form, both by excellencies of a very high order, and by defects, indicating such occasional contempt of sound judgment, and sense, and taste, as we can hardly suppose in a strong and richly cultivated mind, unless that mind should be in a certain measure under the influence of disease. The author says of one of his characters :—' He was born with one of those heads in which the thin partition that divides great wit from folly is wanting.' The partition in his own head would seem to be a moveable one. A clearer or a more vigorous understanding than he in his better parts exhibits, we have seldom encountered ; but two-thirds of his performance look as if they might have been penned in the vestibule of Bedlam. The language, however, even where the matter is most absurd, retains the ease, the strength, and the purity of a true master of English ; and there occur, ever and anon, in chapters over which no human being but a reviewer will ever travel for the second time, turns of expression which would of themselves justify us in pronouncing the author of this ' apish and fantastic ' nondescript to be a man of genius.

The writer is often a wise one—but his attempts at what is now called *wit* are, in general, unsuccessful : nor can we speak much better of his humour, though he has undoubtedly a few passages which might make Heraclitus chuckle. With these rare exceptions, his jocularity is pedantic and chilling—his drollery wire-drawn, super-quaint, Whistlecraftish. The *red* letters and mysterious monogram of his title-page—the *purple* German-text of his dedication to *the Bhow Begum Redora Niabarma*—his division of chapters into ante-initial, initial, and post-initial—his inter-chapters—his post-fixed preface, &c. &c.—what are all these things but paltry imitations of the poorest sort of fun in Tristram Shandy ? All his jesting about bells, and ' the manly and English art' of bell-ringing, (excepting one *Dutch* quotation,) appears to us equally dolorous. As for his bitter sneers at Lord Byron—his clumsy and grossly affected contempt for Mr. Jeffrey—and the heavy magniloquence of his own self-esteem—we dismiss them at once in silence. They mark as evidently the disruption of the ' thin partition,' as his prolix babble on the garden-physic of his great-grandmother, the drivelling of the alchemists, and the succession of the mayors of Doncaster—or his right merry and conceited elaboration of one of the dirtiest of all the practical jokes in Rabelais.

If we were not quite serious in our suspicion that ' The Doctor' is the work of a man who stands more in need of physic than of criticism, we should have felt it our duty to illustrate, by citations, the justice of the language which we have not hesitated to apply

apply to so great a portion of these volumes. As it is, we willingly spare ourselves a thankless piece of trouble, and our readers a dose or two of dullness—and, indeed, of disgust. Let us henceforth drop a veil upon the mountain of dross and rubbish, and keep all our daylight for the gold and gems, which have made it worth the sifting.

One word only as to the outline. The author does not seem to have reflected that Rabelais adopted the broad grotesque of his plan —(and execution also)—because it would have been impossible for any man of that age, above all for a curé of Meudon, to satirize the baseness of French courtiers, and the hypocrisy of Romish priests —in any direct shape; or to have perceived that, after all, the great French humorist would have been infinitely more popular than he is, had he not pushed the system of *rambling* to such an extent as he has done. The same sort of thing might have been the result of a very little reflection on the personal position and character of the author of Tristram Shandy,—which work, of course, has been the more immediate prototype of 'The Doctor.' Sterne was to the last, what we have no reason to believe that Rabelais was in the more advanced part of his life,—a profligate priest;* and his buffoonery of manner was the shield rather than cloak of his licentiousness. Moreover, there is one very important particular in which Sterne's *plan*, with all its wildness, stands contrasted, to its own infinite advantage, against that of his anonymous imitator. The strange farrago of odd, yet often second-hand learning, for the purpose of exhibiting which Tristram Shandy was, no doubt, first conceived, is all, by the art of Sterne, poured out dramatically: the character of *My Father* is a most original conception, most happily worked out with a skill which can convert materials, apparently the most incongruous, to the one main design; and the same may be said of *Slop*. 'The Doctor' seems to have been framed with exactly the same primary view—that of furnishing a pretext for the clearance of a rich common-place book; but the author, after a few awkward attempts to avail himself, for this purpose, of the instrumentality of *his* hero's father and tutor, takes the office of showman openly into his own hands—and thenceforth the 'curiosities of literature,' of which 'The Doctor' presents certainly a sequence not unworthy of being classed with D'Israeli's charming one, or with that in Southey's *Omniana*, are brought forth, so as hardly to help in any degree the development of any one of the characters in the book.

And who are these characters? First and foremost is Daniel

* The hackneyed stories about Rabelais' death bed—like, indeed, almost all those connected with his name—are but old Joe Millers, stolen from the Italian Facetiæ.

Dove,

Dove, M.D., late Surgeon-Apothecary in Doncaster—the hero of the book—'The Doctor.' Then there are his father, Daniel Dove the Elder, yeoman of Ingleton; his uncle, William Dove, a half-idiot; his rural pedagogue, Mr. Richard Guy; his old master, the *quondam* Halford of Doncaster, Philip Hopkins; and for heroines we have Dinah, the mother of the doctor, Deborah, his wife, and that wife's mother—of neither of whom, however, the desultory novelist has as yet found leisure to give us more than a few glimpses. Add to these some three or four *real* persons long since defunct, such as Dr. Green, the in his day celebrated quack of Penrith—one or two half insane recluses—and Mr. Rowland Dixon, the proprietor of a gigantic set of puppets,—and suppose descriptions and anecdotes of them and their odd doings swimming rare in a sea of quotations, prose and verse, serious and comic,—Latin, French, *Low*-Dutch—(N.B.—no High-Dutch)—Spanish, Portuguese, and, above all, English and Italian. There is such a total contempt of all the ordinary rules of story-telling, that half a volume is bestowed on the hero's infancy, and we then leap at once to his full-grown manhood. Forthwith the bells ring for his wedding; but ere we have seen the veil lifted from the face of the bride, the bride's mother fixes the author's attention, and *her* love story must take precedence of her daughter's—which last, accordingly, is not half told by the time that volume the second closes. What the author means to make of these heroes and heroines in the eight or eighteen volumes which we presume are yet to come, we can offer no sort of conjecture—no more, we are pretty sure, could the author himself at this hour. He himself says, at the middle of his first volume,—

'Do you know, Sir, what mutton broth means at a city breakfast on the Lord Mayor's Day—mutton broth being the appointed breakfast for that festival? It means—according to established usage—mutton broth and everything else that can be wished for at a breakfast. So, Sir, you have here not only what the title seems to specify, but everything else that can be wished for in a book. In treating of the Doctor, it treats *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. It is "The Doctor, &c.," and that &c., like one of Lyttleton's, implies everything that can be deduced from the words preceding.'

But to our specimens.

After fifty-seven pages of incoherent rhapsody, the generation and dwelling-place of the Doves are thus, at length, introduced to our acquaintance. We do not believe that English literature contains a more exquisite sketch of the true old yeoman existence. Daniel the father,—our author says,—was one of a race of men who unhappily are now almost extinct. He lived upon an estate of six-and-twenty acres which his fathers had possessed

possessed before him, all Doves and Daniels, in uninterrupted succession from time immemorial, farther than register or title-deeds could ascend.

'The little church called Chapel le Dale stands about a bow shot from the family house. There they had all been carried to the font; there they had each led his bride to the altar; and thither they had, each in his turn, been borne upon the shoulders of their friends and neighbours. Earth to earth they had been consigned there for so many generations, that half of the soil of the churchyard consisted of their remains. A hermit who might wish his grave to be as quiet as his cell, could imagine no fitter resting place. On three sides there was an irregular low stone wall, rather to mark the limits of the sacred ground, than to inclose it; on the fourth it was bounded by the brook whose waters proceed by a subterraneous channel from Wethercote cave. Two or three alders and rowan trees hung over the brook, and shed their leaves and seeds into the stream. Some bushy hazels grew at intervals along the lines of the wall; and a few ash trees, as the winds had sown them. To the east and west some fields adjoined it, in that state of half cultivation which gives a human character to solitude: to the south, on the other side the brook, the common, with its limestone rocks peering everywhere above ground, extended to the foot of Ingleborough. A craggy hill, feathered with birch, sheltered it from the north.

'The turf was as soft and fine as that of the adjoining hills; it was seldom broken, so scanty was the population to which it was appropriated; scarcely a thistle or a nettle deformed it, and the few tombstones which had been placed there were now themselves half-buried. The sheep came over the wall when they listed, and sometimes took shelter in the porch from the storm. Their voices, and the cry of the kite wheeling above, were the only sounds which were heard there, except when the single bell which hung in its niche over the entrance tinkled for service on the Sabbath-day, or with a slower tongue gave notice that one of the children of the soil was returning to the earth from which he sprung.'

The house of the Doves was to the east of the church, under the same hill, and with the same brook in front; and the intervening fields belonged to the family. It was a low house, having before it a little garden of that size and character which showed that the inhabitants could afford to bestow a thought upon something more than mere bodily wants.

'You entered between two yew trees clipt to the fashion of two pawns. There were hollyhocks and sunflowers displaying themselves above the wall; roses and sweet peas under the windows, and the everlasting pea climbing the porch. . . . . The rest of the garden lay behind the house, partly on the slope of the hill. It had a hedge of gooseberry bushes, a few apple-trees, pot-herbs in abundance, onions, cabbages, turnips and carrots; potatoes had hardly yet

yet found their way into these remote parts; and in a sheltered spot under the crag, open to the south, were six bee-hives which made the family perfectly independent of West India produce. Tea was in those days as little known as potatoes, and for all other things honey supplied the place of sugar.

'The house consisted of seven rooms, the dairy and cellar included, which were both upon the ground floor. As you entered the kitchen, there was on the right one of those open chimneys which afford more comfort in a winter's evening than the finest register stove; in front of the chimney stood a wooden bee-hive chair, and on each side was a long oak seat with a back to it, the seats serving as chests in which the oaten bread was kept. They were of the darkest brown, and well polished by constant use. On the back of each were the same initials as those over the door, with the date 1610. The great oak table, and the chest which held the house-linen, bore the same date. The chimney was well hung with bacon; the rack which covered half the ceiling bore equal marks of plenty; mutton hams were suspended from other parts of the ceiling; and there was an odour of cheese from the adjoining dairy, which the turf fire, though perpetual as that of the Magi, or of the Vestal Virgins, did not overpower. A few pewter dishes were ranged above the trenchers, opposite the door on a conspicuous shelf. The other treasures of the family were in an open triangular cupboard, fixed in one of the corners of the best kitchen, half way from the floor, and touching the ceiling. They consisted of a silver saucepan, a silver goblet, and four apostle spoons. Here also King Charles's Golden Rules were pasted against the wall, and a large print of Daniel in the Lions' Den. The lions were bedaubed with yellow, and the prophet was bedaubed with blue, with a red patch upon each of his cheeks: if he had been like his picture he might have frightened the Lions; but happily there were no "judges" in the family, and it had been bought for its name's sake. Six black chairs were ranged along the wall, where they were seldom disturbed from their array. They had been purchased by Daniel the grandfather upon his marriage, and were the most costly purchase that had ever been made in the family; for the goblet was a legacy. The backs were higher than the head of the tallest man when seated; the seats flat and shallow, set in a round frame, unaccommodating in their material, more unaccommodating in shape; the backs also were of wood rising straight up, and ornamented with balls and lozenges and embossments; and the legs and cross bars were adorned in the same taste. Over the chimney were two peacocks' feathers, some of the dry silky pods of the honesty flower, and one of those large "sinuous shells" so finely described by Landor;

——— "Of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace porch—where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.—
Shake one, and it awakens—*then apply*
Its polished lips to your attentive ear, *And*

And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

The three apartments above served equally for store-rooms and bed-chambers. William Dove, the brother, slept in one, and Agatha, the maid, or Haggy, as she was called, in another."—vol. i. pp. 57-63.

Immediately after this we have a dissertation on the already, we believe, merely Antiquarian topic of craniology—and then, much to our relief, reappears Daniel the elder. A catalogue of his library is introduced as follows:—

'Happily for Daniel, he lived before the age of magazines, reviews, cyclopædias, elegant extracts, and literary newspapers, so that he gathered the fruit of knowledge for himself, instead of receiving it from the dirty fingers of a retail vender. His books were few in number, but they were all weighty either in matter or in size. They consisted of the Morte d'Arthur in the fine black-letter edition of Copland—Plutarch's Morals and Pliny's Natural History, two goodly folios, full as an egg of meat—and both translated by that old worthy, Philemon, who, for the service he rendered to his contemporaries and to his countrymen, deserves to be called the best of the Hollands, without disparaging either the Lord or the Doctor of that appellation—' &c. &c.

We pass over most of the catalogue. The close of it must be given, as it serves so well to bring in one of the most charming visions of happiness in humble life, that ever poet or painter dreamt of. We print in italics some of the author's golden *sententiæ.*

'Latimer and Du Bartas he used sometimes to read aloud on Sundays; and if the departed take cognizance of what passes on earth—and poets derive any satisfaction from that posthumous applause which is generally the only reward of those who deserve it—Sylvester might have found some compensation for the undeserved neglect into which his works had sunk, by the full and devout delight which his rattling rhymes and quaint collocations afforded to this reader. The silver-tongued Sylvester, however, was reserved for a Sabbath book; as a week-day author, Daniel preferred Pliny, for the same reason that bread and cheese, or a rasher of hung mutton, contented his palate better than a syllabub. He frequently regretted that so knowing a writer had never seen or heard of Wethercote and Yordas caves—the ebbing and flowing spring at Giggleswick, Malham Cove, and Gordale Scar—that he might have described them among the wonders of the world. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is a maxim which will not in all cases hold good. *There are things which we do not undervalue because we are familiar with them, but which are admired the more the more thoroughly they are known and understood; it is thus with the grand objects of nature and the finest works of art,—with whatsoever is truly great and excellent.* Daniel was not deficient in imagination; but no description of places which he had never seen, however exaggerated,

(*as*

(*as such things always are*) impressed him so strongly as these objects in his own neighbourhood, which he had known from childhood. Three or four times in his life it had happened that strangers with a curiosity as uncommon in that age as it is general in this, came from afar to visit these wonders of the West Riding, and Daniel accompanied them with a delight such as he never experienced on any other occasion.

'Refusing all reward for such services, the strangers to whom he officiated as a guide, though they perceived that he was an extraordinary person, were little aware how much information he had acquired, and of how strange a kind. His talk with them did not go beyond the subjects which the scenes they came to visit naturally suggested, and they *wondered more at the questions he asked, than at anything which he advanced himself. For his disposition was naturally shy, and that which had been bashfulness in youth assumed the appearance of reserve as he advanced in life;* for having none to communicate with upon his favorite studies, he lived in an intellectual world of his own, a mental solitude as complete as that of Alexander Selkirk or Robinson Crusoe. Even to the curate, his conversation, if he had touched upon his books, would have been heathen Greek; and to speak the truth plainly, without knowing a letter of that language, he knew more about the Greeks, than nine-tenths of the clergy at that time, including all the dissenters, and than nine-tenths of the schoolmasters also.'

We must remember that this history opens in the year 1723:—

'Our good Daniel *had none of that confidence which so usually and so unpleasantly characterizes self-taught men.* In fact, he was by no means aware of the extent of his acquirements, all that he knew in this kind having been acquired for amusement—not for use. He had never attempted to teach himself anything. These books had lain in his way in boyhood, or fallen in it afterwards, and the perusal of them, intently as it was followed, was always accounted by him to be nothing more than recreation. None of his daily business had ever been neglected for it; he cultivated his fields and his garden, repaired his walls, looked to the stable, tended his cows and salved his sheep, as diligently and as contentedly as if he had possessed neither capacity nor inclination for any higher employments. Yet Daniel was one of those men, who, if disposition and aptitude were not overruled by circumstances, would have grown pale with study, instead of being bronzed and hardened by sun, and wind, and rain. There were in him undeveloped talents which might have raised him to distinction as an antiquary, a virtuoso of the Royal Society, a poet, or a theologian, to whichever course the bias in his ball of fortune had inclined. But he had not a particle of envy in his composition. He thought, indeed, that if he had had *grammar-learning* in his youth like the curate, he would have made more use of it; but there was nothing either of the sourness or bitterness (call it which you please) of repining, in this natural reflection.

'Never

'Never indeed was any man more contented with doing his duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call him. And well he might be so, for no man ever passed through the world with less to disquiet or to sour him. Bred up in habits which secured the continuance of that humble but sure independence to which he was born, he had never known what it was to be anxious for the future. At the age of twenty-five he had brought home a wife, the daughter of a little landholder like himself, with fifteen pounds for her portion; and the true-love of his youth proved to him a faithful helpmate in those years when the dream of life is over, and we live in its realities. If at any time there had been some alloy in his happiness, it was when there appeared reason to suppose that in him his family would be extinct; for, though no man knows what parental feelings are till he has experienced them, and Daniel, therefore, knew not the whole value of that which he had never enjoyed, the desire of progeny is natural to the heart of man; and though Daniel had neither large estates, nor an illustrious name to transmit, it was an unwelcome thought, that the little portion of the earth which had belonged to his fathers time out of mind should pass into the possession of some stranger, who would tread on their graves and his own, without any regard to the dust that lay beneath. That uneasy apprehension was removed after he had been married fifteen years, when to the great joy of both parents, because they had long ceased to entertain any hope of such an event, their wishes were fulfilled in the birth of a son. This, their only child, was healthy, apt and docile, to all appearance as happily disposed in mind and body as a father's heart could wish. If they had fine weather for winning their hay or shearing their corn, they thanked God for it; if the season proved unfavourable, the labour was only a little the more and the crop a little the worse. Their stations secured them from want, and they had no wish beyond it. What more had Daniel to desire?'

The following passage in 'the divine Du Bartas,' old Daniel, we are told, used to read with peculiar satisfaction, applying it to himself:—

'O thrice, thrice happy he, who shuns the cares
Of city troubles, and of state-affairs;
And, serving Ceres, tills with his own team
His own *free land*, left by his friends to him!
'Never pale Envy's poisony heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart: nor Vulture Avarice:
His fields' bounds bound his thoughts: he never sups,
For nectar, poison mix'd in silver cups;
Milk, cheese, and fruit, (fruits of his own endeavour)
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.
'Sly pettifoggers, wranglers at the bar,
Proud purse-leeches, harpies of Westminster,
With feigned chiding, and foul jarring noise,
Break not his brain, nor interrupt his joys;

But

But cheerful birds chirping him sweet good morrows,
With nature's music do beguile his sorrows;
Teaching the fragrant forests day by day
The diapason of their heavenly lay.

'His wandering vessel, reeling to and fro
On the ireful ocean (as the winds do blow)
With sudden tempest is not overwhurled,
To seek his sad death in another world:
But leading all his life at home in peace,
Always in sight of his own smoke, no seas,
No other seas he knows, no other torrent,
Than that which waters with its silver current
His native meadows; and that very earth
Shall give him burial which first gave him birth.

'To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthiop's cold rush, nor drowsy poppy-seed;
But on green carpets thrum'd with mossy bever,
Fringing the round skirts of his winding river,
The stream's mild murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

'Drum, fife, and trumpet, with their loud alarms,
Make him not start out of his sleep to arms;
Nor dear respect of some great General,
Him from his bed unto the block doth call.
The crested cock sings "*Hunt-is-up*" to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,
To walk the mountains and the flow'ry meads
Impearl'd with tears which great Aurora sheds.

'Never gross air poisoned in stinking streets,
To choke his spirit, his tender nostril meets;
But the open sky, where at full breath he lives,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomach gives;
And Death, dread Serjeant of the Eternal Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated lodge.'

We shall give the reader another peep at Daniel the elder, ere we close our paper: in the meantime take a passage, eminently characteristic of the author, which occurs in introducing some details of the style of education that awaited his son, the future 'Doctor.' The passage is full of matter for reflection, and at least ought to be interesting to every parent.

'"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old his feet will not depart from it." Generally speaking it will be found so; but is there any other rule to which there are so many exceptions?

'Ask the serious Christian as he calls himself, or the Professor (another and more fitting appellative which the Christian Pharisees have chosen for themselves)—ask him whether he has found it hold good? Whether his sons when they attained to years of discretion (which are the most indiscreet years in the course of human life) have profited

profited as he expected by the long extemporaneous prayers to which they listened night and morning, the sad sabbaths which they were compelled to observe, and the soporific sermons which closed the domestic religiosities of those melancholy days? Ask him if this discipline has prevented them from running headlong into the follies and vices of the age? from being birdlimed by dissipation; or caught in the spider's web of sophistry and unbelief? "It is no doubt a true observation," says Bishop Patrick, "that the ready way to make the minds of youth grow awry, is to lace them too hard, by denying them their just freedom."

'Ask the old faithful servant of Mammon, whom Mammon has rewarded to his heart's desire, and in whom the acquisition of riches has only increased his eagerness for acquiring more—ask him whether he has succeeded in training up his heir to the same service? He will tell you that the young man is to be found upon race-grounds, and in gaming-houses, that he is taking his swing of extravagance and excess, and is on the high road to ruin.

'Ask the wealthy Quaker, the pillar of the meeting—most orthodox in heterodoxy,—who never wore a garment of forbidden cut or colour, never bent his body in salutation, or his knees in prayer,—never uttered the heathen name of a day or month, nor ever addrest himself to any person without religiously speaking illegitimate English,—ask him how it has happened that the tailor has converted his sons? He will fold his hands, and twirl his thumbs mournfully in silence. It has not been for want of training them in *the way wherein it was his wish that they should go.*'

By-the-by, is the writer quite logical in thus confounding the way in which a man should go, with that which either a 'Christian Pharisee,' or a 'faithful servant of Mammon,' or a 'pillar of the Meeting,' may have wished his child to follow?—The author proceeds:—

'You are about, Sir, to send your son to a public school; Eton or Westminster; Winchester or Harrow; Rugby or the Charter House, no matter which. He may come from either an accomplished scholar to the utmost extent that school education can make him so; he may be the better both for its discipline and its want of discipline; it may serve him excellently well as a preparatory school for the world into which he is about to enter. But also he may come away an empty coxcomb or a hardened brute—a spendthrift—a profligate—a blackguard, or a sot.

'To put a boy in the way he should go, is like sending out a ship well found, well manned and stored, and with a careful captain; but there are rocks and shallows in her course, winds and currents to be encountered, and all the contingencies and perils of the sea.

'How often has it been seen that sons, not otherwise deficient in duty toward their parents, have, in the most momentous concerns of life, taken the course most opposite to that in which they were trained to go, going wrong where the father would have directed them aright, or taking the right path in spite of all inducements and endeavours for

for leading them wrong! The son of Charles Wesley, born and bred in methodism, and bound to it by all the strongest ties of pride and prejudice, became a papist. This indeed was but passing from one erroneous persuasion to another, and a more inviting one. But Isaac Casaubon also had the grief of seeing a son seduced into the Romish superstition, and on the part of that great and excellent man there had been no want of discretion in training him, nor of sound learning and sound wisdom. Archbishop Leighton, an honor to his church, his country, and his kind, was the child of one of those firebrands who kindled the Great Rebellion. And Franklin had a son, who, notwithstanding the example of his father (and such a father!) continued stedfast in his duty as a soldier and a subject.'

The vanity of *independence* leads many young persons, on entering the world, to embrace the opposite opinion in religion or politics to what had found favour with their parents or guardians—and the same principle may be seen acting still more frequently in respect of mere matters of taste. But the Mess-room, the Circuit-club, the House of Commons, or the general rub of society in town or country, soon teaches every man, who is worth any teaching, to moderate his juvenile estimation of himself; and nature has provided beautiful means for the revival of the best affections of youth, in the proper relations of advancing life. The careless and disrespectful son is apt to undergo a great and a permanent change when he finds himself a father; and often reverts, with even more than the warmth of infantine feelings, to the gentle influences which, in the season of hot blood and seething brains, he had undervalued or forgotten. For all minds not naturally coarse and base, the great and sure lesson of time is modesty; and may it not be, with submission, suggested—that when the Hebrew sage bids us 'train the *child* in the way he should go,' he does not follow up his precept by a promise that the *stripling* will be prudent, chaste, and sober of spirit, but points to the rational hope, that the fruits of early culture may be visible in the reflective autumn of *the man*?—But to come to a less serious part of the same chapter.

'I am sometimes inclined to think that pigs are brought up upon a wiser system than boys at a grammar school. The pig is allowed to feed upon any kind of offal, however coarse, on which he can thrive, till the time approaches when pig is to commence pork, or take a degree as bacon; and then he is fed daintily. Now it has sometimes appeared to me that in like manner boys might acquire their first knowledge of Latin from authors very inferior to those which are now used in all schools—provided the matter was unexceptionable and the Latinity good; and that they should not be introduced to the standard works of antiquity till they are of an age in some degree to appreciate what they read.

'Understand

'Understand me, Reader, as speaking doubtfully,—and that too upon a matter of little moment; for the scholar will return in riper years to those authors which are worthy of being studied;—and as for the blockhead—it signifies nothing whether the book which he consumes by thumbing it in the middle and dog-earing it at the corners be worthy or not of a better use. Yet if the dead have any cognizance of posthumous fame, one would think it must abate somewhat of the pleasure with which Virgil and Ovid regard their earthly immortality, when they see to what base purposes their productions are applied. That their verses should be administered to boys in regular doses, as lessons or impositions, and some dim conception of their meaning whipt into the tail when it has failed to penetrate the head, cannot be just the sort of homage to their genius which they anticipated or desired.'

We are much inclined to concur in the opinion which the above-quoted passage evidently implies; nor do we at all admit the validity of what the writer himself modestly suggests on the other side of the question. It is very true that 'the scholar will return in riper years to those authors which are worthy of being studied;' but these riper years are in most cases, we suspect, late ones; and we cannot forget that Lord Byron, when he was penning 'Childe Harold,' had not yet overcome the disgust with which the drilling of Harrow had made him regard the very name of Horace. Selections from Erasmus's Dialogues, and the like, appear to us to be the proper school-books for lads who have their Latin vocabulary and grammar to acquire. How absurd to make boys pore over Virgil, whom their masters would never imagine to be capable of comprehending Pope! It would be hardly more injudicious to give a little girl one of Raphael's cartoons for the copy of her sampler.

We are, however, far from quarrelling with our author as to the doctrine he lays down a little lower—viz., that it is ridiculous 'to expect *a child* to understand everything it reads.' Our meaning is simply, that students ought to master a foreign language so as to be able to read it with facility, before they are introduced to those books in which that language appears in its most perfect graces. And, observe, it is only as to the ancient languages that the reverse is commonly practiced: no young man is ever advised to begin his study of French with *Athalie*, or of German with *Wallenstein*.—The forgotten tome of *Johannes Ravisius Textor* was accordingly the Latin manual of young Daniel Dove; and—

'The intellectual education which he received at home was as much out of the ordinary course as the book in which he studied at school. Robinson Crusoe had not yet reached Ingleton. Sandford and Merton had not been written, nor that history of Pecksey and Flapsey and the Robin's Nest, which is the prettiest fiction that

that ever was composed for children, and for which its excellent authoress will one day rank high among women of genius, when time shall have set its seal upon desert.* The only book within his reach, of all those which now come into the hands of youth, was the Pilgrim's Progress, and this he read at first without a suspicion of its allegorical import. What he did not understand was as little remembered as the sounds of the wind, or the motions of the passing clouds; but the imagery and the incidents took possession of his memory and his heart. After a while Textor became an interpreter of the immortal Tinker, and the boy acquired as much of the meaning by glimpses as was desirable, enough to render some of the personages more awful by spiritualizing them, while the tale itself remained as a reality.

'"What, Sir," exclaims a lady, who is bluer than ever one of her naked and woad-stained ancestors appeared at a public festival in full dye,—"what, Sir, do you tell us that children are not to be made to understand what they are taught?" And she casts her eyes complacently toward an assortment of those books which so many writers, male and female,—some of the infidel, some of the semi-fidel, and some of the super-fidel schools,—have composed for the laudable purpose of enabling children to understand everything. "What, Sir," she repeats, "are we to make our children learn things by rote like parrots, and fill their heads with words to which they cannot attach any signification?"

'"You are a mother, Madam, and a good one. In caressing your infants you may perhaps think it unphilosophical to use what I should call the proper and natural language of the nursery. But doubtless you talk to them; you give some utterance to your feelings; and whether that utterance be in legitimate and wise words, or in good extemporaneous nonsense, it is alike to the child. The conventional words convey no more meaning to him than the mere sound; but he understands from either all that is meant, all that you wish him to understand, all that is to be understood. He knows that it is an expression of your love and tenderness, and that he is the object of it. So, too, it continues after he is advanced from infancy into childhood. When children are beginning to speak they do not and cannot affix any meaning to half the words which they hear; yet they learn their mother tongue. What I say is, do not attempt to force their intellectual growth. Do not feed them with meat till they have teeth to masticate it. There is a great deal which they ought to learn, can learn, and must learn, before they can or ought to understand it. How many questions must you have heard from them which you have felt to be best answered when they were with most dexterity put aside! Let me tell you a story which the Jesuit Manuel de Vergara used to tell of himself. When he was a little boy he asked a Dominican Friar what was the meaning of the seventh commandment, for he said he could not tell what committing adultery was. The Friar not knowing how to answer, cast a perplexed look round the room,

* The little book here alluded to is one of Mrs. Trimmer's.

and thinking he had found a safe reply, pointed to a kettle on the fire, and said the commandment meant that he must never put his hand in the pot while it was boiling. The very next day, a loud scream alarmed the family, and behold there was little Manuel running about the room holding up his scalded finger, and exclaiming 'Oh dear, oh dear, I've committed adultery! I've committed adultery! I've committed adultery!'"

We are happy in having it in our power to give extended circulation to the passage which follows—the author's apology for his good story of Manuel de Vergara.

'Of what use a story may be, even in the most serious debates, may be seen from the circulation of old Joes in Parliament, which are as current there as their sterling namesakes used to be in the city some threescore years ago. A jest, though it should be as stale as last week's newspaper, and as flat as Lord Flounder's face, is sure to be received with laughter by the collective wisdom of the nation: nay, it is sometimes thrown out like a tub to the whale, or like a trail of carrion to draw off hounds from the scent.

'The Bill which should have put an end to the inhuman practice of employing children to sweep chimneys was thrown out on the third reading, in the House of Lords, (having passed the Commons without a dissentient voice,) by a speech from Lord Lauderdale, the force of which consisted in, literally, a Joe Miller jest. He related that an Irishman used to sweep his chimney by letting a rope down, which was fastened round the legs of a goose, and then pulling the goose after it. A neighbour, to whom he recommended this as a convenient mode, objected to it upon the score of cruelty to the goose, upon which he replied, that a couple of ducks might do as well. Now, if the bill before the house had been to enact that men should no longer sweep chimneys, but that boys should be used instead, the story would have been applicable. It was no otherwise applicable than as it related to chimney-sweeping: but it was a joke, and that sufficed. The lords laughed: his lordship had the satisfaction of throwing out the bill, and the home negro trade has continued from that time, now seven years, till this day, and still continues. His lordship had his jest, and it is speaking within compass to say, that in the course of those seven years two thousand children have been *sacrificed* in consequence.

'The worst actions of Lord Lauderdale's worst ancestor admit of a better defence before God and man.

'*Had his lordship perused the evidence which had been laid before the House of Commons when the bill was brought in, upon which evidence the bill was founded? Was he aware of the shocking barbarities connected with the trade, and inseparable from it? Did he know that children inevitably lacerate themselves in learning this dreadful occupation? that they are frequently crippled by it? frequently lose their lives in it by suffocation, or by slow fire? that it induces a peculiar and dreadful disease? that they who survive the accumulated hardships of a childhood, during which they are exposed to every kind of misery, and destitute*

destitute of every kind of comfort, have, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, to seek their living how they can in some other employment,—for it is only by children that this can be carried on? Did his lordship know that girls as well as boys are thus abused? that their sufferings begin at the age of six—sometimes a year earlier? finally, that they are sold to this worst and most inhuman of all slaveries, and sometimes stolen for the purpose of being sold to it?

'I bear no ill-will towards Lord Lauderdale, either personally or politically: far from it. His manly and honourable conduct on the Queen's trial, when there was such an utter destitution of honour in many quarters where it was believed to exist, and so fearful a want of manliness where it ought to have been found, entitles him to the respect and gratitude of every true Briton. But I will tell his lordship that rather than have spoken as he did against an act which would have lessened the sum of wickedness and suffering in this country,—rather than have treated a question of pure humanity with contempt and ridicule,—rather than have employed my tongue for such a purpose, and with such success, I would———But no: I will not tell him how I had concluded. I will not tell what I had added in the sincerity of a free tongue and an honest heart. I leave the sentence imperfect rather than that any irritation; which the strength of my language might excite, should lessen the salutary effects of self-condemnation.'—pp. 159-163.

We hope Lord Lauderdale will seriously consider this affecting admonition; and we can assure him that if he were to confess in his place in parliament, that he spoke rashly on the occasion here alluded to, and be himself the man to bring in a new bill in the room of that which his merriment was the unhappy means of throwing out—he would entitle himself to a deeper and a more general sense of grateful respect than has lately rewarded any part of the public conduct of any of our statesmen, with the exceptions of Mr. Sadler and Lord Ashley, in their generous exertions for the factory children. But let us return to the Doves—

'*A fastidious taste is like a squeamish appetite; the one has its origin in some disease of mind, as the other has in some ailment of the stomach.* Your true lover of literature is never fastidious. I do not mean the *helluo librorum*, the swinish feeder, who thinks that every name which is to be found in a title-page, or on a tomb-stone, ought to be rescued from oblivion; nor those first cousins of the moth, who labour under a bulimy for black-letter, and believe everything to be excellent which was written in the reign of Elizabeth. I mean the man of robust and healthy intellect, who gathers the harvest of literature into his barns, threshes the straw, winnows the grain, grinds it at his own mill, bakes it in his own oven, and then eats the true bread of knowledge. If he bake his loaf upon a cabbage-leaf, and eat onions with his bread and cheese, let who will find fault with him for his taste—not I!

'The Doves, father as well as son, were blest with a hearty intel-

lectual appetite, and a strong digestion: but the son had the more catholic taste. He would have relished caviare; would have ventured upon laver undeterred by its appearance—and would have liked it.

'He would have eaten sausages for breakfast at Norwich, Sally Lunns at Bath, Sweet Butter in Cumberland, Orange Marmalade at Edinburgh, Findon Haddocks at Aberdeen, and drunk punch with Beefsteaks to oblige the French if they insisted upon obliging him with a *déjeûner à l'Anglaise*.

'He would have eaten squab-pye in Devonshire, and the pye which is squabber than squab in Cornwall; sheep's head with the hair on in Scotland, and potatoes roasted on the hearth in Ireland; frogs with the French, pickled herrings with the Dutch, sour-krout with the Germans, maccaroni with the Italians, aniseed with the Spaniards, garlic with any body; horse-flesh with the Tartars; ass-flesh with the Persians; dogs with the North Western American Indians; curry with the Asiatic East Indians; birds' nests with the Chinese; mutton roasted with honey with the Turks; pismire cakes on the Orinoco; and turtle and venison with the Lord Mayor; and the turtle and venison he would have preferred to all the other dishes, because his taste, though catholic, was not indiscriminating. He would have tried all, tasted all, thriven upon all, and lived contentedly and cheerfully upon either, but he would have liked best that which was best. And his intellectual appetite had the same happy catholicism.

'He would not have said with Euphues, "If I be in Crete, I can lie; if in Greece, I can shift; if in Italy, I can court:" but he might have said with him, "I can carouse with Alexander; abstain with Romulus; eat with the Epicure; fast with the Stoic; sleep with Endymion; watch with Chrysippus."'—vol. i. pp. 172-175.

We must now indulge ourselves with a long but not longsome extract from the chapter which our learned author does not disdain to bestow on the puppet-shows that stimulated and satisfied the juvenile imagination of his hero. He begins it with some general reflections, so just, and so gracefully expressed, that we cannot omit them.

'Were it not for that happy facility with which the mind in such cases commonly satisfies itself, my readers would not find it more easy to place themselves in imagination at Ingleton, a hundred years ago, than at Thebes or Athens,—so strange must it appear to them that a family should have existed in humble but easy circumstances, among whose articles of consumption neither tea nor sugar had a place, who never raised potatoes in their garden nor saw them at their table, and who never wore a cotton garment of any kind.

'Equally unlike anything to which my contemporaries have been accustomed, must it be for them to hear of an Englishman whose talk was of philosophy, moral or speculative, not of politics; who read books in folio, and had never seen a newspaper, nor ever heard of a magazine, review, or literary journal of any kind. Not less strange must it seem to them, who, if they please, may travel by steam at the rate

rate of thirty miles an hour upon the Liverpool and Manchester railway, or at ten miles an hour by stage upon any of the more frequented roads, to consider the little intercourse which in those days was carried on between one part of the kingdom and another. During young Daniel's boyhood, and for many years after he had reached the age of manhood, the whole carriage of the northern counties, and, indeed, of all the remoter parts, was performed by pack-horses, the very name of which would long since have been as obsolete as their use, if it had not been preserved by the sign or appellation of some of those inns at which they were accustomed to put up. Rarely, indeed, were the roads about Ingleton marked by any other wheels than those of its indigenous carts.

'That little town, however, obtained considerable celebrity in those days, as being the home and head-quarters of Rowland Dixon, the Gesticulator Maximus, or puppet-show-master-general of the north; a person not less eminent in his line than Powel whom the Spectator has immortalized.

'My readers must not form their notion of Rowland Dixon's company, from the ambulatory puppet-shows which of late years have added new sights and sounds to the spectacles and cries of London. Far be it from me to depreciate those peripatetic street exhibitions, which you may have before your window at a call, and by which the hearts of so many children are continually delighted: nay, I confess, that few things in that great city carry so much comfort to the cockles of my own, as the well-known voice of Punch.—

'The same which in my schoolboy days
I listened to,——'

as Wordsworth says of the Cuckoo,

'And I can listen to it yet—
And listen till I do beget
That golden time again.'

It is a voice that seems to be as much in accord with the noise of towns, and the riotry of fairs, as the note of the cuckoo with the joyousness of spring fields and the fresh verdure of the vernal woods.

'But Rowland Dixon's company of puppets would be pitifully disparaged, if their size, uses, or importance, were to be estimated by the street performances of the present day.

'The dramatis personæ of these modern exhibitions never I believe comprehends more than four characters, and these four are generally the same, to wit, Punch, Judy, as she who used to be called Joan is now denominated, the Devil, and the Doctor, or sometimes the Constable in the Doctor's stead. There is, therefore, as little variety in the action as in the personages. And their dimensions are such, that the whole company and the theatre in which they are exhibited are carried along the streets at quick time, and with a light step, by the two persons who manage the concern.'—(By the way, has the author ever seen Mr. George Cruikshank's etchings of Punch and Judy? If not, he is obliged to us for thus suggesting to his attention a work of great

great felicity in design, and inimitable lightness in execution.)—'But the Rowlandian, Dixonian, or Ingletonian puppets were large as life; and required for their removal a caravan, (in the use to which that word is now appropriated,) a vehicle of such magnitude and questionable shape, that if Don Quixote had encountered its like upon the highway, he would have regarded it as the most formidable adventure which had ever been presented to his valour. And they went as far beyond our street-puppets in the sphere of their subjects as they exceeded them in size; for in that sphere *quicquid agunt homines* was included,—and a great deal more.

'In no country, and in no stage of society, has the drama ever existed in a ruder state than that in which this company presented it. The Drolls of Bartholomew fair were hardly so far below the legitimate drama, as they were above that of Rowland Dixon; for the Drolls were written compositions: much ribaldry might be, and no doubt was, interpolated as opportunity allowed or invited; but the main dialogue was prepared. Here, on the contrary, there was no other preparation than that of frequent practice. The stock pieces were founded upon popular stories or ballads—such as Fair Rosamond—Jane Shore—and Bateman who hanged himself for love; with Scriptural subjects for Easter and Whitsun-week, such as the Creation, the Deluge, Susannah and the Elders, and Nebuchadnezzar or the Fall of Pride. These had been handed down from the time of the old mysteries and miracle-plays, having, in the progress of time and change, descended from the monks and clergy, to become the property of such managers as Powel and Rowland Dixon. In what manner they were represented when thus

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from their high estate,

may be imagined from a play-bill of Queen Anne's reign, in which one of them is thus advertised:—

'"*At Crawley's Booth, over against the Crown Tavern in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little Opera, called the Old Creation of the World, yet newly revived; with the addition of Noah's flood. Also, several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the Ark, with all the beasts two and two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees. Likewise over the ark is seen the Sun rising in a most glorious manner. Moreover, a multitude of Angels will be seen in a double rank, which presents a double prospect, one for the Sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen six Angels ringing of bells. Likewise, machines descend from above, double and treble, with Dives rising out of Hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom; besides several figures dancing jigs, sarabands and country dances, to the admiration of the spectators; with the merry conceits of Squire Punch and Sir John Spendall.*"

'I have not found it anywhere stated at what time these irreverent representations were discontinued in England, nor whether (which is not

not unlikely) they were put an end to by the interference of the magistrates. The *Autos Sacramentales*, which form the most characteristic department of the Spanish drama, were prohibited at Madrid in 1763, at the instance of the Conde de Teba, then Archbishop of Toledo, chiefly because of the profaneness of the actors, and the indecency of the places in which they were represented: it seems, therefore, that if they had been performed by clerks, and within consecrated precincts, he would not have objected to them. The religious dramas, though they are not less extraordinary and far more reprehensible, because in many instances nothing can be more pernicious than their direct tendency, were not included in the same prohibition; the same marks of external reverence not being required for saints and images, as for the great object of Romish idolatry. These probably will long continue to delight the Spanish people. But facts of the same kind may be met with nearer home. So recently as the year 1816, the Sacrifice of Isaac was represented on the stage at Paris: Samson was the subject of the ballet; the unshorn son of Manoah delighted the spectators by dancing a solo with the gates of Gaza on his back; Dalilah clipped him during the intervals of a jig; and the Philistines surrounded and captured him in a country dance!

'That Punch made his appearance in the puppet-show of the Deluge, most persons know; his exclamation of "hazy weather, master Noah," having been preserved by tradition. In all of these wooden dramas, whether sacred or profane, Punch indeed bore a part, and that part is well described in the verses entitled *Pupæ gesticulantes*, which may be found among the *Selecta Poemata Anglorum*.

'"Ecce tamen subitò, et medio discrimine rerum,
Ridiculus vultu procedit Homuncio, tergum
Cui riget in gibbum, immensusque protruditur alvus:
Punchius huic nomen, nec erat petulantior unquam
Ullus; quinetiam media inter seria semper
Importunus adest, lepidusque et garrulus usque
Perstat, permiscetque jocos, atque omnia turbat.
Sæpe puellarum densa ad subsellia sese
Convertens,—sedet en! pulchras mea, dixit, amica
Illic inter eas! Oculo simul improbus uno
Connivens, aliquam illarum quasi noverat, ipsam
Quæque pudens se signari pudefacta rubescit;
Totaque subridet juvenumque virumque corona.
Cum vero ambiguis obscœnus turpia dictis
Innuit, effuso testantur gaudia risu."

'In one particular only this description is unlike the Punch of the Ingleton Company. He was not an *homuncio*, but a full-grown personage, who had succeeded, with little alteration either of attributes or appearance, to the Vice of the old Mysteries, and served like the Clown of our own early stage, and the *Gracioso* of the Spaniards, to scatter mirth over the serious part of the performance, or turn it into ridicule. The wife was an appendage of later times, when it was not thought

thought good for Punch to be alone; and when, as these performances had fallen into lower hands, the quarrels between such a pair afforded a standing subject equally adapted to the capacity of the interlocutor and of his audience.

'A tragic part was assigned to Punch in one of Rowland Dixon's pieces, and that one of the most popular, being the celebrated tragedy of Jane Shore. The beadle in this piece, after proclaiming, in obvious and opprobrious rhyme, the offence which has drawn upon Mistress Shore this public punishment, prohibited all persons from relieving her, on pain of death; and turned her out, according to the common story, to die of hunger in the streets. The only person who ventured to disobey this prohibition was Punch the baker; and the reader may judge of the dialogue of these pieces by this baker's words, when he stole behind her, and nudging her furtively while he spake, offered her a loaf, saying, "Tak it, Jenny, tak it!" for which act, so little consonant with his general character, Punch died, a martyr to humanity, by the hangman's hands.

'Dr. Dove used to say he doubted whether Garrick and Mrs. Cibber could have affected him more in middle life than he had been moved by Punch the baker and this wooden Jane Shore in his boyhood. For rude as were these performances (and nothing could possibly be ruder), the effect on infant minds was prodigious, from the accompanying sense of wonder, an emotion which of all others is at that time of life the most delightful. Here was miracle in any quantity to be seen for two-pence, and believed in for nothing. No matter how confined the theatre, how coarse and inartificial the scenery, or how miserable the properties; the mind supplied all that was wanting.'—vol. i., pp. 213-223.

The main drift of this book, in what we may call its sane parts, is to strengthen and revive the genuine old English feelings and tastes. The author writes no party politics, but his serious passages have generally something of this conservative tendency. Himself obviously one who has mostly resided in the country, he would fain do something towards counteracting the prevalent passion for London—the town itself—the villas in its neighbourhood—(so often crowded with gaieties while the venerable ancestral hall stands desolate)—the metropolitan modes of life, and modes of thought, or rather of thoughtlessness, and the grand cant of the day, that cosmopolitan liberality which hardly condescends to hold one soil or one people as more justly entitled to affection and sympathy than another. He says, for instance—

'Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favourable both to individual and national character. Our home—our birth-place—our native land;—think, for a while, what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words; and if thou hast any intellectual eyes, thou wilt then perceive the connexion between topography and patriotism. Show me a man who cares no more for one place

place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice! You have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root. The laws recognize this truth in the privileges which they confer upon freeholders; and public opinion acknowledges it also, in the confidence which it reposes upon those who have what is called a stake in the country. Vagabond and rogue are convertible terms; and with how much propriety any one may understand who knows what are the habits of the wandering classes, such as gypsies, tinkers, and potters.

'The feeling of local attachment was possessed by Daniel Dove, in the highest degree. Spurzheim and the crazyologists would have found out a bump on his head for its local habitation;—letting that quackery pass, it is enough for me to know that he derived this feeling from his birth as a mountaineer, and that he had also a right to it by inheritance, as one whose ancestors had from time immemorial dwelt upon the same estate. Smile not contemptuously at that word, ye whose domains extend over more square miles than there were square roods upon his patrimony! To have held that little patrimony unimpaired, as well as unenlarged, through so many generations, implies more contentment, more happiness, and a more uniform course of steadiness and good conduct, than could be found in the proudest of your genealogies! The most sacred spot upon earth to him was his father's hearth-stead. Rhine, Rhone, Danube, Thames, or Tyber, the mighty Ganges, or the mightier Maranon, even Jordan itself, affected his imagination less than the Greta, or Wease, as he was wont to call it, of his native fields; whose sounds, in his boyhood, were the first which he heard at morning, and the last at night; and, during so many peaceful and happy years, made, as it were, an accompaniment to his solitary musings, as he walked between his father's house and his schoolmaster's, to and fro.'—vol. ii., pp. 15-17.

The same strain is elsewhere resumed, when Doctor Dove, now a graduate of Leyden, establishes himself in the pretty town of Doncaster, instead of carrying his great talents and acquirements to the market of London.

'Ordinary people, whether their lot be cast in town or country, in the metropolis or in a village, will go on in the ordinary way, conforming their habits to those of the place. It matters nothing more to those who live less in the little world about them, than in a world of their own, with the whole powers of the head, and of the heart too (if they have one), intently fixed upon some favourite pursuit:—if they have a heart, I say, *for it sometimes happens that where there is an excellent head, the heart is nothing more than a piece of hard flesh.* In this respect, the highest and the meanest intellects are, in a certain sense, alike self-sufficient; that is, they are so far independent of adventitious aid, that they derive little advantage from society, and suffer nothing from the want of it. But there are others, for whose mental improvement, or at least mental enjoyment, collision and sympathy,

sympathy, and external excitement, seem almost indispensable. Just as large towns are the only places in which first-rate workmen in any handicraft business can find employment, so men of letters, and of science generally, appear to think that nowhere but in a metropolis can they find the opportunities which they desire of improvement or of display. These persons are wise in their generation, but they are not children of light.

'Among such persons it may perhaps be thought that our friend should be classed; and it cannot be doubted, that, in a more conspicuous field of action, he might have distinguished himself, and obtained a splendid fortune. But for distinction he never entertained the slightest desire; and with the goods of fortune which had fallen to his share, he was perfectly contented. But was he favourably situated for his intellectual advancement?—which, if such an inquiry had come before him concerning any other person, is what he would have considered to be the question-issimus. I answer, without the slightest hesitation, that he was. In London he might have mounted a physician's wig, have ridden in his carriage, have attained the honours of the college, and added F.R.S. to his professional initials. He might, if fortune, opening her eyes, had chosen to favour desert, have become Sir Daniel Dove, Bart., Physician to his Majesty. But he would then have been a very different person from the Dr. Dove of Doncaster, whose memory will be transmitted to posterity in these volumes, and he would have been much less worthy of being remembered. The course of such a life would have left him no leisure for himself; and metropolitan society, in rubbing off the singularities of his character, would just in the same degree have taken from its strength.

'It is a pretty general opinion that no society can be so bad as that of a small country town; and certain it is that such towns offer little or no choice. You must take what they have, and make the best of it. But there are not many persons to whom circumstances allow much latitude of choice anywhere except in those public places, as they are called, where the idle and the dissipated, like birds of a feather, flock together. In any settled place of residence, men are circumscribed by station and opportunities, and just as much in the capital as in a provincial town. No one will be disposed to regret this, if he observes, where men have most power of choosing their society, how little benefit is derived from it; or, in other words, with how little wisdom it is used.

'After all, the common varieties of human character will be found distributed in much the same proportion everywhere; and in most places there will be a sprinkling of the uncommon ones. Everywhere you may find the selfish and the sensual, the carking and the careful, the cunning and the credulous, the worldling and the reckless. But kind hearts are also everywhere to be found—right intentions, sober minds, and private virtues—for the sake of which let us hope that God may continue to spare this hitherto highly-favoured nation, notwithstanding

withstanding the fearful amount of our public and manifold offences.' —vol. ii., pp. 244-247.

Another favourite theme with our author is one which has been so often dwelt upon of late years in this Journal, that we may presume our readers to be in possession of most of the important facts bearing on it—namely, the imperious necessity, and most sacred duty, of proceeding to bring into cultivation the enormous tracts of unproductive but improveable land in these kingdoms. This writer details in clear and forcible language the means by which a large morass near Doncaster, called *the Potteric Carr*, was drained and converted into fertile ground, about the year 1766; and as this example had never before reached our own knowledge, we must extract a portion of the chapter in which it is described.

'Four thousand acres of bog, whereof that Carr consisted, and upon which common sand, coal ashes, and the scrapings of a limestone road, were found the best manure, produce now good crops of grain and excellent pasturage. There are said to be in England and Wales, at this time, 3,984,000 acres of uncultivated but cultivable ground; 5,950,000 in Scotland; 4,900,000 in Ireland; 166,000 in the smaller British islands. Crags, woods, and barren land are not included in this statement. Here are 15,000,000 acres, the worst of which is as good as the morass which has been reclaimed near Doncaster, and the far greater part very materially better.

'The money which is annually raised for poor-rates in England and Wales has for some years amounted to from five to six millions. With all this expenditure, cases are continually occurring of death from starvation, either of hunger or cold, or both together; wretches are carried before the magistrates for the offence of lying in the streets or in unfinished houses, when they have not where to hide their heads; others have been found dead by the side of lime-kilns, or brick-kilns, whither they had crept to save themselves from perishing for cold; and untold numbers die of the diseases produced by scanty and unwholesome food. This money, moreover, is for the most part so applied, that they who have a rightful claim upon it receive less than, in justice, in humanity, and according to the intent of a law wisely and humanely enacted, ought to be their portion; while they who have only a legal claim upon it, that claim arising from an evil usage which has become prescriptive, receive pay, where justice, policy, and considerate humanity, and these very laws themselves if rightly administered, would award restraint or punishment. Thus it is in those parts of the United Kingdom where a provision for the poor is directly raised by law. In Scotland, the proportion of paupers is little less, and the evils attendant upon poverty are felt in an equal or nearly equal degree. In Ireland they exist to a far greater extent, and may truly be called terrible. Is it fitting that this should be while there are fifteen millions of cultivable acres lying waste? Is it possible to conceive grosser improvidence in a nation, grosser folly,

folly, grosser ignorance of its duty and interest, or grosser neglect of both, than are manifested in the continuance and growth and increase of this enormous evil, when the means of checking it are so obvious; and that too by a process in which every step must produce direct and tangible good?

'But while the Government is doing those things which it ought not to have done, and leaves undone those things which it ought to do, let parishes and corporations do what is in their power for themselves. And bestir yourselves in this good work, ye who can! The supineness of the Government is no excuse for you. It is in the exertions of individuals that all national reformation must begin. Go to work cautiously, experimentally, patiently, charitably, and in faith! I am neither so enthusiastic as to suppose, nor so rash as to assert, that a cure may thus be found for the complicated evils arising from the condition of the labouring classes. But it is one of those remedial means by which much misery may be relieved, and much of that profligacy that arises from hopeless wretchedness be prevented. It is *one* of those means from which present relief may be obtained, and future good expected. It is *the readiest way* in which useful employment can be provided for the industrious poor. And if the land so appropriated should produce nothing more than is required for the support of those employed in cultivating it, and who must otherwise be partly or wholly supported by the poor-rates, such cultivation would even then be profitable to the public. *Wherever there is heath, moor, or fen—which there is in every part of the island—there is work for the spade; employment and subsistence for man is to be found there—and room for him to increase and multiply for generations.*'—vol. ii., pp. 27-30.

Among the many beautiful detached passages of Christian reflection which occur in this strange book, we have been particularly struck with one suggested by a melancholy page in the writings of Sir Egerton Brydges, who is well characterized here as 'an elegant, and wise, and thoughtful author.' The baronet had said:—

'The age of a cultivated mind is often more complacent, and even more luxurious, than the youth. It is the reward of the due use of the endowments bestowed by nature: while they who in youth have made no provision for age, are left like an unsheltered tree, stripped of its leaves and its branches, shaking and withering before the cold blasts of winter. In truth, nothing is so happy to itself and so attractive to others, as a genuine and ripened imagination, that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness. The more it produces, the more capable it becomes of production; the creative faculty grows by indulgence; and the more it combines, the more means and varieties of combinations it discovers. When death comes to destroy that mysterious and magical union of capacities and acquirements which has brought a noble genius to this point of power, how frightful and lamentable is the effect of the stroke that

that stops the current which was wont to put this mighty formation into activity! Perhaps the incomprehensible Spirit may have acted in conjunction with its corporeal adherents to the last. Then, in one moment, what darkness and destruction follows a single gasp of breath!'

The commentary of 'The Doctor' is as follows:—

'This fine passage is as consolatory in its former part, as it is gloomy at the conclusion; and it is gloomy there, because the view which is there taken is imperfect. Our thoughts, our reminiscences, our intellectual acquirements, die with us to this world—but to this world only. If they are what they ought to be, they are treasures which we lay up for heaven. That which is of the earth, earthly, perishes with wealth, rank, honours, authority, and other earthly and perishable things. But nothing that is worth retaining can be lost. When Ovid says, in Ben Jonson's play,—

"We pour out our affections with our blood,
And with our blood's affections fade our loves,"

the dramatist makes the Roman poet speak like a sensualist, as he was; and the philosophy is as false as it is foul. Affections, well placed and dutifully cherished; friendships, happily formed and faithfully maintained; knowledge, acquired with worthy intent, and intellectual powers, that have been diligently improved, as the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping;—these will accompany us into another state of existence, as surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and its consciousness.'—vol. ii., pp. 50-53.

On the subject of *death*, our author has many passages besides this, not less worthy of being extracted. We are sure every reader will thank us for the following specimen, and more especially for the anecdote of Thistlewood with which it concludes.

'It is one thing to jest, it is another to be mirthful,—Sir Thomas More jested as he ascended the scaffold. In cases of violent death, and especially upon an unjust sentence, this is not surprising; because the sufferer has not been weakened by a wasting malady, and is in a state of high mental excitement and exertion. But even when dissolution comes in the course of nature, there are instances of men who have died with a jest upon their lips. Garci Sanchez de Badajoz, when he was at the point of death, desired that he might be dressed in the habit of St. Francis; this was accordingly done, and over the Franciscan frock they put on his habit of Santiago, for he was a knight of that order. It was a point of devotion with him to wear the one dress, a point of honour to wear the other; but looking at himself in this double attire, he said to those who surrounded his death-bed, "The Lord will say to me presently, 'My friend Garci Sanchez, you come very well wrapt up!' (*muy arropado*) and I shall reply, 'Lord, it is no wonder, for it was winter when I set off.'"

'The author who relates this anecdote remarks that "o morrer com graça

graça he muyto bom, e com graças he muyto mão:" the observation is good, but untranslateable, because it plays upon the word which means grace as well as wit. The anecdote itself is an example of the ruling humour "strong in death;" perhaps also of that pride or vanity, call it which we will, which so often, when mind and body have not yielded to natural decay, or been broken down by suffering, clings to the last in those whom it has strongly possessed.

'Don Rodrigo Calderon, whose fall and exemplary contrition served as a favourite topic for the poets of his day, wore a Franciscan habit at his execution, as an outward and visible sign of penitence and humiliation: as he ascended the scaffold, he lifted the skirts of the habit with such an air that his attendant confessor thought it necessary to reprove him for such an instance of ill-timed regard to his appearance. Don Rodrigo excused himself by saying that he had all his life carried himself gracefully!—The author by whom this is related calls it an instance of illustrious hypocrisy. In my judgment the father confessor who gave occasion for it deserves a censure far more than the penitent sufferer. The movement, beyond all doubt, was purely habitual,—as much so as the act of lifting his feet to ascend the steps of the scaffold; but the undeserved reproof made him feel how curiously whatever he did was remarked; and that consciousness reminded him that he had a part to support, when his whole thoughts would otherwise have been far differently directed.

'A personage in one of Webster's plays says,

> "I knew a man that was to lose his head
> Feed with an excellent good appetite
> To strengthen his heart, scarce half an hour before,
> And if he did, it only was to speak."

Probably the dramatist alluded to some well-known fact, which was at that time of recent occurrence. When the desperate and atrocious traitor Thistlewood was on the scaffold, his demeanour was that of a man who was resolved boldly to meet the fate he had deserved; in the few words which were exchanged between him and his fellow criminals he observed, that the grand question whether or not the soul was immortal would soon be solved for them. No expression of hope escaped him, no breathing of repentance; no spark of grace appeared. Yet (it is a fact which, whether it be more consolatory or awful, ought to be known) on the night after the sentence, and preceding his execution, while he supposed that the person who was appointed to watch him in his cell was asleep, this miserable man was seen by that person repeatedly to rise upon his knees, and heard repeatedly calling upon Christ his Saviour to have mercy upon him, and to forgive him his sins!

'All men and women are verily, as Shakspeare has said of them, merely players,—when we see them upon the stage of the world; that is, when they are seen anywhere except in the freedom and undressed intimacy of private life.'—vol. ii. pp. 301-304

We

We are inclined to attribute to the author himself some lines which he gives as having been found worked on a little girl's first sampler at Ingleton—beautiful lines, with which we shall close our citations :—

'Jesus, permit thy gracious name to stand
As the first effort of an infant's hand;
And as her fingers on the sampler move,
Engage her tender heart to seek thy love;
With thy dear children may she have a part,
And write thy name thyself upon her heart.'—vol. ii., p. 136.

We much regret that we have not room for the love-story which fills the last chapters of volume second. We have no hesitation, however, in saying that it is the sweetest love-story that has been printed for many a day in the English tongue—every sentence in it breathes freshness of heart and purity of mind, and all is perfect homely simplicity, both in the thought and the expression. This jewel would alone make an enviable reputation.

Be this author who he may, the names which conjecture has banded about in connexion with his work imply, all and each of them, a strong impression of the ability and erudition which it evinces. At first, suspicion lighted almost universally, we believe, on the Poet Laureate himself; and certainly the moral, political, and literary doctrines of the book are such, in the main, as might have countenanced such a notion—nor do we hesitate to pay the language of the book the extraordinary compliment of saying that much of it also might have done even Mr. Southey no discredit; but surely, of all the gross errors, both in the conception and in the execution, to which we have already alluded, the least could never have been supposed to have come from him,—unless, perhaps, in some merely juvenile prolusion, casually dug up out of a long-forgotten cabinet; and their catalogue contains some items which even that theory could never have reconciled us to affiliate upon him. Of the real author of the work we happen to know he is ignorant; so we may spare ourselves further speculation on this head. Mr. Frere, who has also been not unfrequently talked of, must have changed many of his opinions in these latter days, if he has had any hand in 'The Doctor;' but the comparative poverty of classical learning (strictly so called) in the book, is to us sufficient proof that it is none of his. Mr. D'Israeli, too, has been much mentioned; but that delightful and instructive writer, though he might have supplied all, and more than all, the learning of this odd work, could neither have reached the elegant clearness and precision of its style, nor condescended to affect certain feelings most beautifully and cordially expressed therein, and towards which, unfortunately for the world, his avowed works exhibit,

exhibit, at best, a semi-poetical sort of respect. We confess that of all our distinguished contemporaries the one upon whom we ourselves were at first most inclined to fasten 'The Doctor,' was Sir Egerton Brydges; but this guess was soon overturned by abuse of Lord Byron (whom no one has praised more eloquently than Sir Egerton)—by just, but highly expressed laudation of Sir Egerton himself—and lastly, alas! by the frequent recurrence of passages indicating a happy and serene temper of mind, which, if Sir Egerton Brydges had possessed, he must long ere now have been one of the most popular, as well as, what no adequate judge of his writings can hesitate to pronounce him, one of the most elegantly accomplished and profoundly reflective authors of his age. A whisper seems now to be gaining ground that the book before us is in truth a joint-stock performance—but that the larger share belongs to Mr. Hartley Coleridge, of whose exquisite Sonnets we gave some specimens in a recent Number of this Journal. This may or may not be the fact—the gentleman's residence in Yorkshire has perhaps been enough to start a provincial rumour, which, should it be unfounded, he can have little reason to resent. Indeed, if '*The Doctor*' should prove at length to be a new candidate for literary fame, the names we have been reciting and rejecting will sufficiently attest the universal feeling that he, with all his defects, has been fully entitled to claim his degrees *in cumulo*.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of the Emperor Jahangueir, written by himself; and translated from a Persian Manuscript.* By Major David Price, of the Bombay Army; Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland; of the Oriental Translation Committee; and of the Royal Society of Literature. 4to. pp. 141. London. 1829.

IT seems to be even as yet hardly known to the public at large, that a committee of persons of great learning and eminence, most of them members of the Royal Asiatic Society, have been engaged, during the last four or five years, in giving to the world English and French translations from manuscripts in the Arabian, Persian, Cingalese, and other oriental languages. Supported by a list of subscribers, which, though not as numerous as we could wish, comprises the names of several individuals of the highest distinction in the country, they have been already enabled to produce upwards of thirty volumes connected with some branches of science, and almost every department of literature. We have treatises on algebra and geography, narratives of travels, memoirs, histories, romances, tragedies, epic

epic and lyric poems, sketches of national customs, and precepts of religion and morality. Whatever may be thought of the intrinsic value of some of these publications, it cannot be doubted that the zeal and liberality of the gentlemen, by whose exertions they have been collected and printed, are deserving of unqualified praise. Though hitherto uncheered even by the barren reward of popularity, Lord Munster and his colleagues have steadily persevered in the execution of an enterprise, which cannot ultimately fail to promote the interests of sound knowledge, and to reflect honour upon the national character.

The stores of Eastern literature, which are deposited in public and private libraries in England and France, and in the hands of Arabian, Hindoo, and Persian families, may be said, without exaggeration, to be inexhaustible. They are of course of various degrees of merit: but, excluding works on astronomy, mathematics, and medicine, which the greater progress of Europe in those sciences has rendered obsolete, it is known that there are amongst those manuscript collections many compositions of considerable interest and importance. Accomplished scholars and travellers, who have had access to those treasures, report that they comprehend volumes on ecclesiastical history and divinity, written by the fathers of the Syrian and Arabian churches, which illustrate the progress of Christianity during the earlier centuries of its existence; that they also include some valuable disquisitions on grammar and rhetoric—and numerous works of fiction, not excelled by those of a similar class which have been already rendered familiar to us in every polished language of Europe. Histories of the Crusades, exhibiting minute details of wars, which, however mistaken in their origin, will never cease to captivate the attention of mankind, are also said to abound in the East, and to be well entitled to a wider sphere of celebrity. The treatise of Apollonius Pergæus, on conic sections, which was brought to Europe by Golius, and translated by Halley, was preserved from the ruins of Greek literature by a learned Arabian, who was employed for the purpose by the court of Bagdad. It is not, perhaps, visionary to suppose, that some others of the long-lost works of ancient Greece may yet be found among the versions, which are known to have been executed under the protection of the same authority during the enlightened and memorable period of the Caliphate.

To explore these sources of literature and science, and to render them available to the civilized world, is the very laudable ambition of the committee appointed to manage the subscriptions which are contributed to the Oriental Fund. This country ought to feel particularly interested in the results of their labours, from the inti-

mate and most momentous connexion which it has with more than a hundred millions of the Asiatic people. We have, by the prowess of our arms and the moral transcendency of our reputation for enterprise and good faith, extended our sway from an insignificant factory over the fairest portion of India. The vast communities living within our dominions have been committed to our care by Providence; we are responsible for their education, their gradual enlightenment in the duties of religion, their political safety, and the amelioration of their personal condition. But the benefits which we can confer upon them must necessarily be very limited, until we become more generally acquainted with their various dialects, and the productions of their own authors, whom they hold in universal esteem. We possess facilities, it is needless to say, for the acquisition of the Asiatic languages, as well as of the works which they contain, that belong to no other nation. Of these facilities it is our duty, and it ought to be our pride, to make a generous use; it is a stain upon the literary character of our country, that, in a public point of view, we have so long treated them with neglect—a stain, however, which the Oriental Fund committee will, we trust, eventually remove. They hold out suitable rewards to translators, and we are particularly pleased to observe that, in some instances, they propose to give the original text, with a view to furnish students, at a moderate price, with copies of the best Asiatic productions, to which they might not otherwise have access. Nor do the committee limit their researches to the languages which we have above mentioned; their operations extend also to the Sanscrit, the Chinese, Pali, Burmese, to the tongues of Thibet, Tartary, and Turkey, the Malayan and other dialects of the Eastern archipelago, as well as to those of Hindostan, and the southern peninsula of India.

We are not surprised at the comparative indifference with which the publications of the committee have been hitherto received by all our reading classes of society, as we cannot but be aware that, notwithstanding all the efforts which have been made since the time of Sir William Jones, both at home and abroad, for the purpose of soliciting attention to the beauties of Oriental composition, there is not, even now, any very general relish in this country for that species of literature. It should, however, be observed that with the exception of papers communicated to the Asiatic and other societies, and printed among their Transactions—of which the public in general have no knowledge whatever—the labours of authors who have translated from the Oriental languages, and published at their own risk, were confined principally to poetical pieces which they deemed most likely to prove popular. But these calculations turned

turned out to be erroneous, chiefly because those productions teemed with allusions to systems of religion, in which, from their multiplicity and obscurity, English readers found no sort of interest. They have not yet learned the names of half the gods and goddesses who figure in Hindoo poetry. They feel no desire to gain an accurate acquaintance, even were it possible, with the fabled incarnations, the alleged respective attributes of those personages, and the infinite variety of rites and ceremonies which are blended with their worship.

The 'Arabian Nights' made their way amongst us at once, because, in addition to stories of enchantment which interest the young, they exhibit a true picture of life and manners which comes home to the bosoms of men in whatever climate they breathe. There is very little of the sectarian peculiarities of religion in those immortal tales. The presiding care of a beneficent Providence they uniformly acknowledge; they treat as an opposing and formidable power the spirit of evil, and they assign to both subordinate agents, who, under the forms of propitious or malignant genii, manage all the affairs of the world. This is a system easily comprehended, and the exciting character of the incidents constituting a majority of these stories easily reconciles us to the marvellous machinery by which they are conducted. But the poetry of Persia and India, so far at least as it has been made known to this country by private translators, is full of a race of deities for whom we have neither love nor fear. The style in which the original compositions are framed is so florid, that even the best versions of them are mere paraphrases, our language not supplying the materials for such exaggerated and perpetual decoration. Their addresses to our fancy seldom kindle the imagination; their appeals to our passions still more rarely touch the heart. We have on a former occasion, however, entered so largely into this subject, that we need not resume it here.

The Oriental Committee have had the good taste to avoid as much as it was possible productions overladen with exotics, which are not likely to live in our climate. There are at least a few of their publications to which we should wish to invite the attention of our readers, under the hope that we may assist the committee in dispelling the prejudices which at present prevail in the public mind against Eastern literature. Of these works, two were briefly analyzed in a late number of our Journal—but that now before us, entitled 'Memoirs of the Emperor Jahangueir,' or Jehangire as he is called by Dow, is perhaps the most curious one of the collection. It is unfortunately but a fragment, relating only to thirteen out of the twenty-two years during

which that prince held the sceptre of India; but as far as it goes, it is highly characteristic of the writer. It is no modern discovery. Its existence was known to Dow, who, however, seems to have made no use of it in his valuable and often elegant translation of the History of Hindostan. In alluding to this composition he says very truly, though somewhat quaintly, that the emperor 'was a man of science and literary abilities, and that the memoirs of his life, which he penned himself, do him more honour as a good writer, than the matter as a great monarch.'

Few eastern princes ever ascended a throne under more auspicious circumstances than Jehangire. He was the great grandson of Baber the restorer of the dynasty of Timur, and the son of the renowned Akbar, by whose chivalrous valour in the field the twenty-two provinces,* then composing the empire of India, were firmly subdued and tranquillized. Like the 'Swedish Charles,' Akbar gained important victories by surprising rapidity and boldness of movement, attended frequently by little more than an ordinary guard of his followers. But by his extraordinary wisdom as a statesman during his lengthened reign of fifty-one years, he secured and consolidated the conquests which he had achieved as a soldier. Assisted by his celebrated minister, Abul Fazel, he completed the well-known survey of his empire called the 'Ayeen Akberry,' a very valuable work, which comprises a full account of everything connected with his government and the productions of the different provinces. At the period of his death, which occurred in the latter part of the year 1605, the ordinary annual revenue of the empire, including the average amount of presents made to the sovereign, and of the estates of his officers which reverted to him at their death, is estimated by Dow at the sum of fifty-two millions of our money. His standing army consisted of three hundred thousand horse, and as many foot; and the civil as well as the military departments of his administration were based upon a system of wonderful regularity.

'The arts of civilized life,' says Dow, 'began to increase and flourish among a people naturally industrious and ingenious. The splendour of the court, the wealth of individuals, created a general taste for pomp and magnificence; and the crowded levies of the great, where all endeavoured to excel in the arts of pleasing, rendered the Indians equal in politeness to the nations of Europe. Learning was not unknown, if we exclude the abstruse sciences. The Arabian and Bramin

* These were Kandahar, Ghizni, Cabul, Cashmire, Lahore, Moultan, Outch, Sinde, Ajmere, Sirhind, Delhi, Doab, Agra, Allahabad, Oude, Behar, Bengal, Orissa, Malava, Berar, Chandesh, and Guzerat, to which was added a small portion of the Deccan.

systems

systems of philosophy were studied; and the powers of the mind were generally cultivated and improved.'

It was quite in keeping with every part of the new monarch's character, that, upon succeeding to the empire, he should have changed his original name of Selim to that of Jehangire-shah, which signifies 'the world-subduing king;' and that he directed a legend to be stamped upon the current coin, proclaiming himself the 'sovereign splendour of the faith,' and the 'safeguard of the world.' He inherited the literary talents of Baber, mingled with the fantastic tastes of Humaioon; but in his love of extravagant ostentation in dress and household ornament, he surpassed both his Mogul and Patan predecessors. He constantly boasts, throughout his memoirs, of his boundless wealth and of his munificence to his favourite servants. He reveals, though not always without reserve, his daily occupations, especially when connected with the proceedings of his government, his sumptuous amusements, and the homage paid to him by the princes under his sway. The business of war always appears burdensome to his mind; but he describes a splendid dress decorated with precious stones, with all the man-milliner minuteness of a Pepys. His effeminacy upon this point, his extreme fondness for the tricks practised by jugglers, his habit of escaping from the palace at night, and mixing with the lowest of his subjects at the punch-houses, and his violent attachments easily changed into sudden indifference and even into hostility, betray an infirmity of character bordering on insanity. It is said, indeed, that his mother introduced a tincture of madness into his blood, and he confesses himself that he was much addicted to the use of wine, (and he might have added, of opium,) which sometimes inflamed to frenzy the natural fever of his mind.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to read these Memoirs, without concluding that the errors of Jehangire, enormous as they were in some instances, had their main source in the circumstances of his position, rather than in a bad heart. He was warmly attached to his children, faithful to his bosom friends—and *generally* mild towards his enemies, and inexorable in enforcing the execution of impartial justice. When his own passions were interested, however, he seemed to recognise no restraint in divine or human law. He was upon these occasions the Eastern despot to the full extent of that pregnant phrase. He concerted his measures for the assassination of any person who stood in the way of his designs, with as much coolness as if he were only transcribing a couplet. If thwarted in his nefarious operations, he persevered with all the treachery of the tiger, but without a particle

a particle of his fierceness. This insensibility to crime he no doubt partly derived from his Tartar origin, but it seemed also to be aggravated by that indifference with respect to religion, which he inherited from his father. Strange to say, with all this callousness of conscience he combined a tenderness of heart that often, when his affections were awakened, melted into tears. A woman in his passion for jewellery, he was all energy in the suppression of turbulence; a man of pleasure by habit, he was in his cups a philosopher; and though in principle, as well as in practice, a cold deist, a little opium transformed him into a trembling devotee.

An ill-managed intrigue for changing the succession, which was detected and defeated a short time before his father's death, sowed the seeds of jealousy between Jehangire and his eldest son Chusero, who occupies a prominent place in these Memoirs. Yet he commences his journal without any reference to this circumstance, being much more intent on describing the gorgeous decorations of the throne of which he had just taken possession, and of the diadem which, in the presence of his assembled ameirs, he placed upon his head. If we are to credit the account which he gives, we must believe that the former was worth one million eight hundred thousand pounds of our money, and that the value of the latter exceeded two millions! For forty days and nights the great imperial drum struck up, without ceasing, the sounds of joy and triumph. The ground, to a considerable extent around his throne, was spread with the most costly brocades and gold-embroidered carpets:—

'Censers of gold and silver,' adds the imperial author, 'were disposed in different directions for the purpose of burning odoriferous drugs; and nearly three thousand camphorated wax lights, three cubits in length, in branches of gold and silver, perfumed with ambergris, illuminated the scene from night till morning. Numbers of blooming youths, beautiful as young Joseph in the pavilions of Egypt, clad in dresses of the most costly materials, woven in silk and gold, with zones and amulets, sparkling with the lustre of the diamond, the emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby, awaited my commands, rank after rank, and in attitude most respectful. And finally, the ameirs of the empire, from the captain of five hundred, to the commander of five thousand horse, and to the number of nine individuals, covered from head to foot in gold and jewels, and shoulder to shoulder, stood round in brilliant array, also waiting for the commands of their sovereign. For forty days and forty nights, did I keep open to the world these scenes of festivity and splendour, furnishing altogether an example of imperial magnificence seldom paralleled in this stage of earthly existence.'—p. 3.

Amongst

Amongst the numerous regulations, many of them highly meritorious, which Jehangire promulgated on his accession to the throne, was one strictly forbidding the manufacture or sale of wine, or of any other intoxicating liquor within his dominions. But as he was conscious that he exhibited in his own proper person an example rather inconsistent with the doctrine which he enforced by law, he deemed it necessary to enter into the following curious explanation of his motives.

'I undertook to institute this regulation, although it is sufficiently notorious, that I have myself the strongest inclination for wine, in which, from the age of sixteen, I liberally indulged. And in very truth, encompassed as I was with youthful associates of congenial minds, breathing the air of a delicious climate—ranging through lofty and splendid saloons, every part of which was decorated with all the graces of painting and sculpture, and the floors bespread with the richest carpets of silk and gold, would it not have been a species of folly to have rejected the aid of an exhilarating cordial—and what cordial can surpass the juice of the grape?

'For myself, I cannot but acknowledge that such was the excess to which I had carried my indulgence, that my usual daily allowance extended to twenty, and sometimes to more than twenty cups, each cup containing half a seir, (about six ounces,) and eight cups being equal to a maun of Irak (about three pounds). So far, indeed, was this baneful propensity carried, that if I were but an hour without my beverage, my hands began to shake, and I was unable to sit at rest. Convinced by these symptoms, that if the habit gained upon me in this proportion, my situation must soon become one of the utmost peril, I felt it full time to devise some expedient to abate the evil; and in six months I accordingly succeeded in reducing my quantity gradually from twenty to five cups—(at entertainments I continued, however, to indulge in a cup or two more—)—and on most occasions I made it a rule never to commence my indulgence until about two hours before the close of the day. But now that the affairs of the empire demand my utmost vigilance and attention, my potations do not commence until after the hour of evening prayer, my quantity never exceeding five cups on any occasion; neither would more than that quantity suit the state of my stomach. Once a day I take my regular meal, and once a day seems quite sufficient to assuage my appetite for wine; but as drink seems no less necessary than meat for the sustenance of man, it appears very difficult, if not impossible, for me to discontinue altogether the use of wine. Nevertheless, I bear in mind, and I trust in heaven, that, like my grandfather Humaioon, who succeeded in divesting himself of the habit before he attained to the age of forty-five, I also may be supported in my resolution, *some time or other*, to abandon the pernicious practice altogether. "In a point wherein God has pronounced his sure displeasure, let the creature exert himself ever so little towards amendment, and it may

may prove in no small degree the means of eternal salvation."'—pp. 6, 7.

Jehangire informs us very minutely of the characters and merits of different persons whom he promoted to dignity and wealth. Amongst these he mentions, in terms of peculiar affection, the son of a portrait-painter, to whom he had been much attached from infancy. But eminent above all the other persons whom he enumerates, as having been distinguished by his favours, stand the prime minister, Chaja Aias, and his bewitching daughter, the celebrated Noor-Mahil. The fortunes of this family are still remembered in the East, as presenting an extraordinary instance of elevation from extreme poverty to unbounded power.

It was about twenty years before the death of Akbar that Chaja Aias quitted his native home in western Tartary, with a view to improve his wretched condition in the then flourishing empire of India. The settlement of the Mogul dynasty on the throne naturally attracted around it many of the Tartar chieftains, and their kinsmen and dependents, to the lowest degree, as naturally sought, from time to time, to profit by the patronage of their leaders. Aias had received a superior education—it was all his poor but noble parents could bestow upon him. He was of a rigorous, enthusiastic mind, well skilled in arithmetic, an elegant writer in prose and verse, and critically acquainted with the literary productions of former ages, which he quoted with facility, and recited in a graceful and engaging manner. His heart was captivated by the charms of a village girl, whom he married. The prospect of an approaching increase in his family compelled him to take a determined resolution in order to provide for them; and having converted into money the few effects that formed his household, he purchased a half-starved horse, placed his wife upon it, and, walking by her side, set out in this gypsy style for the distant capital of India.

The small store of money which the adventurers had raised soon disappeared. They had recourse to charity; but the assistance which they thus obtained failed them upon reaching the vast solitudes which separate Tartary from Hindostan. Day after day passed, and no traveller came in sight to whom they could apply for succour. At length they both sank upon the earth from exhaustion, and in this miserable state the wife gave birth to a daughter, for whom she had neither clothing nor subsistence. Their desperate condition awakened such energies as they could have possessed after having taken no food for three days; and Aias, replacing the mother upon the horse, endeavoured to carry the babe in his arms, but failed from want of strength. The mother was still less able, in her condition, to bear the weight of the

the infant, and they were obliged to abandon it in the desert. But before they quitted the child, they contrived to deposit it under a tree, and to cover it with leaves. They then renewed their journey, bathed in bitter tears.

The mother, as she departed, kept her eyes fixed upon the tree, beneath which she had thus been constrained to leave the precious fruit of her womb. She bore her grief in silence until that beacon began to fade on her sight, and then she could no longer suppress the voice of nature.—'My child! my child!' she exclaimed, in agony, throwing herself from the palfrey, and attempting to return to her infant; but she could not move. Aias, pierced to the heart, tottered back for the child; but what was his horror on approaching the tree to behold an immense black snake coiled round the babe, and preparing to devour it! The shouts of the father frightened the reptile, which fled into a hollow part of the tree, and he succeeded in restoring the innocent safe to her mother's arms. A few hours afterwards travellers appeared within the horizon, from whom they received a supply of necessaries. Eventually they made their way to the city of Lahore, where Akbar then held his court.

Aias in a short time became secretary to Asiph Chan, a kinsman of his, who was then one of Akbar's omrahs. Having by his abilities in his office attracted the notice of the emperor, he was gradually promoted to the appointment of high treasurer, and thus became, from a poor adventurer, one of the first subjects in the empire. His daughter—who from her extraordinary beauty was at first called Mher-ul-Nissa, 'The Sun of Woman,'—received the best education that could be obtained for her. In music, dancing, and poetry, she was eminently accomplished—in painting she had no equal among her own sex. She was in the early bloom of her beauty when Jehangire (then Selim) was in the heyday of his youth. Being invited one day to her father's, he remained after the public banquet was over, and all but the principal guests had withdrawn, when, according to custom, wine was brought, and the ladies of the family made their appearance veiled. Mher-ul-Nissa's graceful figure at once attracted the attention of the young prince. She sang—her voice touched his very soul: she danced—he followed all her movements with expressions of rapture that could hardly be restrained within becoming bounds. In the midst of this excitement the fair enchantress, turning towards Selim, *accidentally* dropped her veil. He was completely taken in the toils which her ambition had designedly spread for him, although she was already betrothed to Shere Afkun, a Turcomanian nobleman of distinguished character. Selim demanded from his father a dissolution of this contract, but

but Akbar honourably refused to perpetrate so gross an injustice, and she was married to Shere Afkun at the appointed time.

When Selim succeeded to the throne, one of his first objects was to obtain possession of the woman to whom he had been so violently attached. But he durst not venture to use open force, as Shere Afkun was one of the most popular chieftains in the empire. Having attempted various modes for destroying him, which are related in the East with the exaggerations usually invented in favour of an injured hero, Jehangire at length succeeded in his atrocious purpose. Shere Afkun was assassinated by a band of armed men employed for the purpose, by Kuttub, then Suba of Bengal, one of the emperor's most devoted adherents. But before the victim died, he slew the ruffian who had lent himself to the passions of the despot.

Whether Jehangire was really shocked and disturbed by these incidents, or only wished to allow some time to pass away before he took possession of the blood-bought prize, in order to induce the people to suppose that he had no hand in the murder of her husband, we have now no means of ascertaining. It appears, however, that for four years the matchless beauty remained shut up in the worst apartment which his harem afforded, without once seeing the emperor. She endured her fate not only with resignation, but cheerfulness, still sustained by the hope that accident would one day enable her to overrule the resolutions of Jehangire, from whatever source they sprung. She was allowed a miserable stipend, of about two shillings of our money per day, for the support of herself and her female slaves. But her spirit rose with her difficulties. She employed herself and her attendants in working pieces of tapestry and embroidery, in painting silks, and inventing and executing female ornaments of every description. Her various manufactures were finished with so much delicacy and skill, that they were bought up with the greatest avidity, and became the models of fashion at Delhi and Agra. She was in this way enabled to repair and decorate her residence, and to clothe her slaves in the richest garments; but she spent no part of her newly acquired wealth upon herself; she continued to dress in the plainest style, as most suitable to her then personal condition.

The emperor heard of her fame in every quarter, and at length he was tempted by curiosity, if not by passion, to visit her. He entered her apartment suddenly, and was surprised to find her half reclining on an embroidered sofa, dressed in a plain muslin robe, her slaves, attired in splendid brocades, sitting around her, and all industriously employed. The magnificence of the chamber astonished him, as well as the exquisite taste with which it was fitted

fitted up. Without losing her presence of mind for a moment, the fair forlorn rose slowly from the couch, and, without uttering a word, made the usual obeisance, touching first the ground, and then her forehead, with her right hand. The emperor also remained silent, the tide of former passion rushing upon him while he once more gazed upon her beauty, and above all, admired that indescribable mien by which her charms were rendered irresistible. The result was as she had foreseen. Jehangire folded her in his arms; and the next day orders were given for the celebration of their nuptials. Her name was changed by an imperial edict to Noor-Mahil,—'Light of the Seraglio,'—and she thenceforth held undivided sway over her husband, yielding to her father the real government of the empire. Many members of her family were raised to posts of eminence, to which they proved themselves entitled by their integrity and talents; and their names, especially that of Chaja Aias, are still remembered with honour by the natives of India.

In mentioning this family, Jehangire is lavish of his praises. At the period when he wrote his memoirs, he had changed the name of Noor-Mahil to that of Noorjahaun—'Light of the Empire,' a title indicative of the unbounded influence which she had obtained over him. Upon Chaja Aias he had conferred the dignity of Ettemaud-ud-Doulah; and it is worth noticing, in passing, with what consummate plausibility and coolness he touches upon the transactions that led to his marriage with the object of his lawless passion:—

'Ettemaud-ud-Doulah, it is almost superfluous to observe, is the father of my consort, Nourjahaun Begum, and of Asof Khan, whom I have appointed my lieutenant-general, with the rank of a commander of five thousand. On Nourjahaun, however, who is the superior of the four hundred inmates of my harem, I have conferred the rank of thirty thousand. In the whole empire there is scarcely a city in which this princess has not left some lofty structure, some spacious garden, as a splendid monument of her taste and munificence. As I had then no intention of marriage, she did not originally come into my family, but was betrothed in the time of my father to Shere Afkun; but when that chief was killed (!) I sent for the Kauzy, and contracted a regular marriage with her, assigning for her dowry the sum of eighty laks of ashrefies of five methkals,* which sum she requested, as indispensable for the purchase of jewels, and I granted it without a murmur. I presented her, moreover, with a necklace of pearl, containing forty beads, each of which had cost me separately the sum of forty thousand rupees. (160,000*l.*) At the period in which

* That is to say, 7,200,000*l.*—'One of those enormous sums,' observes the translator, 'which startle belief!'

this

this is written, I may say that the whole concern of my household, whether gold or jewels, is under her sole and entire management. Of my unreserved confidence, indeed, this princess is in entire possession; and I may allege, without a fallacy, that the whole fortune of my empire has been consigned to the disposal of this highly endowed family; the father being my diwan, the son my lieutenant-general, with unlimited powers, and the daughter the inseparable companion of all my cares.'—p. 27.

It is creditable to Jehangire that he took an early opportunity on his accession to power, to mitigate, as far as he could, the barbarous and absurd custom which unfortunately still lingers amongst the Hindoos, of sacrificing the widows upon the death of their husbands. He directed that no *mother* should be thus permitted to die; and that in no case should compulsion be used for the purpose of prevailing on widows who were not parents to ascend the fatal pile. But although he interfered with the religious rites of the Hindoos in this respect, he professes the utmost liberality towards their faith in every other, remarking, that as they composed five-ninths of the whole population under his rule, and the whole of the concerns of trade and manufacture were under their management, he could not convert them to the true faith, without destroying millions of men.

'Attached as they thus are to their religion, such as it is, they will,' he adroitly observes, 'be snared in the web of their own inventions; they cannot escape the retribution prepared for them; but the massacre of a whole people can never be any business of mine.'

To the assassination of individuals, however, Jehangire had no objection, as we have already seen. We now come to the avowal of another murder, made in terms the most explicit, without the appearance of even the slightest symptom of remorse on the part of the criminal. Abul Fazel, the great historian of India, and one of the most able and enlightened ministers who have ever wielded the destinies of that country, was recalled from the Deccan by Akbar in the year 1602. Dow relates, that on his journey he was attacked near Narwar by a body of banditti under the command of Orcha Rajaput, a notorious robber, who cut him off, together with a part of his retinue. Their object is said to have been exclusively plunder, and care is taken to deny, as a gross calumny of some writers, the assertion, that the prince Danial had any hand in this execrable deed. Danial was a son of Akbar, and a great profligate, who died of a debauch in the city of Burhampoor, in the Deccan, in the year 1605. Mark how calmly Jehangire points out the real murderer, and with what ingenuity he invents reasons (not unacceptable to Mahometans) for this cold-blooded proceeding!

'I shall

'I shall here record the elevation by me, to the dignity of a commander of 2000 horse, of Sheikh Abdurrahman, the son of Abul Fazel, although the father was well known to me as a man of profligate principles. For towards the close of my father's reign, availing himself of the influence which, by some means or other, he had acquired, he so wrought upon the mind of his master, as to instil into him the belief that the seal and asylum of prophecy, to whom the devotion of a thousand lives such as mine would be a sacrifice too inadequate to speak of, was no more to be thought of than as an Arab of singular eloquence; and that the sacred inspirations in the Koran were nothing else but fabrications invented by the ever-blessed Mahommed. Actuated by these reasons, it was that *I employed the man who killed* Abul Fazel and brought his head to me, and for this it was that I incurred my father's deep displeasure.'—pp. 32, 33.

The fact was, that Jehangire believed Abul Fazel to have been at the bottom of the intrigue already mentioned for placing Chusero upon the throne to his own exclusion. All this talk about the imputed irreligion of that accomplished minister is mere rhetorical invention, intended to cover under the specious cloak of patriotism and piety one of the most infamous deeds that stain the memory of the author.

Jehangire devotes several pages of his journal to the exploits of his father, which he relates with a natural filial pride, and an energy of style that sometimes rises into eloquence. He details also in a clear and forcible style the transactions connected with the rebellion of his son Chusero, 700 of whose followers were impaled alive in the bed of the Rauvy at Lahore. Severities of this description were a part of his system of government, and he thus attempts to justify it upon the ground of necessity:—

'The shedding of so much human blood must ever be extremely painful; but until some other resource is discovered, it is unavoidable. Unhappily, the functions of government cannot be carried on without severity, and occasional extinction of human life; for without something of the kind, some species of coercion and chastisement, the world would soon exhibit the horrid spectacle of mankind, like wild beasts, worrying each other to death with no other motive than rapacity and revenge. *God* is witness that there is no repose for crowned heads!—There is no pain or anxiety equal to that which attends the possession of sovereign power, for to the possessor there is not in this world a moment's rest. Care and anxiety must ever be the lot of kings, for of an instant's inattention to the duties of their trust a thousand evils may be the result. Even sleep itself furnishes no repose for monarchs, the adversary being ever at work for the accomplishment of his designs.'—p. 95.

The imperial autobiographer then proceeds to give a moral portrait of himself, drawn, it must be supposed, when he was in a melancholy mood—

'While

'While I am upon this subject, I cannot but consider that he to whom God hath assigned the pomp and splendour of imperial power, with a sacred and awful character in the eyes of his creatures, must, as he hopes for stability to his throne and length of days, in no way suffer oppression to approach the people intrusted to his care. For my own part, I can with truth assert, that I have never so far lent myself to the indulgence of the world's pleasures as to forget that, however sweet to the appetite, they are more bitter in the issue than the most deadly poisons. Alas! for the jewels of this world which have been poured in such profusion upon my head; they bear no longer any value in my sight, neither do I feel any longer the slightest inclination to possess them. Have I ever contemplated with delight the graces of youth and beauty? The gratification is extinguished, it no longer exists in my nature. The enjoyments of hunting and of social mirth have too frequently been the source of pain and regret. The finger of old age has been held out to indicate that retirement must be my greatest solace, my surest resource, and from thence must be derived my highest advantages. In short, there neither is nor can be in this world any permanent state of repose or happiness; all is fleeting, vain, and perishable. In the twinkling of an eye shall we see the enchantress, which enslaves the world and its votaries, seize the throat of another and another victim; and so exposed is man to be trodden down by the calamities of life, that one might be almost persuaded to affirm that he never had existence. That world, the end of which is destined to be thus miserable, can scarcely be worth the risk of so much useless violence.

'If indeed, in contemplation of future contingencies, I have been sometimes led to deal with thieves and robbers with indiscriminate severity, whether during my minority or since my accession to the throne, never have I been actuated by motives of private interest or general ambition. The treachery and inconstancy of the world are to me as clear as the light of day. Of all that could be thought necessary to the enjoyment of life, I have been singularly fortunate in the possession. In gold, and jewels, and sumptuous wardrobes, and in the choicest beauties the sun ever shone upon, what man has ever surpassed me? And had I then conducted myself without the strictest regard to the honour and happiness of God's creatures consigned to my care, I should have been the basest of oppressors.'—pp. 95, 96.

If Jehangire did not on all occasions do what was right, we may see from this remarkable passage that he did not err at least from an ignorance of his duties. No monarch has ever declaimed more plausibly upon religious and moral topics than he, and yet we have seen that he could put to death without hesitation any man who stood in the way of his ambition, or indeed any other passion. His character presents the strangest compound we have ever met of a really enlightened mind, mixed with vices and frailties

ties that place him before us sometimes as a most cool and atrocious criminal, sometimes as little better than an idiot.

The author makes a characteristic transition from the grave subject on which he had been just engaged, to an account of the feats of some Bengal jugglers, which cannot, he thinks, but be considered among the most surprising circumstances of the age. The description of the operations of these men is, however, in itself by no means unworthy of attention, inasmuch as it shows the degree of perfection to which they carried their various contrivances for deceiving the imperial court. Jehangire was so struck with astonishment at the wonders which they wrought, that he ascribes them without hesitation to supernatural power. The jugglers were first desired to produce upon the spot, from the seed, ten mulberry trees. They immediately sowed in separate places, seed in the ground, and in a few minutes after, a mulberry plant was seen springing from each of the seeds, each plant, as it rose in the air, shooting forth leaves and branches, and yielding excellent fruit! In the same manner, and by a similar magical process, apple-trees, mangoes, fig-trees, almond and walnut-trees were created, all producing fruit, which Jehangire assures us, was exquisite to the taste. This, however, he observes, was not all:—

'Before the trees were removed there appeared among the foliage birds of such surprising beauty, in colour and shape, and melody of song, as the world never saw before. At the close of the operation, the foliage, as in autumn, was seen to put on its variegated tints, and the trees gradually disappeared into the earth from which they had been made to spring.'

Major Price states, that he has himself witnessed similar operations on the western side of India, but that a sheet was employed to cover the process. 'I have, however,' he adds, 'no conception of the means by which they were accomplished, unless the jugglers had the trees about them, in every stage, from the seedling to the fruit.'

The reader will be amused with the emperor's narrative of some more of these 'specious miracles:'—

'One night, and in the very middle of the night, when half this globe was wrapped in darkness, one of these seven men stripped himself almost naked, and having spun himself swiftly round several times, he took a sheet with which he covered himself, and from beneath the sheet drew out a resplendent mirror, by the radiance of which a light so powerful was produced, as to have illuminated the hemisphere to an incredible distance round; to such a distance, indeed, that we have the attestation of travellers to the fact, who declared, that on a particular night, the same night on which the exhibition took place, and at the distance of ten days' journey, they saw the atmosphere

mosphere so powerfully illuminated, as to exceed the brightness of the brightest day they had ever seen.

'They placed in my presence a large seething-pot or cauldron, and filling it partly with water, they threw into it eight of the smaller mauns of Irâk of rice; when without the application of the smallest spark of fire, the cauldron forthwith began to boil; in a little time they took off the lid, and drew from it nearly a hundred platters full, each with a stewed fowl at top!'—pp. 97, 98.

But these feats of skill fall into insignificance when compared with the following extraordinary process:—

'They produced a man whom they divided limb from limb, actually severing his head from the body. They scattered these mutilated members along the ground, and in this state they lay for some time. They then extended a sheet or curtain over the spot, and one of the men putting himself under the sheet, in a few minutes came from below, followed by the individual supposed to have been cut into joints, in perfect health and condition, and one might have safely sworn that he had never received wound or injury whatever!'—p. 99.

This trick we can easily understand to have been performed by means not unlike those which are resorted to upon our stage, whenever it becomes necessary to hang, draw, and quarter pantaloon in the pantomime. If it be true, as Jehangire relates, that his jugglers also in a moment covered a pond with a mantle of ice, sufficiently strong to bear an elephant—the machinery sent from England to India, some time ago, for freezing water, must have been no novelty in that country. We should much like to know Sir David Brewster's conjectures with respect to the following—which must have been optical deceptions—and in which we trace a certain similarity to some of the stories so amusingly cleared up in the 'Letters on Natural Magic.'

'They caused two tents to be set up, the one at the distance of a bow-shot from the other, the doors or entrances being placed exactly opposite; they raised the tent walls all around, and desired that it might be particularly observed, that they were entirely empty. Then fixing the tent walls to the ground, two of the seven men entered, one into each tent, none of the other men entering either of the tents. Thus prepared, they said they would undertake to bring out of the tents any animal we chose to mention, whether bird or beast, and set them in conflict with each other. Khaun-e-Jahaun, with a smile of incredulity, required them to show us a battle between two ostriches. In a few minutes two ostriches of the largest size issued, one from either tent, and attacked each other with such fury, that the blood was seen streaming from their heads; they were at the same time so equally matched, that neither could get the better of the other, and they were therefore separated by the men, and conveyed within

within the tents. In short, they continued to produce from either tent whatever animal we chose to name, and before our eyes set them to fight in the manner I have attempted to describe; and although I have exerted my utmost invention to discover the secret of the contrivance, it has been entirely without success.

'They were furnished with a bow and about fifty steel-pointed arrows. One of the seven men took the bow in hand, and shooting an arrow into the air, the shaft stood fixed at a considerable height; he shot a second arrow, which flew straight to the first, to which it became attached, and so with every one of the remaining arrows to the last of all, which striking the sheaf suspended in the air, the whole immediately broke asunder, and came at once to the earth.

'They produced a chain of fifty cubits in length, and in my presence threw one end of it towards the sky, where it remained as if fastened to something in the air. A dog was then brought forward, and being placed at the lower end of the chain, immediately ran up, and reaching the other end, immediately disappeared in the air. In the same manner, a hog, a panther, a lion, and a tiger, were alternately sent up the chain, and all equally disappeared at the upper end of the chain. At last they took down the chain, and put it into a bag, no one even discovering in what way the different animals were made to vanish into the air, in the mysterious manner above described. This I may venture to affirm was beyond measure strange and surprising.' —pp. 100-103.

As we are dealing with the marvellous, we may as well notice a strange story, somewhat in the style of 'Sindbad the Sailor,' which was related to Jehangire, by a native of Arabia. The emperor observing that a stranger who had been presented at his court had only one arm, the other having been lost close to the shoulder, asked him whether he had been born without the limb, or had been deprived of it in battle. The Arabian appeared embarrassed by the question, and answered, that the circumstances attending the calamity which had befallen him, were of so extraordinary a nature, that he feared to mention them, lest he should be thereby exposed to ridicule. Upon being further importuned by the emperor, however, he stated, that when he was about the age of fifteen, he happened to accompany his father on a voyage to India. At the expiration of sixty days, after having wandered over the ocean in different directions, they encountered a terrific storm, which continued three days, and left their vessel almost a ruin on the waters. Just as it was near foundering, they came in sight of a lofty mountain, which they eventually discovered to be an island in the possession of the Portuguese. Upon nearing the shore they were boarded by two Portuguese officers, who directed the ship's company, passengers and all, to be forthwith landed, stating that their object was to discover among them a person suited to a particular but unexplained purpose, whom they

must detain—the others should be dismissed in safety. The passengers and crew having been successively stripped naked, and minutely examined by physicians, were all sent about their business with the exception of the Arabian and his brother, both of whom were placed in close confinement, and detained after the departure of the ship, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of their father. The Arabian then proceeds:—

'The same medical person, on whose report we were detained, now came with ten other Franks to the chamber where my brother was confined, and again stripping him naked, they laid him on his back on a table, where he was exposed to the same manual examination as before. They then left him and came to me; and, stretching me out on a board in the same manner, again examined my body in every part as before. Again they returned to my brother; for from the situation of our prisons, the doors being exactly opposite, I could distinctly observe all that passed. They sent for a large bowl and a knife, and, placing my brother with his head over the bowl, and his cries and supplications all in vain, they struck him over the mouth, and with the knife actually severed his head from the body, both the head and his blood being received in the bowl. When the bleeding had ceased, they took away the bowl of blood, which they immediately poured into a pot of boiling oil brought for the purpose, stirring the whole together with a ladle, until both blood and oil became completely amalgamated. Will it be believed, that after this they took the head, and again fixing it exactly to the body, they continued to rub the adjoining parts with the mixture of blood and oil until the whole had been applied! They left my brother in this state, closed the door, and went their way.

'At the expiration of three days from this, they sent for me from my place of confinement, and telling me that they had obtained, at my brother's expense, all that was necessary to their purpose, they pointed out to me the entrance to a place under ground, which they said was the repository of gold and jewels to an incalculable amount. Thither they informed me I was to descend, and that I might bring away for myself as much of the contents as I had strength to carry. At first I refused all belief to their assertions, conceiving that doubtless they were about to send me where I was to be exposed to some tremendous trial; but as their importunities were too well enforced, I had no alternative but submission.

'I entered the opening which led to the passage, and having descended a flight of stairs, about fifty steps, I discovered four separate chambers. In the first chamber, to my utter surprise, I beheld my brother, apparently restored to perfect health. He wore the dress and habiliments of the Ferenguies (Portuguese)—had on his head a cap of the same people, profusely ornamented with pearl and precious stones, a sword set with diamonds by his side, and a staff similarly enriched under his arm. My surprise was not diminished when, the moment he observed me, I saw him turn away from me as if under feelings of the utmost disgust and disdain. I became so alarmed at a reception

so

so strange and unaccountable, that although I saw that it was my own brother, the very marrow in my bones seemed to have been turned into cold water. I ventured, however, to look into the second chamber, and there I beheld heaps upon heaps of diamonds and rubies, and pearls and emeralds, and every other description of precious stones, thrown one on the other in astonishing profusion. The third chamber into which I looked contained, in similar heaps, an immense profusion of gold; and the fourth chamber was strewed middle deep with silver.

'I had some difficulty in determining to which of these glittering deposits I should give the preference. At last I recollected that a single diamond was of greater value than all the gold I could gather into my robe, and I accordingly decided on tucking up my skirts and filling them with jewels. I put out my hand in order to take up some of these glittering articles, when from some invisible agent—perhaps it was the effect of some overpowering effluvia—I received a blow so stunning, that I found it impossible to stand in the place any longer. In my retreat it was necessary to pass the chamber in which I had seen my brother. The instant he perceived me about to pass, he drew his sword, and made a furious cut at me. I endeavoured to avoid the stroke by suddenly starting aside, but in vain; the blow took effect, and my right arm dropped from the shoulder-joint. Thus wounded and bleeding, I rushed from this deposit of treasure and horror, and, at the entrance above, found the physician and his associates, who had so mysteriously determined the destiny of my unhappy brother. Some of them went below and brought away my mutilated arm; and having closed up the entrance with stone and mortar, conducted me, together with my arm, all bleeding as I was, to the presence of the Portuguese governor; men and women and children flocking to the doors to behold the extraordinary spectacle.

'The wound in my shoulder continued to bleed; but having received from the governor a compensation of three thousand tomauns, a horse with jewelled caparisons, a number of beautiful female slaves, and many males, with the promise of future favours in reserve, the Portuguese physician was ordered to send for me; and applying some styptic preparation to the wound, it quickly healed, and so perfectly, that it might be said I was thus armless from my birth. I was then dismissed, and having shortly afterwards obtained a passage in another ship, in about a month from my departure reached the port for which I was destined.'—p. 106-108.

In several passages of these Memoirs the imperial author boasts, in terms that to Europeans must appear ludicrously extravagant, of the riches which he possessed in gold and precious stones of every description. When the province of Berar, in the Deccan, was surrendered to his authority, he assures us that, as a symbol of submission, there were sent to him a train of elephants, four hundred in number, each elephant furnished with caparisons, chains, collars, and bells, all of gold, and each laden besides with gold to the value of nearly 9000*l.* of our money! No doubt,

however, can be entertained that the wealth of Jehangire was prodigious. He gives a glowing description of a magnificent mausoleum, which was erected by his orders at Secundera, in honour of his imperial father, Akbar. From the account given by the late lamented Heber of this gorgeous pile, it would appear, that the sum asserted by the author to have been expended upon it (about 1,800,000*l.*) is not exaggerated. The principal building consists of a tower of polished marble, erected on four lofty arches, terminating in a circular dome, and inlaid with gold and lapis lazuli, from roof to basement. The whole is surrounded by a splendid colonnade, and by gardens planted with cypresses and other trees, and decorated by numerous fountains. The mausoleum has been taken under British protection; and is certainly one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in India. In point of splendour, however, it can hardly be compared to the palace which Jehangire caused to be constructed for himself at Agra. He describes the principal saloon of this edifice as

'supported by twenty-five pillars, all covered with plates of gold, and all over inlaid with rubies, turquoises, and pearl; the roof on the outside is formed into the shape of a dome, and is also covered with squares of solid gold; the ceiling of the dome within being decorated with the most elaborate figures, of the richest materials and most exquisite workmanship!'

When to these ornaments we add a moveable platform of gold, upon which from one thousand to five thousand of the chief officers of the court and nobility took their places on occasions of ceremony, and also a moveable partition of lattice-work, all of gold, both of which articles formed a part of the emperor's equipage wherever he went, we fear that we shall startle the reader's credulity—especially as the author calculates the weight of the precious metal, composing these two pieces of state furniture, at no less than forty-two tons.

These Memoirs terminate abruptly. The last eight years of the emperor's existence were full of vicissitudes, the history of which may be read in Dow. He was governed entirely by Noor-Mahil, who treated him like a child, and estranged from him his best friends. Shah Jehan, the ablest and most enterprising of his sons, waged open war against the authority of the empress, as she was styled; and would probably have succeeded in deposing the emperor, now grown quite imbecile, from the throne, had not that step been rendered unnecessary by his death, which took place in November, 1627. Noor-Mahil was allowed a splendid residence at Lahore, and a pension of about 25,000*l.* per annum, which she enjoyed without interruption during the remainder of her life. She died in the year 1645.

ART.

ART. VI.—*An Account of the Infancy, Religious and Literary Life of Adam Clarke, LL.D., F.A.S., &c.* Written by One who was intimately acquainted with him from his boyhood to the sixtieth year of his age. Edited by the Reverend J. B. Clarke, M.A., Trin. Coll., Cambridge. London. 3 vols. 8vo. 1832-3.

IT must needs have ever been matter of great solicitude to John Wesley to know what was to become of Methodism when he should be no more. He could not but feel, that, whilst he lived, he was the 'be all' of the singular society he had constructed; and he could not but have perceived the danger there was, that, when he should die, he would be its 'end all.' He enjoyed, it is true, a very long life, in which to consolidate his plans; he was not called upon to surrender his functions to others till most of those contingencies which were likely to derange his machinery had arisen and been met. Still the genius of the man—his capacity for government—did not appear fully manifest till after his departure. So deep had he laid his foundations in the knowledge of human nature, that after death had deprived the Methodists of their leader—when their form of government became of necessity, and according to his own appointment, changed from a monarchy, which it was under him, to a republic, which it was to be under the Conference—the character of their institution remained essentially the same; they continued a people still loyal to their king and true to the constitution of their country, even as Wesley had enjoined them to be: and whilst the Dissenters, properly so called (for the Methodists do not acknowledge themselves such), exhibited deep and deadly hatred to the Church Establishment, they, with every natural impulse, it might have been supposed, to the same sentiments, felt themselves still, as it were, under the spell of their patriarch, though no longer in the flesh with them, and did not decline to attend the services of the Church, partake of her sacraments, and even adopt her forms of devotion. This is the greatest triumph of Wesley. He himself was held to the Church by associations early and strong—he had for his father a faithful minister of that Church; another, for his elder brother, to whom he was under deep obligations, a man of the most masculine sense and the kindest heart. He was bred at Oxford, had been a successful student there, and was fellow of his college. Wesley, therefore, had lived within the penetralia of the temple, and well understood by practical experience the knowledge the Church diffused from her seats of learning, and the charities she inspired by her parochial ministrations. These restraints he never shook off in the days of his boldest visions as the founder of an order; but that he should

should have been able to impress it upon his followers, who had no such early bias, to take the same equivocal ground as himself, and that, whilst with him they were to disturb the harmony and discipline of the Church—there is no denying that—they were with him, too, to bear her some reverence, and regard her with some good-will: this is a most remarkable feature of his power, who, though dead, could yet speak so distinctly; and who, if he were now alive, in this season of the Church's danger, would not be the man to stand silently by, consenting to her destruction at the hands of those unnatural confederates, the Infidel, the Dissenter, and the Papist.

We have here the life of one of the most influential of Wesley's immediate followers, in three volumes; the first written by Dr. Clarke himself—the two latter by his youngest daughter, her father supplying her with materials, who moreover perused the whole manuscript up to the year 1830, and attached his signature to each sheet, in testimony of its truth: the whole edited by the Rev. J. B. Clarke, the doctor's youngest son.

Adam Clarke was born at Moybeg, an obscure hamlet in Londonderry, about the year 1760. His father was a village schoolmaster of a superior order, and Adam, if we understand the narrative right, was one of his scholars; a lad of hardy habits, and as yet unapt to learn. It was intended that he should be brought up by his grandfather, but not liking the restraint of his grandmother's apron-strings, and having a great passion for looking into a draw-well on the premises—whether in early quest of truth, is not said—he incurred the old lady's displeasure by keeping her in a state of alarm for his life, and was accordingly sent home. We do not perceive that Dr. Clarke notices this as one amongst the many instances he discovers of a special Providence that was over him—it was probably, however, not the least signal. Whatever was his want of capacity to acquire knowledge, his feelings were quick and tender; and one day, as he and a little school-fellow were seated on a bank together, the children fell into serious conversation on futurity,—'O Addy, Addy,' said his companion, what a dreadful thing is eternity; and O, how dreadful to be put into hell-fire, and to be burnt for ever!' and thereupon they wept bitterly, begged God to forgive them their sins, which were chiefly those of disobedience to their parents, and made to each other strong promises of amendment. His mother, who came to the knowledge of this incident, pondered it in her heart with a mother's satisfaction; his father, who seems to have been an austere, ill-judging man, had no opinion of pious resolutions in children; and Adam was old enough to find discouragement in this indifference, and to feel that smoking flax had been quenched.

His

His companion on this occasion was one James Brooks, the tenth child of his parents. When this boy's mother went to pay her tithe to Dr. Barnard, the rector of Maghera, afterwards Bishop of Limerick, and well known as the friend of Johnson, and a member of *The Club*, the poor woman said, 'Sir, you have the tenth of all I possess except my children: it is but justice you should have the tenth of them too; here is my tenth son, take him and provide for him.' Dr. Barnard took the child at her word, clothed him, and sent him to school, where he ever went by the name of *Tithe*. Traits of this kind, where they relate to men of any distinction, are valuable as keys to character.

The nearest neighbour Adam Clarke's father had was one Pierce Quenlin, a very fat man. Adam beheld him with disgust, as a loathsome object; a feeling which was rendered yet more intense by a dumb fortune-teller, called, in the Scottish dialect of Ulster, a spae-man, who gave Adam to understand that it would be one day his own lot to be fond of the bottle and to have a big belly. He thought that the spae-man might be right, nevertheless that God could overrule evils even great as these; and accordingly, he stole into the field, kneeled himself down in a furze-bush, and prayed heartily, saying, 'O Lord God, have mercy upon me, and never suffer me to be like Pierce Quenlin!' He adds, that he continued throughout life to entertain a wholesome dread of drunkenness and fat. Upon such trifles in our tender years do some of the most invaluable safeguards of our future virtue depend. He still remained a dunce; was reproached by his teacher, and scoffed at by his school-fellows; till at last a taunt of the latter kind stung him in the right place—he felt as 'if something had broke within him;' and from that day forward he made rapid advances 'in whatsoever he put his head unto'—arithmetic only excepted.

The circumstances of the family were strait, so much so, indeed, that his father and mother, with their first-born child, (Adam was their second,) had actually embarked for America, and were only prevailed upon to abandon their enterprise by the most earnest entreaties of their friends. Mr. Clarke, therefore, found it convenient to combine his school with a small farm; this he cultivated after the plan of Virgil's Georgics, a work of which he was a great admirer: though whether the system of agriculture which suited the Campagna di Roma would consort so well with the village of Maghera or Moybeg, 'in the township of Cootinaglugg, in the parish of Kilchronagan, in the barony of Loughinshallin, in the county of Londonderry,' might admit of a reasonable doubt. However, his crops, says his son, were 'as good as his neighbours'.' Meanwhile, Adam and his brother were employed

ployed in the labour of husbandry, and in the studies of the school by turns: he whose duty it was to read the Georgics, communicating his lesson to him whose duty it had been to apply them. The pence they thus gained were laid out in books—such nursery tales and wild romances as were wont to make up the youthful library before the march of knowledge had superseded them by treatises on political economy, and taught us to put away childish things ere yet we are men. The use of such books, Adam Clarke defends, as creating an appetite for reading, the foundation of all knowledge; leading the mind to the contemplation of a spiritual world, such as it was; and, in some instances, as in the case of Robinson Crusoe, impressing the child with such a notion of the providence of God, as nothing was ever likely to efface afterwards.

Mention has already been made of Adam Clarke's mother. She was a Presbyterian of the old Puritan school—a person powerful in the Scriptures—and whenever she corrected her children she gave chapter and verse for it. Such a practice, if generally adopted by parents, would soon render the Bible the rule of life, and go far to make religion operative. From her he received his early religious impressions. It might seem that St. Paul dropped his hints about Timothy's breeding expressly to put mothers in mind of the magnitude of their trust. That eminent disciple, as he turned out, knew the Scriptures from a child, though his father was a Greek; but then there had been faith unfeigned in his grandmother Lois, and in his mother Eunice, and by their means he was what he was. Adam Clarke was now far in his teens, but as yet without any settled plan of life. His friends wished him to assist his father in his school, and eventually to succeed him in it, but the proposal was not to his taste. He was afloat, and in a condition therefore to be appropriated, when, in the year 1777, the Methodists first appeared in his neighbourhood. Hitherto he had been in the habit of attending both Church and Meeting-house, the former chiefly, but with no great edification from either; indeed the Presbyterian congregation here, as elsewhere, was fast drooping into Socinianism. He was now led by curiosity to hear a sermon of the new preacher. It was after another fashion—after that described by the hand of a master in one of the most powerful of his poems—

> 'Repent, repent, he cries aloud,
> While yet ye may find mercy—strive
> To love the Lord with all your might;
> Turn to him, seek him day and night,
> And save your souls alive!
>
> 'Repent,

'Repent, repent, though ye have gone,
Through paths of wickedness and woe,
After the Babylonian harlot,
And, though your sins be red as scarlet
They shall be white as snow!'

In short, Christ crucified, and redemption through his blood, was the burden of his sermon; and Mrs. Clarke, who accompanied her son, and who was as yet his oracle in matters spiritual, pronounced rightly enough—'This is the doctrine of the Reformers.' From that time the house of the Clarkes was open to such preachers as came to those parts, and young Adam was soon added to the number of the converts. It was still, however, some time before he had *assurance* of his salvation, a doctrine then strongly insisted upon by the Methodists, but—

'One morning,' we quote his own account of an incident which he ever represented as the epoch of his life, 'in great distress of soul he went out to work in the field. He began, but could not proceed, so great was his spiritual anguish. He fell down on his knees on the earth and prayed, but seemed to be without power of faith. He arose, endeavoured to work, but could not; even his physical strength appeared to have departed from him. He again endeavoured to pray, but the gate of Heaven seemed barred against him. His faith in the atonement, so far as it concerned himself, was almost entirely gone; he could not believe that Jesus had died for *him;* the thickest darkness seemed to gather round and settle on his soul. He fell flat on his face on the earth, and endeavoured to pray, but still there was no answer; he arose, but he was so weak that he could scarcely stand. . . . . It is said the time of man's extremity is the time of God's opportunity. He now felt strongly in his soul, Pray to Christ; another word for, Come to the holiest through the blood of Jesus. He looked up confidently to the Saviour of sinners, his agony subsided, his soul became calm; a glow of happiness seemed to thrill through his whole frame; all guilt and condemnation were gone.'—vol. i. pp. 99. 102.

The field in which this crisis befel him, this wrestle, as it were, with the angel, he used to visit with intense interest in the latter years of his life, when his journeys to Ireland brought him into its neighbourhood, and would have gladly got possession of it by purchase. Yet we should have thought Dr. Clarke might have been led to suspect the nature of this evidence, when a few years afterwards, according to his own account, it appears that he became a universal sceptic, 'save only that he believed in the being of a God, and the truth of the sacred writings'—(p. 130); a point very far below that fulness of faith which his former *assurance* must have reached; and, indeed, how his doubts could have stopped where they did, we are quite at a loss to understand. For when he had arrived at the condition of distrusting his own senses,

senses, so that he would not assert positively that he had done, said, or seen any one thing—looked upon himself as a vision, and upon all nature as the same—it is difficult to say how he could be satisfied that scripture itself existed, that the characters of black and white in which it was writ were themselves real—much less how the ideas they conveyed were founded in truth.

Methodism was in danger of deceiving the hearts of some, and breaking the hearts of many, by exacting this witness of the spirit alike of all. Physical temperament has much to do with the capacity to receive it. When the saintly Herbert lay a long time prostrate on the ground before the altar in Bemerton church, and afterwards told his friend that he had now put off all worldly thoughts, and hereafter should live to God, the Methodist might contend, with apparent reason, that the spirit testified to *him*—and so perhaps it did; but what will he say of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who, before the publication of his infidel book '*De Veritate*,' &c., fell upon his knees, and earnestly besought God to give him a sign that he sanctioned the publication, and fully satisfied himself, and declared the same to others, that this sign he had? Surely the 'witness of the spirit' was not here too? The two men were brothers—and, different as their courses proved, the constitutional elements of both were alike, and had some share in either of these scenes. Let us not be misunderstood; we are not arguing that there is no such thing as the testimony of the spirit—far be that from us—we believe that there is, and that good men have it; all we contend for is this, that the paroxysms in which John Wesley and his followers made it of necessity to consist, are trumpets that give a very uncertain sound.

But to proceed with our memoir—Adam Clarke continued to store his mind with such knowledge as a self-educated boy of active parts, slender means, and few opportunities, could command, grudging not a daily walk of many miles, early and late, in the depth of winter, to gain some acquaintance with French—never having found, as he says, a royal road to any branch of learning. His parents now made another effort to fix him in an honest calling, and a linen merchant of Coleraine, a relation of his own, was the man chosen to take him apprentice. With him he remained some time, but was never bound, satisfied with his situation chiefly as it gave him a more ready access to the ministry of the Methodists. At length, through the intervention of one of the preachers, he was recommended to the notice of John Wesley, who proposed to receive him at Kingswood school, an establishment of Wesley's own projecting, and originally intended for the sons of itinerant preachers. Accordingly he set sail for England, and his employer, Mr. Bennet, must have released a boy from his service, we imagine, with hearty good-will,

good-will, who, to the plain questions of a plain tradesman, would make answer in such rigmarole as the following, the sceptical scruples of which we have already spoken being then upon him, 'Have you been at ——?—I think I have, Sir.' 'Did you see Mr. ——?—I believe I did, Sir.' 'Did you deliver the message?—I think so,' &c. Come what might, it was clear that Adam was not to make his fortune by cloth.

At this same precious school of Kingswood he arrived in a cold wet day of autumn, and with three-halfpence in his pocket. There he was thrust, by the churlish Nabals of the place, into a miserable unfurnished chamber—fed thrice a day upon scanty supplies of bread and milk, not being allowed to join the family meals; and dressed before a large fire (the only one he saw there) with Jackson's itch ointment—it being presumed that such application could not be ill bestowed upon any one who proposed to be a student at Kingswood; meanwhile poor Adam was as innocent of any disease of the kind here intimated, save 'an itching ear,' as the child unborn. Here the poor lad worked in the garden to keep himself warm, and found a half-guinea in a clod. The inmates of this place were in general heartless persons enough, but in the present instance they could not reconcile it to themselves to deprive a forlorn boy of this God-send, for such it seemed to be, who proposed, however, on his own part, to resign it; and with six shillings of the sum, which was all that he had in the world, he gallantly bought Bayley's Hebrew Grammar, the foundation of his future acquirements in Oriental literature, and of the character by which he was principally known. Soon afterwards Wesley himself arrived at Bristol, and delivered his victim from this strange preparation for the ministry.

'Mr. Wesley took me kindly by the hand. Our conversation was short,—"Well, brother Clarke, do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the word of God?" I answered, "Sir, I wish to do and be what God pleases." He then said, "We want a preacher for Bradford (Wilts), hold yourself in readiness to go thither; I am going into the country, and will let you know when you shall go." He then turned to me, laid his hand upon my head, and spent a few minutes in praying to God to bless and preserve me, and to give me success in the work to which I was called.'

So this raw boy went forth to preach: his call to the ministry from God being found in the casual opening of his Bible, some time before, upon John xv. 16, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should bring forth fruit,' &c.—and from man, in the imposition of John Wesley's hands. It might have occurred to him, that, if this sortilege through Scripture was good for directing the priest, it was equally good for directing the

the people, and would supersede the necessity of any ministry whatever. But the disposition there was in Adam Clarke, which appears on very many occasions, to construe the accident of the moment into a message to him from the Almighty, now received a serious check. It chanced that he had scrawled a few verses from Virgil on the wall of his lodging; the preacher who succeeded him resented this unknown tongue, which he was not Daniel enough to interpret—and added a remark that it was pride in the writer which thus led him to make his learning known—'that he should send that passion to hell, and prepare for eternity.' Adam Clarke, in this instance, like Jerome of old, considered himself under the lash of an angel for his Latinity; and—not being probably very conversant with the writings of South, who would have told him that if God had no need of human learning, he had still less need of human ignorance—he yielded to the direction of this fanatic, fell on his knees forthwith in the middle of the room, and solemnly promised God that he would never more meddle with Greek or Latin as long as he lived! He had accordingly the satisfaction of receiving the commendation of his friend for his docility, and his assurance that he had never known one of 'the learned preachers' who was not a coxcomb. Thus did he cut himself off from the study of these languages for four years—the one, that of the Scriptures themselves, the other, that of many of the Fathers and most of the commentators—and betook himself forsooth to *French*, that not being laid under the interdict of this barbarian. At the end of this lustrum, thinking the best thing he could do with such a vow was to break it, he resumed his studies, though to great disadvantage, and ran the risk of the coxcombry they might engender. He grew, however, more cautious on the subject of special interpositions as he grew older. In a letter written near the end of his life, on putting out apprentice a boy for whom Adam Clarke felt an interest, and addressed to his schoolmaster, we perceive the following passage:—

'My dear sir,—Speaking to you and to your excellent wife, *sub rosâ*, I do not think that the offer of the gentleman in question, whoever he may be, is a matter much to rejoice in; and though I am a decided advocate for acknowledging God in all his ways, I do not see the particular reason why the said gentleman should "go and lay the matter before the Lord," whether he should take "for six years without a fee, a lad brought up as the son of Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenny, and educated by Mr. Theobald, his parents providing him all the time with clothes, washing, and pocket-money." I need not quote to you, *nec Deus intersit.*'

Conference now met at Bristol, and thither Adam Clarke hastened—had the advantage of hearing seven sermons on the Sunday

Sunday of its sitting—the last, 'an *awakening* one;' and, after only eleven months' probation as an itinerant preacher, was admitted into full connexion. On this occasion, the candidate has to answer certain inquiries previous to ordination, for the satisfaction of Conference; one of which, and one characteristic of the sagacity of the framer, is—'Are you in debt?' Now, it happened that Adam Clarke had borrowed a halfpenny in the morning, from one of his brother-preachers, to give to a beggar. Should he acknowledge that he was in debt, the sum would seem ridiculous: should he deny that he was in debt, the fact would not be true. 'He dissolved the difficulty in a moment,' (we are triumphantly told,) 'by answering—"Not one penny." Thus both his credit and conscience were saved. The reader,' it is added, 'may smile at all this; but the situation to him was, for some hours, very embarrassing.' The scruple might be the scruple of a Methodist, but the evasion was that of a Jesuit. Adam Clarke greatly ripens in sound Christian knowledge as he advances in years, and the time soon came when he would have thought the knot and the solution of it equally contemptible.

We have now launched the stripling in his circuit; but he was without a horse. A gentleman, however, at Bradford—one of that class who heretofore 'loved our people, and built them a synagogue'—would give the young preacher a horse; and, amongst other good qualities for which he extolled him, he was an excellent *chaise*-horse. There seems to be something in matters of horse-flesh that puts to the proof the virtue of a saint. Amongst the various animal forms in which the devil tempted St. Anthony, we do not recollect that the horse was one:—it would surely, for a saint, have been the most trying of all. 'One of my horses,' quoth John Wesley, who happened to be present, and heard the conversation, 'troubles me much; he often will not draw. Had not I better take your horse, Mr. R., and let brother Clarke have mine? He *may* be a good hack, though a bad chaise-horse.' The exchange was made, to the great delight of Adam Clarke, too happy to find himself in John Wesley's saddle. But, alas! not ten miles could he travel without the creature coming at least once upon his knees. Adam's friends endeavoured to persuade him to part with a beast which he rode at the extreme hazard of his neck; but it had been John Wesley's horse, and was precious in his sight. However, at last, when he had stumbled beyond forgiveness—having pitched his idolatrous rider upon his head, disturbed the vertebræ of his backbone, and seriously injured him for three years—Adam Clarke consented 'to change him with a farmer who had a high reverence for John Wesley, and promised to use him mercifully.'

We now come to some of those scenes of itinerancy on the several

several circuits to which he was appointed :—Bradford, Norwich, Cornwall, the Norman Isles, &c.—those picturesque adventures, grotesque hardships, 'moving accidents by flood and field,' which give to the course of the early Methodist-preacher something of the stirring character of a campaign, or the wildness of an expedition of knight-errantry, sublimed, however, by the dignity of the cause in which he was embarked—scenes and sufferings which altogether served to animate his spirit, brace his limbs, and lead him on to old age with eye undimmed and force unabated. This life of religious adventure had evidently great charms for Adam Clarke, so that after he had become himself *Emeritus*, he twice visited the Shetland Isles—(overlooked by Wesley)—where he had established, with incredible pains, a Methodist *mission*—erected numerous chapels—and maintained several preachers out of funds which his own personal influence enabled him to raise. And the glee with which the old man encounters the storms of those inhospitable seas—hails the Sumburgh Head—traverses the barren mountains and morasses of the island, on his sure-footed native pony—describes the frank aspect and blue-green glance of the Shetlander, the *oculus herbeus* of Plautus—watches the poor women (for the men were all at the fisheries) tripping down the hills in troops to hear the word—visits the *voe*, or bay, where the islanders had just dispatched a shoal of whales which they had driven in their boats upon the shallows, a treasure which they owed, as they said, to the Doctor's arrival among them, who does not appear to discourage the notion—all bespeak both the zeal of the man for the success of the religious service to which he was devoting himself, and the tenacity with which he still clung to habits redolent of his youth.

But the fascination which attended the exercise of a ministry so primitive sometimes blinded him to the position in which he stood, and led him to forget that, though a preacher, he was not an apostle. Clarke is repelled from the house of a boorish farmer in Cornwall, who professes a distaste for furnishing the Methodist preacher, man and horse, with good accommodation—a repugnance to Methodist preaching in general,—'he will have no more of it'—and a desire, very unequivocally expressed, that his self-invited pastor should lose no time in proceeding to Bodmin. Now, we can make allowance for a little effervescence of spleen in a man who had already ridden as far as was pleasant, (especially if on John Wesley's horse,) and who had been allowed, by the good-wife, before her lord came in, to pull off his boots, empty his saddle-bags, and eat apple-pie—when he had again to pack up, and be going; but we are not quite prepared to go along with him either in the curse or the conclusion of the following paragraphs :— 'Now,

'Now, sir,' are his words when he had remounted, 'I am a stranger, and you refused me the common rights of hospitality; I am a messenger of the Lord Jesus, coming to you, your family, and your neighbours, with glad tidings of salvation by Jesus Christ, and you have refused to receive me: for this you must account at the bar of God. In the mean time, I must act as my Lord has commanded me, and wipe off against you even the *dust of your floor that cleaves to the soles of my feet:* so saying, he took his right foot out of the stirrup, and with his left hand wiped off the dust from his sole: he did the like to his left foot, and rode slowly off, saying, "Remember, a messenger of peace came to your house with the gospel of Jesus, and you have rejected both him and his message." He went on his way, and the farmer turned into his house.'

And then is added—

'What was the consequence? A Methodist preacher was never afterwards within his house or before his door. Ruin came on him, and his family became corrupt, and were at last finally scattered; and he died not long after.'

That Dr. Clarke should ever have written this passage, as a young man, is strange: that he should have reviewed it, as an old man, and not struck it out, is stranger. Does he mean to say, that because this poor farmer (for that he was then poor, all that is said of him indicates) did not choose to open his house to Methodist preachers, being satisfied with such means of grace as his own parish-church might supply to him—for a parish-church he must have had—and bid a youth of whose person he knew nothing, and of his capacity to instruct him less, seek for quarters elsewhere, he was in the situation of those persons of old times who actually rejected the gospel of Christ altogether, closed their eyes to miracles wrought expressly in evidence of it, and blasphemed the Holy Ghost?—or that he, a stripling teacher—many would say with a doubtful commission—was justified in hurling at this offender a dreadful sentence of wrath, entrusted to men endowed with supernatural gifts by the Saviour himself, to be executed upon such, and only upon such, as wholly and positively denied Him?—or that because this yeoman's family fell into decay—no uncommon thing for the family of a yeoman—and he himself, after a while, went down to his grave—he has a right to conclude that the hand of God was upon this man for his sin in refusing hospitality to the Rev. Adam Clarke? We fear there was more here of the spirit of James and John, under similar circumstances, at the Samaritan village, than the preacher himself was aware.

There is another incident related in this part of the work, if possible, still more offensive: it happened in the island of Jersey. The Methodists, it will be remembered, were at the first an unpopular

popular body. On this occasion, the meeting-house was assailed by the mob: the congregation, for the most part, withdrew at their first approach; but Adam Clarke, and thirteen others, remained: some of the people proceeded to work at the foundations of the building, which was of wood, as if they would pull it down; others flung stones; and one man flashed a pistol at Clarke. He determined to go out and face the danger—which was what John Wesley would have done in a moment, and what Virgil represents his *gravem pietate virum* as doing with excellent effect. The mob divided for him right and left; drums, fifes, horns, pitchforks, bludgeons, and all—and a free passage was made. 'Either,' says he, '*their eyes were holden* that they should not know him, or they were so over-awed by the power of God, that they could not lift a hand or utter a word against him:' (i. p. 265) and, lest the hint should not be understood, the whole affair, which had been detailed at great length by Adam Clarke, in his Commentary on the Bible, with the suppression, indeed, of his own name, as an illustration of Luke iv. 30—'*but he, passing through the midst of them, went his way*'—is here extracted from that work, and *added as a note!*

But, certainly, the vanity of this good man, for such we honestly believe him to be, is exuberant; though we know not that we should have thought it worth while to take notice of it, had it been confined to matters indifferent. He might have told us of his *pedigree!*—of his *ancestor* who was pronounced by King William to be the 'best-bred gentleman he ever met'—of the feuds of the M'Leans, whom he counted in his stem—of his becoming 'the oracle of the company,' in a visit to Warwick Castle, and of his astonishing the good old housekeeper there by his superior knowledge—of his triumph over 'all the literati of the metropolis,' touching the substance of a stone and the language of an inscription upon it—of his having been required, in his duty as editor of a considerable work entrusted to him, 'to solve many difficult questions and illustrate many obscurities, and of his having failed in none, though the subjects were such as were by no means familiar to him'—of his visits to the Duke of Sussex—how his Royal Highness observed, upon his remarks on several questions of bibliography, 'curious! and important!' and ordered his librarian to write them down—or how

'the Duke, after a great many to-s and fro-s, addressed him with great affection, and said, (*scores being all around him,*) "Dr. Clarke, I am very glad to see you—"'

—all this and much more of the same sort, and which was all submitted, we believe, to Dr Clarke's eye for future publication—we might have passed over as harmless; but when this foible leads him

him to trespass upon holy ground, we owe it to ourselves and our readers to expose the error, and supply the key to it. John Wesley, however, had taught his followers, by his own example, this presumptuous carriage, of which a curious instance occurs in this portion of Adam Clarke's life. The incident is indeed briefly noticed in Wesley's Journal, but here we have the colouring and costume, which is half the battle. Wesley, being at Guernsey, took a passage in an English brig to Penzance—Adam Clarke sailed with him—the wind became contrary, and they had to make frequent tacks:—

'Mr. Wesley was sitting reading in the cabin, and hearing the noise and bustle which were occasioned by putting about the vessel to stand on her different tacks, he put his head above deck, and inquired what was the matter? Being told the wind was become contrary, and the ship was obliged to tack, he said, "*Then let us go to prayer*"—his own company, who were upon deck, walked down, and at his request, Dr. Coke, Mr. Bradford, and Mr. Clarke went to prayer. After the latter had ended, Mr. Wesley broke out into fervent supplication, which seemed to be more the offspring of strong faith than of mere desire—his words were remarkable, as well as the spirit, evident feeling, and manner in which they were uttered. Some of them were to the following effect:—"Almighty and everlasting God, thou hast sway everywhere, and all things serve the purposes of thy will: thou holdest the winds in thy fists, and sittest upon the waterfloods, and reignest a king for ever!—Command these winds and these waves that they obey thee, and take us speedily and safely to the haven where we would be!" The power of his petition was felt by all. He rose from his knees, *made no kind of remark, but took up his book and continued his reading.* Mr. Clarke went upon deck, and what was his surprise, when he found the vessel standing her right course, with a steady breeze, which slacked not till, carrying them at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour, they anchored safely near St. Michael's Mount, in Penzance bay. On the sudden and favourable change of the wind, Mr. Wesley made no remark; so fully did he expect to be heard, that he took for granted he was heard. Such answers to prayer he was in the habit of receiving, and *therefore* to him *the occurrence was not strange.*'—p. 260.

What would not the master of 'the ship that was sailing from Alexandria to Italy' have given for John Wesley as a passenger instead of St. Paul! Wesley, however, it may be observed, '*makes no remarks*'—asserts no claims of his own, but very wisely and very safely leaves them to his admirers to assert for him.

Adam Clarke now marries. Some of his love-letters are given, and are curious—one of them relates to the eternal sonship of Jesus Christ; a pet subject with Clarke, which the study of Bull's writings would have enabled him to discuss with better success, if

it must needs be thought germane to the matter on hand to discuss it at all. Another of them describes the lover's feelings:—

'After I left you, I felt rather a sudden alteration in my mind; a gloomy resignation (tolerably good in its kind) took place, and was fast reared by a stoical insensibility.'—vol. i. p. 312.

Sir Henry Vane himself could not have made love in language more mystical. Miss Mary Cooke, the eldest daughter of Mr. Cooke, a clothier of Trowbridge, was the lady of his choice. 'The connexion,' says the autobiographer, 'was too good and holy not to be opposed.' This we do not understand: it is a principle, however, if true, which must be satisfactory to fugitives for Gretna Green. At all events, Mr. Clarke did not see reason to interpret a mother's opposition to her daughter's marriage as a manifestation from heaven against the union, though on some other occasions he would have gathered as much or more from less things. However, Mary Cooke was a person not lightly to be resigned—an excellent woman, who took Clarke in his poverty, and loved him for himself; and lived to see him the friend of the great, the learned, the good—the foremost man of a powerful community: and, as we contemplate him on his *circuit*, and her at her fire-side, Donne's amusing comparison of man and wife to a pair of compasses seems meant, by anticipation, for the methodist preacher, when blessed like Clarke—

'The one doth in the centre sit;
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans and harkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.'

Indeed, the locomotiveness of the preacher amongst the Methodists forms a striking, and, if properly viewed, an instructive contrast to the settled habits of the established clergy. Here we have Adam Clarke appointed to circuits containing twenty, thirty, forty stations each—called upon, therefore, to preach at least as many sermons every month, and condemned to ride more miles than we can tell. The extent of each orbit, therefore, is such as to admit of little or no pause at any point of it; and that orbit itself is changed every second or third year. Adam Clarke, in a little more than twenty years, experienced thirteen such removes. Such a system, if the whole country were abandoned to it, would soon be productive of serious injury both to the pastor and his flock; to the pastor, as begetting in him, if it did not find in him, a restless Scythian taste, which no habits of regular life would satisfy—a tendency to which we think we discover in Adam Clarke himself; as cutting him off from solid theological attainments, by allowing him no time for study—an obstacle, which this excellent man and a few other preachers of inextinguishable industry may have

have overcome;—as enfeebling the energies of the pulpit, by the unconscionable demand of five or six hundred sermons in the year, which must needs therefore be 'lean and flashy songs;'—and as relaxing that security for exemplary character which arises out of the rigorous scrutiny which a resident minister of God must be prepared to defy, but which the itinerant may hope to evade:—how much is conveyed by that rule of Methodism, and the reason of it, which proscribes the preacher from meddling with drugs!—(vol. i., p. 198.) The system would be injurious to the people, not merely because whatever is so to the pastor must through him be equally so to the flock; but also because it would give them no opportunity of seeing the domestic and quotidian habits of their minister—the eloquent example of the good man's life, as he sits *daily* teaching in the temple; and would deprive them of the advantage of those easy visits which he makes 'from house to house,' when, after the manner of the servants in the parable, and for a similar purpose, he goes 'into the streets and lanes of the city.'

Meanwhile, Adam Clarke found time—we are at a loss to know how—to master many Eastern languages, and thus to furnish much valuable assistance to the Bible Society in the department of their translations—to complete a Commentary upon the whole Bible, which served as a sort of saving-bank for the incidental labours of forty years—and to select, arrange, and edit for the Commissioners of Public Records a collection of state papers, supplementary to Rymer's *Fœdera*, who, beginning with the reign of Henry I. and coming down to the sixth of Charles II., left much to be done by his successors before the raw materials for English history should be fully gathered together. This new edition of the Fœdera (for such was the shape the work assumed) Adam Clarke carried through the press nearly to the close of the fourth volume; and then, wearied with a task which taxed even his patience beyond endurance, resigned it into other hands. It will be seen from this undertaking, which was not strictly within the province which he had marked out for himself, that he ceased, as he grew riper in knowledge and judgment, to think the love of literature a sin; and accordingly we find him, when, as President of Conference, he had to visit various parts of the kingdom—with a view to promote the general interests of religion by sermons, speeches, and the like—making a pilgrimage by the way to the monument of Burns, 'in whom Scotland must ever feel with regret that she neglected a man who is her boast and her honour;' and rambling amongst the rocks a whole summer's day, to determine the scene of 'The Gentle Shepherd.'

The various events of his busy life, active and contemplative,

thus recorded, supply us with many incidental demonstrations of his feeling towards the Church of England. We believe that the Methodists are proud of the lustre which his attainments cast upon their body—and they have reason to be so. The conclusions to which his learning and reflection led him upon this subject, at present one of so much interest, will be perceived by the following particulars bearing upon it, which we throw together in order that the impression may be decisive. He ever considered himself *a Churchman:* early in life, indeed, he was against the use of the liturgy in the Methodist chapel, but it was because he desired, as Wesley had done, that the service of the Church should be attended by the Methodists within the walls of the Church: and because he believed, that to open the meeting-house at the same hour (which was proposed), and with the same form of prayer, would be to encourage separation from the Church; he afterwards, however, thought otherwise, and adopted the measure —(i. p. 279). In a letter to the Bishop of London, to whom he sends a volume of sermons, and which refers to some previous interview, he says,—

'The *talis cum sis* with which your lordship dismissed me, has done me, indeed, great honour . . . . . I hope that the *omnino* in the remaining part of the quotation, which I told your lordship had been sent in a letter to me by the worthy archdeacon of Cleveland, neither refers *to my creed, nor to my essential membership in the Church*, but only is in reference to my being destitute of its orders . . . . . Whatever evil may be in this, I believe your lordship already knows, lies at the door of the *res angusta domi*;—it was neither my fault nor my folly. I have never been a secret enemy nor a *silent friend*. What I feel towards it the angels are welcome to ponder; and what I have spoken or written concerning it, and in its favour, I believe I shall never be even tempted to retract. Being bred up in its bosom, I largely drank in its salutary doctrines and spirit. . . . . *I never had anything to unlearn, when, with a heart open to conviction, I read in parallel the New Testament and the Liturgy of the Church.*'—vol. iii. p. 207-9.

In a letter to the Speaker, (Abbot,) accompanying a copy of his 'Notes on Genesis,' he writes,—

'The Notes, I hope, contain nothing contrary to good common sense; and I am sure they are in perfect consonance with the doctrines of the Church of England, and the Constitution of Great Britain; *the first of which I most conscientiously acknowledge as constituting the true Christian creed;* and the second, as comprehending a code of the wisest, most just, and impartial laws which man ever received, or by which any nation has ever been governed.'—vol. ii. p. 219.

And, in another letter to the same distinguished individual, sent with a copy of his 'Commentary on the Evangelists,' he declares,—

'As the people with whom I am religiously connected are not only very

very numerous, but of considerable weight in the land, I have not hesitated to show them that those sacred oracles from which they derive the principles of their faith and practice, are in perfect consonance with the principles of the British constitution, and the doctrines of the Established Church: not that I doubt their loyalty or attachment to the State or the Church, but to manifest to men of these and future generations, the *absolute necessity of holding fast that form of sound words which distinguishes our national Church, and ever connects the fear of God with honouring the king.*'—vol. ii. p. 314.

In a communication which he makes to Lord Sidmouth, on the subject of a loyal address which the Methodist ministers proposed to send to King George IV. on his accession, he tells him—

'As they find that a deputation from the three denominations of Dissenters had been condescendingly received by his Majesty, these ministers, as not ranking under any of those denominations—standing nearer to the Established Church than any of the others—*holding, without exception, all her doctrines, venerating her authority, and using her religious service*—and consequently, in their own apprehension, not justly denominated Dissenters, in any legal sense of the term—humbly wished to be received also by deputation,' &c.—vol. iii. p. 279.

Then, with respect to his own practice, Adam Clarke admitted candidates to the ministry, according to the form of the Church in ordaining priests.—(iii. p. 67.) When he administered the sacrament of baptism, it was always *more ecclesiæ Anglicanæ;*—(iii. 175, 395,) and when he buried the dead, it was apparently after her form too.—(iii. p. 200.) Confirmation he received himself at the hands of Bishop Bagot, *after* he had become a preacher, and he encouraged his people to resort to the church for the same rite.—(iii. p. 232.) He is most anxious that a new edition of the Polyglott should be undertaken; but he wants *the bishops* to stir in it—'his heart's desire being that the honour should be with *the British Church.*'—(iii. p. 109.) He is found a hearer in a church—nay, in a cathedral—and partakes of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at its altar.—(ii. p. 254.) He is solicitous to gather his children together once more, and, in company with them, to make a solemn covenant with God, *cum Deo inire fœdus;* and the way in which he proposes it should be done is, by repairing to the church, and there getting the clergyman to administer to them the communion, one and all; adding, as he imparts the proposal to 'his dear lads,' old Samuel Wesley's touching application of Scripture, on a somewhat similar occasion—'With desire have I desired to eat this last passover with you before I die.'—(vol. ii. p. 409.) And to crown all, and to give a further pledge of his sincerity in these repeated avowals, both by word and deed, of his attachment to the establishment, he brings up one of his sons at Cambridge, and leads him to take orders in the church.

Such

Such were the sentiments of Adam Clarke on this great question; a man in whom Wesley had such confidence, that he made him one of seven trustees of all his literary property, and as it thereby turned out, executors of his will.

We now hasten to the closing scene of his life. In the autumn of 1832, the cholera was spreading death and dismay far and wide throughout this land. Dr. Clarke appears to have had no personal fear of it. On the contrary, he made volunteer excursions into districts where it prevailed. He specially named it, however, in the morning and evening devotions which he offered up in his family, and prayed that 'each and all might be saved from its influence, or prepared for sudden death.' He was engaged to preach at Bayswater, on Sunday, 26th August, and on the Saturday before he was conveyed there in a friend's chaise. He was cheerful on the road, but was tired with his journey and listless in the evening; and when a gentleman asked him to preach a charity sermon for him and fix the day, he made answer, 'I am not well; I cannot fix a time; I must first see what God is about to do with me.' He retired to bed early, not without some of those symptoms that indicated the approach of this awful disease, but which do not appear to have excited any suspicions in himself or in his friends. He rose in the morning ill, and wanting to get home; but before arrangements could be made for his removal he had sunk in his chair,—that icy coldness, by which the complaint was characterised, had come on,—and when the medical men arrived, they pronounced it a clear case of cholera. His wife, and most of his children, short as the summons was, gathered about him—he had ever been the most affectionate of husbands and parents—and his looks indicated great satisfaction when he had them by his side, *nec desideraverunt aliquid oculi;* but he was now nearly speechless. 'Am I blue?' however, he said to one of his sons, a question indicating his knowledge of the malady under which he was sinking; and without any effort of nature to rally, he breathed his last with a short sob, about the seventieth year of his age. 'The heart,' adds the biographer of his later days, 'knoweth his own bitterness, but what can equal the anguish of that emotion which first tells the wife that she is a widow, and the children that they are fatherless? They feel its pang once—to forget it no more for ever.'

It is clear that Adam Clarke considered the system of Methodism, with Wesley its founder, as a system supplementary to the Church Establishment, and no more. It was not *by them* intended to go alone. But others, wiser as they think, in their generation, have discovered in the success of this experiment, and of other experiments of a like kind, (all, however, made, it must be

be remembered, in a country where a National Church was as yet standing and ministering to the great bulk of the inhabitants,) an argument against any Church Establishment at all; which, accordingly, they declare to be unlawful, inexpedient, and unnecessary. We know not how we can conclude a memoir like the present more appropriately than by a few observations in reply to these misstatements. We are of opinion, indeed, that the theory of our Church is fast working itself clear—that circumstances in our own times somewhat similar to those under which it took its shape, are beginning to teach us, a matter which we were in danger of forgetting, how that shape came to be what it is—as one who stands upon the same spot, and shoots a second arrow the same way, finds the first which he had lost. Well will it be if amongst those many points of resemblance of our own to former days, which are thus bringing out the principles on which our Church is constructed, the following character, sketched by the graphic pen of our great sarcastic divine, may not be discovered to have a place.

'There is one who lives by the altar, and turns his back upon it; one who catches at the preferments of the Church, but hates the discipline and orders of it; one who practises conformity, as papists take oaths and tests—that is, with an inward abhorrence of what he does for the present, and a resolution to act quite contrary when occasion serves; one who, during his conformity, will be sure to be known by such a distinguishing badge, as shall point him out to, and secure his credit with, the dissenting brotherhood; one who, in the midst of his conformity, thinks of a turn of State, which may draw on one in the Church too; and accordingly, is very careful to behave himself so as not to overshoot his game, but to stand right and fair in case a wished-for change should bring fanaticism again into fashion; which it is more than possible that he secretly desires, and does the utmost he can to promote and bring about.

'And, therefore, if there be any one who has the front to own himself a minister of our Church, to whom the foregoing character may be justly applied, howsoever such an one may for some time soothe up and flatter himself in his detestable dissimulation, yet, when he shall hear of such and such of his neighbours, his parishioners or acquaintance, gone over from the Church to conventicles; and when the noise of those national dangers which are every day threatening us, shall ring about his ears, let him then lay his hand upon his false heart, and with all seriousness of remorse, accusing himself to God and his own conscience, say, I am the person, who by my conforming by halves, have brought a reproach upon the purest and best constituted Church in the Christian world.'

Now we would remind the objectors to an Established Church, that the principle was fully recognized under the Old Testament, and has never been cancelled under the New, and therefore cannot be

be supposed to have anything in it essentially wrong; and if it be replied, as no doubt it will be, that our Lord's language is, 'My kingdom is not of this world,' we make answer,—true, but these words of Jesus to Pilate, who charged him with conspiring against Cæsar, are hardly to be understood as meaning that kings are not to build churches, or provide pastors for the people committed to them. And if it be further contended that kings are not in fact represented under the New Testament as nursing fathers of the Church, we again say—true, for a Tiberius and a Nero happened to be kings in those days, but that it is strange to argue from them to a George or a William in our own. Is it desirable that the Church should still suffer persecution in order that it may more closely resemble the primitive Church; and for the same reason, that the sovereign should blow the coals?

But why should a king, any king, every king, be supposed to know more about religion than his subjects—that he should be made the head of the Church? If the king undertook to teach the people himself there would be some room for the question; he only undertakes, however, to see that they be taught—taught by others called to the office originally by no authority of his, that so his subjects perish not for lack of knowledge;—he is a Christian monarch, ruling over a Christian people, and he provides for them a Christian ministry. Is there anything so very monstrous in this? Must he of necessity be the best captain in his dominions because he looks to the national defence by granting commissions in the army; or the best lawyer, because he sees that persons shall not be wanting to administer the laws?

But the king *may* be the friend of religion, we are told—only he must 'patronise it' (that is the phrase) in the same way as he patronises any other good cause, and not establish it. Now, when he patronises other good causes, he often does so, argues a very clever 'Essayist on the Church,'* whose recent publication we have in our eye, by granting the parties charters of incorporation, bestowing on them crown lands, and recommending grants of money,—why may he not do the same for the best cause of all? But it is unjust that the Dissenter should pay to the support of a form of worship which he does not adopt? Strictly speaking, no man pays to its support;—it is upheld by possessions of its own; its own by a title as indisputable, at least, as that by which any property whatever is held within the four seas. Even the semblance of hardship, however, can hardly attach to the Dissenter, for tithes are a rent-charge upon lands, and of the landowners is one in a hundred a Dissenter? But church-rates—is there not a hardship here, that men should be made to contribute to the maintenance of a fabric

* Essays on the Church.

which

which they never enter? No greater hardship than a thousand others, which a state of society (as opposed to a state of nature) involves. Individuals are constantly compelled to support institutions in which they have no direct interest themselves, but which the public good is understood to require. We pay our quota to a county rate for the erection of a mad-house which we shall never occupy, or of a bridge which we shall never pass; we are taxed for the maintenance of the soldier, though we may have serious scruples as to the lawfulness of the profession of arms, or political objections to a standing army.

But the Church of England is the creature of an act of parliament. And why should it not be? A certain form of worship is agreed upon in convocation, *i. e.*, by a synod of the clergy and of the clergy only, after patient investigation, as having Scripture for its warrant; and then, being submitted to parliament, in order that the nation should signify its solemn assent to the same by the body which represents it, is acknowledged by parliament in the people's name. Where is the scandal in this? And if parliament further establishes such worship by the act of uniformity, it in like manner establishes (Lord Mansfield uses this very word in this very case*) the worship of the Dissenter by the act of toleration —so that both Church and Chapel may be said in this sense to stand upon act of parliament.

But the Church Establishment no longer represents the religious sentiments of the vast majority of the nation, as it once did, and therefore is no longer to be supported by the national government. We apprehend that its numerical majority is still great;—the children educated in the principles of the Church at the schools in connexion with the National Society only, which are by no means all that are so educated, are nine hundred thousand;—that in all country parishes it is very great; in the best educated and most intelligent, as well as the wealthiest classes, those therefore upon whom the burden chiefly falls, if burden there could be said to be, greatest of all. The true comparison, however, to institute is this:—what proportion do the members of the Church of England bear to those of any single body of Dissenters? Is there any single body that will admit of being named as its rival—we mean its rival in numbers? For to speak of the Dissenters as a community, in the same sense as we speak of the Church, is an abuse of language; the various sects into which they are split differing from one another at least as much as from the Establishment itself: in fact, holding nothing in common save jealousy of that, and a determination to combine for its overthrow. Besides, if the Church of England does not represent the vast majority of

* See Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, vol. v. p. 284.

the

the people which it once did, is it therefore to be abandoned without inquiry into the cause? Suppose it should appear that Dissenters are made, for the most part, not by *scruples* but by *circumstances*, might it not be well to ascertain whether those circumstances do not admit of remedy before we condemn the Church as unsatisfactory to the country? For instance, when the present Church Establishment was formed, the county of Lancaster was thinly peopled—its wilds and moors were divided into sixty-two parishes; but, in the lapse of time, Lancashire becomes the very focus of our manufacturing system, and gathers within its borders a million and a half of inhabitants. Meanwhile, the parochial divisions and the churches, until quite lately, remained just what they were; and, accordingly, twenty thousand souls on the average fell to the lot of every parish priest. What wonder that there should be some two or three hundred thousand Dissenters generated in that county? There the people were sheep without fold or shepherd—surely it was not conscientious objections to our ecclesiastical constitution, or to our liturgy, that withdrew from us these multitudes, but a mere want of accommodation within the Church walls, and personal knowledge of a Church minister? And were churches and ministers provided now on an ample scale, we should not despair of seeing crowds of these stragglers brought back, without the need of any sacrifice whatever on the part of the Church, either of discipline or doctrine; and until this experiment has been tried, no such sacrifice should be made. The fashionable remedies of these days do not meet the case. The Dissenter, so made by *accident*, wants a seat in a church, and you tell him you have no seat in church for him, to be sure, but you will make your articles more comprehensive. The Dissenter upon *principle* wants the abolition of episcopacy and the dissolution of the alliance between Church and State—and you tell him, you cannot consent to part with your bishops or to divorce yourselves from your government, but you will new model the prayer-book. This is to give stones when the cry is for bread. To know the real amount of secession, founded on scrupulosity of conscience, you must let the Church have fair play—provide it with the means of asserting itself—put on fresh shafts to its engine—adapt it not to the whims of the times, but to the substantial wants of a population that has overgrown, more than deserted, it. It is not that our people like living in a tabernacle best, but they have pitched for themselves tents, rather than lie out of doors. If greater legal encouragement to individuals to build and endow churches is wanted, let it be supplied: if the facilities afforded by the law, as it stands, are not sufficiently known (which we believe to be the case), let a clear and succinct manual of Church Acts be drawn up

up by some man who has built a church himself, and applied those acts practically, and let it be freely circulated. If the Society for the Building and Enlarging of Churches is not supported so universally as it ought to be, let its claims be enforced by the clergy, both by official charges and recommendations in private. If the erection of galleries and side-aisles is impeded by the expense of obtaining faculties (which is sometimes the case in small parishes), let the impediment be examined, with a view to its removal. If any periodical review of pews could be made, in order to accommodate them better to the fluctuating population of a parish, let it be attempted. Only give the Church, by some method or other, more power of expansion—present it bodily to the multitude—let them be brought into contact with it, as it was intended they should be—and, if it woo them in vain, then, and not till then, despair.

But it is not desired that any form of Dissent should supersede the Establishment, and rise upon its ruins. The wish is, that there should be no Establishment whatever—that every man should be left free to choose for himself to join what congregation he will, or gather one of his own. The experiment has been tried in our history—when Charles I., in the year 1642, gave consent to the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords—*which was in fact the moment when the Church of England fell*—the great bulk of the people were Presbyterians. But look at the country again at the end of *four short years*, and observe what was the practical effect of the suppression of that Establishment;—the land was by this time flooded with Independents, Manifestarians, Brownists, Millenarians, Libertines, Fanatics, Antinomians, Anabaptists, Seekers, Perfectists, Enthusiasts, Socinians, Arians, Antitrinitarians, Anti-scripturists, Sceptics, and Questionists: each of these sects again, by subdivisions and interlacements, ringing changes with one another, till, according to the author of the Gangræna, no less than a hundred and seventy-six distinct churches were the issue.* Meanwhile, the creed of the country, which, for the sake of the peace of mind of millions, and especially of the poor and ill-informed, should be rendered as stable as may be, was set upon a seat as vertiginous as a windmill-sail; and the charities of life were wrecked in the hurricane of unprofitable dogmas that were let loose.

Moreover, when it is proposed that there shall be no Established Church at all—that the State shall make no provision for the religious wants of the people—it is assumed, that the people will assuredly provide for their own wants: their zeal being sufficiently manifested, it is pretended, by the *voluntary* churches they already

* Edward's Gangræna, p. 18.

uphold:

uphold: otherwise, the Dissenters, we suppose, fierce as is their hatred of the Establishment, would scarcely pull it down in order to make heathens of their countrymen. Let us try, then, this question by the test of experience. Now it appears from Mr. Yates's calculations, in a valuable and well-timed Letter addressed to Lord Liverpool, and published in the year 1815, that the population of the Tower Hamlets division of London, of the Ossulston hundred, the Finsbury division, Holborn, Kensington, and Westminster divisions, together with Southwark and the adjoining parishes, amounted to 905,715 souls; that the number of churches, for the supply of this population, was forty-five—so that, allowing 2000 persons to a church—(which is much too large an allowance)—more than 800,000 would still be left without the means of enjoying the public ordinances of religion. Here, therefore, was ample scope for the operation of the voluntary system, in order to supply so monstrous a defect; a defect which was obvious to the eyes of every one who dwelt in those quarters. Did it prove effective?—Take the account of the Dissenters themselves. The Congregational Magazine, for December, 1832, makes the total number of Dissenting chapels in that district, including the meeting-houses of Quakers, Roman Catholics, and every description of seceders, amount to one hundred and eighty-six. The same authority reckons 400 persons to each, making 74,400 in the whole; so that there still remains 700,000 outcasts, to furnish recruits to the Rotunda. 'So much,' says the author of the Essays of which we have already spoken, 'for the assumption, that if the State does not provide a religion for the people, the people will be sure to provide one for themselves.'*

It will be contended, however, perhaps, that the Church Establishment actually existing stands in the way of the *voluntary* system. It embarrasses its natural progress—the people not caring to possess themselves of ground which has the appearance, at least, of being already occupied; and then America is pointed to with triumph—where religion has been left to itself. We are not yet thoroughly acquainted with the religious condition of the United States: recent events, however, have led to some investigation of the subject; and the result is not so favourable to the efficiency of the system of voluntary churches as some might imagine. In the first place, then, we should remember, that many of the original colonists of the United States were men who expatriated themselves on religious grounds: they were a devout and zealous race, and the impulse of their character was likely to make itself felt for many generations after them; so that, had America been in fact all that its friends represent it to be, it might be still a question

* Essays on the Church, p. 36.

whether

whether there were not peculiar circumstances in the character of its population which were propitious to the growth of a religious spirit.

But, next—it is not true that religion has been hitherto left to itself in America. In several parts of the Union the maintenance of religion is, or rather was, compulsory—though the sect to which *any individual* would attach himself was at his own option; and wherever the compulsory system has given place to the voluntary, religion has rapidly declined. Indeed, nothing can be more satisfactory to the friends of an Establishment, than the example of America, if candidly considered. Dr. Dwight's authority stands high with the Dissenters in this country. In his 'Travels in New England and New York,' he explains the nature of the ecclesiastical establishment which then existed in Connecticut, (it has since been destroyed,) and contrasts the condition of religion in that province with its condition in the more southern provinces, where there was no establishment at all.* The result is, in a few words, this:—That in a state in which Christianity was established by law, the Presbyterian ministers—for they were the great body of the clergy—supported and settled, were in the proportion of one *to every thirteen hundred and twenty-eight* inhabitants; whilst in the States where the voluntary system prevailed, the proportion was one to every *sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-eight*. Nay more—for we are anxious to give the enemies of the Establishment the full benefit of their favourite example—whilst, in the former state, out of 209 congregations—for so many it counted—there were 20 vacancies, *i. e.*, about one-*tenth* without ministers; in the latter states, out of 430 congregations—which was their whole number—there were 160 vacant, or considerably more than one-*third*—the inhabitants being to this extent too poor or too supine to support a minister;—and of the rest 81 were served by pluralists; and 'yet the advocates of voluntary churches,' adds our Essayist, 'are perpetually referring us to America for proof, conclusive proof, of the excellency and efficiency of their scheme! —to America! one glance at which ought to close their mouths for ever! But they know not what they say, nor whereof they affirm.'

Moreover, though in the large towns of America there is much Christian profession—such as it is—a great part of it is believed to be of the Socinian school—a corruption not unusually engendered by the want of a fixed scriptural standard of faith, by which aberrations might be early felt and corrected—a corruption, therefore, which in this country derives its chief supplies from the decomposition and decay of the Independents. In like manner, we do not

* Vol. iv. p. 397.

deny

deny that the populous towns in England would probably maintain, even without any extrinsic help, a body of ministers of one kind or other; but, in the meanwhile, what would become of the country?—how would voluntary churches be furnished to our agricultural communities, consisting, as they often do, of one or two gentlemen, eight or ten farmers, and a few scores of cottagers? How, in fact, does this district, composing the chief surface of every kingdom, fare in the favoured land across the Atlantic? We see no reason to doubt the correctness of the picture drawn by a late traveller in the United States—certainly no enthusiast:—

'A stranger taking up his residence in any city in America, must think the natives the most religious nation upon earth; but if chance lead him among her western villages, he will rarely find either churches or chapels, prayer or preacher; except, indeed, at that most terrific Saturnalia—a camp-meeting. I was much struck with the answer of a poor woman whom I saw ironing on a Sunday. 'Do you make no difference in your occupations on a Sunday?' I said. 'I be'ant a Christian, ma'am; we have got no opportunity,'—was the reply. It occurred to me that the government would be guilty of no crime, did it so far interfere, as to give them all an opportunity of becoming Christians, if they wished it.'*

But, if exceptions be taken against this testimony, as coming from a witness under passion or prejudice, hear the account given of the matter by an American himself—a minister, too—the Rev. Samuel J. Mills, who thus describes what he had seen with his own eyes:—

'Never will the impression be erased from our hearts, by beholding those scenes of wide-spreading desolation. The whole country, from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, is as the valley of the shadow of death. Darkness rests upon it. Only here and there a few rays of gospel light pierce through the awful gloom. This vast country contains more than a million of inhabitants. Their number is every year increased by a mighty flood of emigration. Soon will they be as the sands on the sea shore for multitude; yet there are at present only a little more than one hundred Protestant or congregational ministers in it. Were these ministers equally distributed throughout the country, there would be only one to every ten thousand people. But now, there are districts of country containing from twenty to fifty thousand inhabitants, entirely destitute; "and how shall they hear without a preacher?" '†

Such is the fate of an agricultural district where religion is to be maintained by a system of *voluntary* churches.

There is, however, another view of this question to be taken,

* Domestic Manners of the Americans, vol. i. p. 155.

† Narrative of a Tour, by the Rev. S. J. Mills; quoted by Dr. Chalmers 'On Endowments,' p. 189.

which

which has been much overlooked, though perhaps the most important of any. We have, indeed, already touched upon it in a previous part of this paper, but not with the emphasis it deserves, —that this system of *voluntary* churches would be absolutely fatal to all efficient pastoral intercourse of the minister with his people; that however it might provide places of worship for the Sunday, it would provide no adequate parochial superintendence during the week; for the class and band-meetings of the Methodists amount to nothing of the sort, and produce none of its fruits. As it is, there are some ten thousand men circulating throughout this country for two or three hours most days of their lives, upon various home-missions of charity, of pity, of exhortation, of reproof, —each man of them all knowing precisely the district within which he has to walk; confident in the soundness of the warrant by which he enters every house in it uninvited; and, in general, hailed by the welcome of all, as one of those whose feet are beautiful. What a mass of misery is thus daily explored and relieved! what heart-burnings are quenched! what complaints hushed! what follies withstood! what knowledge imparted! what affections stirred up! Who would rashly disturb this under-current of good-will which is diffusing itself, silently and secretly, throughout all the darkest and most dismal recesses of society, and mitigating so much that is evil in this hard-hearted world? Yet, withdraw the Church Establishment, and it is done. There will then be no minister who has a district assigned to his peculiar care and keeping, where he individually feels himself answerable for the souls that are therein. He will share it with other parties of other persuasions. The latch of the door will no longer be lifted with the same boldness as now. The whole parish will be debateable ground, and no man will know in it his own. The several ministers will find it no pleasant thing to encounter one another in the sick-man's chamber, under a temptation, perhaps, to wrangle out points of divinity over the couch of death; or, at all events, each uncertain whether he is not trespassing on the province of the others; and so the patient will probably be abandoned altogether. This is no speculative objection: the inconvenience is already felt, in a small degree, in parishes where Dissenters abound; and the ministers of such parishes feel themselves under some embarrassment in the discharge of their pastoral duties to that portion of their flock, even with the advantage of their present position; and yet we believe, were they to abstain from making their call upon such persons through any false fear of intrusion, their absence would not often be supplied from any other quarter. We are most anxious to press this consideration upon all whom it may concern,—

concern,—that perhaps the most comely parts of the Church of England are those which are least displayed. Doubtless her ritual is spirit-stirring—her pulpits are fountains of religious knowledge—her ceremonies full of solemnity—her temples worthy of being dedicated to God; but these are only the grosser features of her beauty: they may be all done away, and some calculation be made beforehand of the amount of that portion of the loss; but the unobtrusive provision she makes for the perpetual disasters of a working-day world—for the things which are happening out of sight—this is the province in which she wanders amongst the people unseen; her services here are not easily appreciated, because noiseless; in this department, even more than in the pulpit or the senate, she repays the State for its protection and support; and whatever power for good of this kind she possesses, be it never forgotten, *she owes entirely and altogether to the situation in which she stands as the sole accredited guardian of religion in this land, according to its parochial divisions.*

Art. VII.—1. *Griechish-Deutsches Wörterbuch.* Von J. G. Schneider, Professor and Oberbibliothekar zu Breslau. Dritte Ausgabe. 2 bde. 4to. Leipzig. 1819.

2. *Handwörterbuch der Griechischen Sprache, von Franz Passow.* Vierte Ausgabe. 2 bde. 8vo. Leipzig. 1830-1831.

3. *Thesaurus Græcæ Linguæ*, ab Henrico Stephano constructus. Post Editionem Anglicam novis additamentis auctum, ordineque alphabetico digestum, tertio ediderunt Carolus Benedictus Hase, &c. &c. &c. Parisiis. 1831.

4. *A New Greek and English Lexicon; principally on the plan of the Greek and German Lexicon of Schneider; the words alphabetically arranged; distinguishing such as are poetical, of Dialectic variety, or peculiar to certain writers and classes of writers; with examples, literally translated, selected from the classical writers.* By James Donnegan, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo. London. 1st Ed. 1826. 2d Ed. 1831.

WHILE we pride ourselves, and with reason, in having left our continental neighbours at an immeasurable distance behind us in all the great branches of the arts, and are at least keeping pace with them in the different departments of science, we are contented, it seems, to hold, in our classical knowledge, a quite secondary rank. In the study of the dead languages in general, but more particularly of the Greek and Latin, the Germans have taken

taken the lead, not only of us, but of all the rest of Europe, and have gained such a decided ascendancy, that their neighbours appear to have given up all hope of rivalling them, and are satisfied to follow as mere servile imitators of their triumphant career. Some splendid exceptions may be found in the names of Porson, Elmsley, Gaisford, Blomfield, Mitchell, and perhaps one or two others, who have ventured to think and examine for themselves, and whose exertions in the service of Greek literature have placed them on a level with the most distinguished of their contemporaries; but when we consider how universally ancient Greek is studied in this country, it seems surprising that such instances of acknowledged superiority should be so rare amongst us. But the fact is that the study of Greek with us is anything but critical, and it must follow, as a necessary consequence, anything but deep and accurate. With some it is the fashion to look down on the labours of the critic as beneath the notice and even incompatible with the character of the elegant scholar; others are satisfied with a very superficial knowledge of the classics, preferring to rove through the modern languages or some of the numerous branches of science—ambitious perhaps of being what is termed general, scholars; and others again are cut short in their classical career, being obliged to dedicate their time and talents to the particular studies of some profession. Whatever the causes may be, the fact cannot be denied that we have comparatively few really classical scholars, few who enter deeply into the study of the Greek language, into the examination of its structure, of its formations, of its analogies. In proof of which we need say no more than this, that for the best edition of almost every Greek classic, and the best notes of every edition, we are generally indebted to our German neighbours; that the best, nay the only Greek grammars worthy of the name, are those of Buttmann, of Matthiae, of Thiersch; and the only Greek lexicons of any value since the time of Stephanus and Scapula, are two of those named at the head of this article, the recent works of Schneider and Passow.

It is not our present intention to examine into the causes of this superiority of the German classics over all their neighbours, though we do hope, at no distant time, to dedicate a few of our pages to a subject which we have much at heart; at present we will confine ourselves to one point of primary importance—that which must be the first step to any decisive advance in our knowledge of ancient Greek—we mean the possession of an accurate and comprehensive lexicon of that language explained in our own tongue.

Until within a very few years it has been impossible to get at Greek but through the medium of Latin. No Greek lexicon—

nay, no Greek grammar* has been composed but in that language; and every commentator and almost every translator has been forced to adopt it, as the only vehicle by which he could venture to explain his author, as the only armour in which he could dare to enter the lists of criticism. Had an English scholar proposed, but a few years ago, to publish a Greek-and-English lexicon, his adventure would have been received with either disregard or contempt, his scholarship would have been called in question because he had condescended to use his mother-tongue in preference to a dead language, and the whole host of university tutors and country schoolmasters would have taken fright at so degrading a novelty. But the opinion of the English classical world has of late undergone, in this particular, a complete revolution. We have begun to acknowledge that the short and straight course is preferable to the longer and devious one; that our own mother-tongue is a better medium for expressing our ideas clearly and definitely than any dead language can be; and that by rendering a Greek word at once into English, instead of tracing it through the intricacies of Latin, (a language certainly less analogous to it than English,) there is a much better chance of the original idea being preserved exact and accurate; any fine and delicate distinguishing points are less liable to be rubbed off; and shades of difference, which would very probably be lost in the uncertain obscurity of a dead language, are seen more plainly and can be marked more distinctly. In this, as in almost every other part of classical literature, the Germans have led the way, and set us an example which at last we seem anxious to follow.

We propose in this article to examine what progress the Germans have made in this their new line of lexicography, and whether the steps which we are taking in imitation of them (few and feeble they have hitherto been) are those best calculated to lead to excellence—most likely to advance us, be it ever so little, in the road towards perfection. For, in the commencement of this new career, it behoves us most especially to remember the old maxim, ἀρχὴ τὸ ἥμισυ. If we set out on true principles, our knowledge and our studies will all turn to good account, and even any errors we may make, not being fundamental, will be easily corrected; whereas, if our first principles be erroneous, whatever time and talents we afterwards bestow, must be in a great measure thrown away, and even that which is intrinsically valuable will be comparatively of little service. We intend, therefore, to examine minutely the different lexicons named at the head of this article,

* The Port-Royal is an honourable exception, and we might perhaps name one more; but such rare exceptions are not enough to invalidate our assertion.

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in order that, having seen their merits and defects, how far their authors have succeeded, and in what respects and why they have failed, we may be able to profit by experience, and to lay down such rules for the direction of future lexicographers, as may enable them to avoid the faults and improve on the excellences of their predecessors. For be it always remembered, that no single scholar, however great his talents and perseverance, can hope to produce at once a lexicon which shall make any near approach to perfection: it is only by repeated attempts, each improving on the former, that this most desirable object can, if ever, be brought about.

The lexicon of Professor Schneider has been in general use for some years in Germany, and—in name, at least—is well known to the scholars of this country. Its author was principal librarian at Breslau, and the well-known editor of some of the best editions of different classics. The first idea of a Greek lexicon, interpreted in German, did not emanate from Schneider. It would be unfair to pass over, in total silence, the names of Dillenius, Vollbeding, and Haase, who at different times meritoriously preceded him, and set him that example which he has so well followed up, that his name must always be known as the father of Greek-and-German lexicography. The first edition of Schneider's Lexicon appeared in 1806; but that was only in octavo, and did not profess to be more than a manual for younger students. In a few years appeared a second edition, considerably improved and enlarged; and in 1819 came out the third and last edition, in two thick and closely-printed quarto volumes, followed, in 1821, by an Appendix, containing 180 additional pages. This last edition, which is a stupendous example of German industry, perseverance, and research, combined with an extensive knowledge of the Greek language, superseded at once, in the German universities, the use of every other lexicon, and fairly drove them all out of the field, —so much so, that Scapula's, even the Elzevir edition of 1652, we have seen sold in Germany for a few shillings.

The superior excellence of Schneider's lexicon consists in the amazing copiousness of its valuable matter; but this excellence is wofully counterbalanced by a total want of arrangement. Wherever a word, from the uncertainty or from the variety of its derivation or meanings, admits of, or requires a lengthened discussion, we have generally almost everything which can be desired, and sometimes a great deal more: but whether we find the original meaning at the beginning, middle, or end of the article,—whether the primary sense comes before or after the derivative, seems to be a mere matter of chance, according as Schneider met with it earlier or later in the course of his reading. Schneider's

first edition of his lexicon was only a manual. When he was preparing his second and third editions, and examining (as he tells us in one of the prefaces) a number of different Greek authors with that view, it is to be lamented that he did not regularly revise and remodel his whole work, instead of patching it here and there with additions and improvements, as chance or opportunity led him. But it would seem that his other avocations took up too much of his time to allow of his following any plan of this kind; that, as he went on reading his authors, and any passage or meaning struck him as worthy of remark, he added it at once to the article under which it should be placed, without examining whether it fitted well to that particular part of it, or whether it ought not rather to be incorporated into some other part. On no other grounds can we understand or explain the total want of arrangement in almost every article of any length, while we find quotation on quotation, and reference on reference, the whole so jumbled and confused together as frequently to require two or three readings to digest or unravel. Merely casting our eyes over a few of the first pages of the lexicon, we may cite, as instances of this defect, ἄβρὸς, ἄγημα, ἀγκὼν, ἀγορὰ, ἄγω, ἀγωνιάω, ἀδέω, ἀδινὸς, ἁδρὸς, ἄζα, ἀΐδρόος, αἰανὴς, αἰδέομαι, αἰόλος, &c.

In like manner, a confused series of quotations, and references, and meanings constantly follow each other, and are so intermingled, that it is frequently impossible to know, without consulting the passages referred to, whether any particular meaning or quotation is intended to belong to the preceding or to the succeeding reference. This arises entirely from the careless and slovenly manner in which the quotations are noted down—the meaning given being placed sometimes *before* and sometimes *after* the passage to which it belongs—from a constant want of proper pointing—and from a total absence of capital letters, with which each fresh meaning or quotation ought to begin. This fault, like the former, disfigures almost every article of any considerable length.

And again, we might have expected that Schneider would make a point of quoting—as his authority for the meaning of a word—the most ancient, or one of the purest writers in which it occurs; that where, for instance, a word or a meaning was found in the old epic language of Homer, we should find Homer cited as the example. But, strange to say, Schneider has so much neglected, except in a few articles, those primeval monuments of the Greek language, that he frequently refers us to Apollonius Rhodius, Nicander, Oppian, Quintus Smyrnæus, or Nonnus, where he ought to have quoted the Iliad or the Odyssey; and in general we should think it more likely to meet with the solution of a difficulty occurring

occurring in some one of those later and comparatively unknown writers, than in those of an earlier and more classical period—of Homer, of Herodotus, of Pindar, or of Plato. *

Nor did Schneider sufficiently attend to the grammatical part of his lexicon. His strength did not lie in being an accurate grammarian. The consequences are, that he not only did not weed out numerous ungrammatical words and forms, which had been introduced, from time to time, into former lexicons, until their legitimacy had almost ceased to be doubted; but he and his fellow-labourers† have deluged his lexicon with a fresh flood of doubtful words and forms, either drawn from unauthentic and disputed sources, or fabricated in order to trace some supposed analogy, or to form a link in some etymological chain. There can be no doubt of Schneider having been fully justified in introducing, from the old grammarians, or even in *supposing* the existence of those old and obsolete forms of verbs, of which there still remain some tenses in use; but he has constantly carried this liberty further than was justifiable. In giving the tenses of the verbs, however, Schneider has not been so liberal: there we find constant and considerable deficiencies, as well as frequent inaccuracies. His principal attention seems to have been directed to the meaning of the word, —very little to its inflexions: nor does he appear to have ever thought of making any distinction between passive, middle, and deponent verbs, which, being so often similar in appearance, and so easily confounded with each other, require, therefore, to be marked with the greater care. As to the deponents, they are not even mentioned, from the beginning of the lexicon to the end. The particles, too—those most important parts of the Greek language, whose all-pervading influence is felt in every limb of every sentence—are invariably dismissed with a brief and unsatisfactory notice. The fact is, that Schneider's forte lay in natural history, in a most comprehensive knowledge of the natural productions alluded to by the ancients, and their various terms of art and science. In this he has had no equal,—no rival; here his lexicon is rich beyond hope or expectation; while points of great grammatical importance are slurred over in a few lines, half a page, or perhaps a whole one, is given to the discussion of some unknown bird, or some disputed plant. And yet, with all these drawbacks, Schneider's lexicon is an invaluable book; not a book for translation or abridgment, nor even to be

* Schneider had previously published a very excellent edition of Nicander and Oppian.

† Schneider had associated with him, in preparing his lexicon, two scholars very unequal to such a task, named Wetzel and Riemer, to whose carelessness and want of judgment, Passow, in one of his prefaces, attributes much of this faulty exuberance.

used

used as the ground-work of future editions—which would serve but to perpetuate its faults—but a mine of wealth for succeeding lexicographers who shall know how to draw from, and use judiciously, the treasures so profusely scattered through its pages; who, forming their own plan, and adopting rules which Schneider has neglected, shall improve on his excellencies, avoid his faults, and supply his deficiencies.

And such, we are happy to say, it has proved in the hands of the learned and judicious Passow, the author of the lexicon which we have placed second at the head of our article. Schneider's lexicon had caused a great sensation in Germany; and sundry pamphlets and critiques appeared, at different times, pointing out its faults, and laying down plans and rules for the direction of future lexicographers; and, in 1818, the year before Schneider published his third edition, Passow, who was also of Breslau, a pupil of Jacobs and Hermann, and a friend and colleague of Schneider, commenced a Manual-Lexicon, formed on an entirely new plan, but embodying, on an abridged scale, most of the valuable matter of Schneider's third edition. The first part, containing A and B, appeared in 1819; the second, from Γ to K, in 1821; and the two last, which completed the work, in 1823 and 1824. In this excellent little work, Passow began by correcting the want of arrangement in Schneider. His leading principle was to draw out, wherever it was possible, a kind of biographical history of each word, to give its different meanings in an almost chronological order, to cite always the earliest author in which a word is found,—thus ascertaining, as nearly as may be, its original signification—and then to trace it downwards according as it might vary in sense and construction, through subsequent writers. For this purpose, he began—where every historical account of the Greek language must begin—with the primeval language of the epic poets, with a careful and critical examination of Homer and Hesiod. His intention then was to proceed to the Ionic prose of Herodotus, thence to what he calls the Æolic-Dorian lyric poetry, and afterwards to an examination of the Attic writers. It is one thing, however, to form a plan, and another to execute it. In his first edition, Passow advanced but one step in this his admirably devised plan: he got no farther than the works of Homer and Hesiod; but these he examined with the greatest minuteness and accuracy. Hence this first edition was very unequal. For the works of those two great poets, it was, indeed, most comprehensive; it left little or nothing to be desired; but for the post-Homeric writers, it was much too concise, and passed them over too hastily, being, in that part of it, little more than an improved and corrected abridgment of Schneider. All the post-Homeric

Homeric meanings were frequently comprehended in one sweeping, undistinguishing clause, generally without a quotation in support of them, or even the name of any author who used them, by which their value and authority might be ascertained. Nor was any distinction made between those significations which a word had in the pure and classical times of Greece, and those which it acquired in the decline of the language. Except, however, being much deteriorated by this continually-recurring defect, Passow's first edition deserved the highest praises which could be bestowed on it; in all other respects he had very judiciously avoided the faults, and filled up most of the deficiencies of Schneider, as far as the size of his book would allow. He had left out all those doubtful vocables with which Schneider and his predecessors had loaded their Lexicons, admitting none unless supported by good authority; and he had shown great discrimination, and a deep insight into the analogies of the language, by rejecting a vast number of those obsolete forms of verbs which Schneider had admitted so lavishly, and retaining only those of which there were evident remains, and in which he was justified by sound analogy. The primary sense of a word was always carefully marked, and the derivative senses so traced from it and from each other, as to make the connexion obvious. Any variety of construction occurring in different authors, was generally noticed; as also, whether the word was used principally by the epic poets, by the dramatic writers, or by the Attic prose authors. These last were points which had been almost entirely neglected by preceding lexicographers, and but slightly and occasionally touched on even by Schneider; while in Passow they are a very striking and valuable feature of his work. The syntax of the particles, also, was very elaborately worked,—perhaps more minutely than is necessary or even useful; but this is one of those points where it is difficult or almost impossible to draw the line between the grammar and the lexicon. Nor must we forget one very useful addition which Passow has made,—that of marking the quantity of all doubtful syllables. In a word, then, we should say of that first edition of Passow's Lexicon, that, for the reader of Homer and Hesiod, it was all but perfect; for the study of other authors, it was only (it pretended to nothing more) a very admirable manual: but we must at the same time say of it, that, by its chronological history of the significations of words, it established a principle which must be the basis of all future lexicography; and that, by its admirable examination of the old epic language, it laid a sure and immoveable foundation for future labours.

It was Passow's intention, in preparing a second edition, to advance one step farther in his original plan, by examining the

the Ionic prose of Herodotus in the same way as he had done the writings of Homer; but unfortunately for the progress of genuine lexicography, a second edition was called for almost before the first was finished, and Passow, willing to answer a call so advantageous to his pocket, as well as gratifying to his character, gave up his plan for a time, and brought out, in 1825, the second edition, revised and corrected from the first, but without any very material additions. A third edition appeared in 1827—again revised, corrected, and very considerably enlarged, but without any farther progress being made in the original plan; and again, after a lapse of four years more, came out, towards the end of 1831, the fourth and last edition, now increased to two thick octavo volumes, each containing between 1400 and 1500 pages. In this work, which has left at an immense distance every other lexicon, even that of Schneider, Passow has put in execution the second part of his original plan, that of following up the explanation of Homer and Hesiod by an examination of the Ionic prose of Herodotus; and though he has not done it in so detailed a manner as he did the two poets, he has given, in our opinion, quite enough to satisfy any reader of Herodotus; and what he has given is done skilfully and with judgment. For we cannot but think, that, for a general lexicon, rather too much space is allotted to the meanings of Homer and Hesiod, too many quotations and references are given, every the most trifling shade of difference being marked, and oftentimes where the difference was not exactly in the meaning of the word, but rather implied in the thing signified: more minute Passow could not have been, had his Lexicon, after the manner of Damm, been confined exclusively to those two poets. But in his account of the language of Herodotus, he has given all the most striking and most important significations,—all the forms and constructions peculiar to Herodotus and the Ionic dialect. More than this we can neither expect nor desire in any general lexicon. In this admirable book, Passow has not proceeded with his original plan farther than Herodotus, though we still find, in the other parts, very considerable improvements and additions, by meanings and extracts from many other authors; but he promises to proceed in his next edition with his original project, which we heartily wish him life, and health, and leisure to complete, although we fear that it is almost more than he can hope or expect. Should not Passow, however, be spared to finish his Herculean task,* we have no doubt that Germany possesses many scholars worthy of treading in his steps, who, we hope,

* Since writing the above, we have heard that Passow has been taken off in the midst of his literary career. His death was mentioned in an English newspaper, but we have never seen any authentic account of it.

will

will judiciously pursue the same career which he is now pursuing with so much credit to himself and so much advantage to the classical world; and we may then expect, that not many years can elapse before Germany will possess a lexicon that may serve as a sure foundation and an almost perfect model for all others.

It is, perhaps, not strictly in accordance with the original purpose for which we undertook this article, to notice the new edition of Stephens's 'Thesaurus' now in a course of publication at Paris. Our first object in taking up this subject was to aid and direct the progress of Greek and *English* lexicography, and in furtherance of this design we have been necessarily led to describe, at some length, the gigantic strides which the Germans are making in the same department. But Greek and *French* lexicography is still so completely in its infancy, that we shall learn little or nothing by noticing the progress made in that country. And yet, as the republication, and consequently the more general diffusion of such a body of Greek literature as the Thesaurus contains may be expected to have a considerable influence on the lexicographical knowledge of that language, whether a dead or a living tongue be the medium of interpretation; and as every student and every lover of classic lore must be interested in such a work,—we are sure that no apology is necessary for our giving an account of the plan and its execution, as far as we can judge from the few numbers yet published; nay, we rather feel, that were we to pass over in silence such a vast and influential undertaking, we might be fairly expected to give some strong reasons for such an omission.

The present publication, of which only three numbers have as yet appeared, is a reprint of the original 'Thesaurus,' with selections from the numerous additamenta of Valpy's edition, and fresh contributions from many of the leading scholars of Europe. The principal editor is M. Hase, assisted by M. de Sinner and M. Fix. Hase* is known in the literary world as having edited 'Leo Diaconus,' for the new edition of the Byzantine Historians; De Sinner has published an edition of 'Longus,' and of 'Buondelmonti de Insul. Archipel.'; and Fix was, we believe, a pupil of Hermann.

The wisdom or utility of reprinting any work of some centuries old, when the subject of it has been progressively improving, must always be very questionable. In the case of a Greek Lexicon, published more than two hundred and sixty years ago, when the philosophy of language and the great principles of etymology were little

* M. Hase entitles himself, Instituti Regii Franciæ Socius, in Schola Regia Polytechnica Regiaque Speciali Linguarum Orientalium Professor, In Bibliothecæ Regiæ parte Codd. MSS., complectente Conservator adjunctus, &c. &c.

understood,

understood, and when the internal structure and analogies of ancient Greek were so much less known than they now are, to republish it, with all its errors and defects, would seem to be a downright absurdity. And yet, whenever any new edition of the 'Thesaurus' has been talked of, it has been a very generally expressed wish among scholars, an almost *sine qua non*, that whatever additions might be made, the original should be reprinted entire and unmutilated. Now as long as this is made the basis of any new edition, as it was in Valpy's, and as it is in the present, so long will it go on to be '*rudis indigestaque moles*,' a mazy labyrinth of valuable matter without system or arrangement, and requiring to be entirely remodelled before it can be anything like what it ought to be. It may be said, perhaps, in defence of this plan, that although in both the modern editions each article is first given with any errors and defects, as Stephens left it, yet it is immediately followed by other paragraphs, correcting the one and supplying the other. But why, it may be asked, reprint in the beginning of an article what is now an acknowledged error, merely to correct it at the end? Why leave deficiencies in one paragraph to fill them up in another? Why give, in one page, etymologies or meanings now known to be incorrect, only to demolish them in the succeeding one? Why give derivative and secondary senses before the primitive and original, only to have to reverse them before the ink is dry? And yet all this and more than this is done in both the English and French editions of the 'Thesaurus,' for no other reason, that we can see, but to preserve and perpetuate errors because they are the errors of a Stephanus, who, if he had enjoyed the half of our advantages, would never have committed them, and if he could now see them, would most assuredly draw his pen through them. It strikes us, that the only wise and useful way of republishing the 'Thesaurus' would be to give such an edition of it as we may suppose Stephens would now give, if he were alive to superintend it. And the editor who cannot be trusted to do this, is not fit to be the editor of the 'Thesaurus' in any shape.

Although the new editors have engaged to preserve entire the matter of Stephens, even restoring some alterations made in the English edition, they have however ventured on making one most material change in Stephens's plan; they have adopted the alphabetical arrangement of words, instead of the etymological system of the original. Of this alteration we decidedly approve, as contributing to the ease and convenience with which the 'Thesaurus' may be consulted; and though there is much to be said in favour of the more philosophical arrangement, and some may still prefer it,

it, yet we have no doubt but that it will be considered a great improvement by a very large majority of the classical world.

When the editors had adopted this alteration, one should have supposed that their first thought would have been how they might supply the void made in the etymological department by this their change of plan, and that they would have laid down for themselves some general rule for attaching the derivation to each word now separated from its family and connexions. But through the first number, and nearly to the end of the second, there is no appearance of their having given this a thought; consequently, some few words have a derivation as originally given by Stephens, a very few others have it added by the new editors, and the greater part have *none at all.* Towards the end of the second number, they seem to have bethought themselves of the necessity of some such plan; and through the third they have generally imitated Passow, by adding the derivation *in curved brackets*, immediately after the word, and before any of its significations. As they have thus early adopted a most excellent model, we should not have mentioned the subject, but that they have adopted it *only in part*; they have not followed Passow's whole plan, than which we know not a better. The part which they have omitted is this,—that when the derivation, from being doubtful or disputed, is too long to be placed at the beginning of the article, Passow places it at the end, so that we know at once where to look for it. For want of this simple device, the scholar, who happens to be looking for a questionable etymon in the new 'Thesaurus,' must wade through the whole of a long article, consisting of perhaps many paragraphs, before he can be sure that he has all the derivations which the article contains,—as, possibly, two or three separate paragraphs may each furnish a different one.

There is another blemish of a different kind, and of less importance, (some, indeed, may not think it a blemish,) arising from the attempt to distinguish all the interpolations and additions from the original matter of Stephens, and each from the other. The principle of this scheme is in itself so fair, and the means of effecting it are apparently so easy, that there would seem to be no reasonable objection to it: and yet, when carried into effect, it renders the present edition a most unsightly work, and is frequently very puzzling and perplexing to the eye of the reader: a considerable part of almost every article being so filled with round, and square, and single, and double brackets, one within the other, that it requires extraordinary care and considerable practice to wind one's way safely among them.

Another branch of this same principle is productive of much more

more serious and extensive mischief. The three editors are to have, it seems, each his contribution inserted in a separate paragraph;* consequently, instead of an article consisting of one congruous and well-digested account, compiled from the various contributions of different editors and scholars, we have a number of different unconnected paragraphs, of which a very considerable part is superfluous little better than tautology. First, we have whatever Stephens has said on the word, whether right or wrong, interlarded with every imaginable variety of brackets. Next comes, perhaps, a paragraph abridged from the English edition, together with contributions of Schaefer, Valckenaer, &c., embracing much curious and valuable information, but a considerable proportion of it fitter for the notes of a new edition of Hesychius than for one of Stephanus. Then follows a quarter or half a page of quotations from Ast's 'Lexicon Platonicum' (not selected, but transcribed), nineteen-twentieths of which give *no new meaning or construction.* Then comes another long catalogue of quotations, by De Sinner or Fix, with some valuable points of information amidst a heap of useless repetitions. And very frequently, to crown the whole, comes Hase with a fresh list of quotations (*ohe! jam satis!*) from some of the ecclesiastical writers, with whom he seems very familiar, introduced for no reason, that we can fancy, but to show that Libanius or Basil used the word in the same common and usual sense that Plato or Xenophon had done before. Now surely, as we said in our XLIVth Number, in examining Valpy's Stephanus, when two or three good authorities have been given for a meaning, it is childish trifling, nay worse, it is mere book-making, to lengthen *that* section by further quotations. It cannot, for instance, be of the slightest use to give nearly half a folio page of quotations and references, taken indiscriminately from a 'Lexicon Platonicum,' to show that so plain and common a word as ἀδικέω means *injuste facio*, or *lædo, violo, noceo*—senses established by more than sufficient authorities in the paragraph preceding. Nor is this a rare instance; it occurs in almost every other page, in ἀδικία, ἄδικος, ἀδύνατος, ἀδάνατος, &c. Nor can it be necessary for M. Hase, in such plain words as ἀβαρὴς, ἀγύμναστος, ἀθεότης, and we might mention fifty more, to cite a

* The present editors have, it is true, improved much on their English predecessors: these inserted whole paragraphs and pages of contributions from different scholars; while the Parisians have certainly much compressed and curtailed them; but still they have not done enough. If they had carefully examined every article before it went to press, they might have omitted pages of useless repetition and tautology; we should not then have in a paragraph of one editor, a heap of quotations to prove or illustrate what had been satisfactorily and sufficiently done in a preceding paragraph by his brother editor.

heap

heap of quotations from Plutarch, after Aristotle had been given before; and this, not to introduce any new meaning or construction, but actually prefacing his paragraph by '*sensu proprio* Plutarchus—*sensu proprio* Hermes Trismegistus!' What a thing 'of shreds and patches' poor Stephanus will become!

It will be readily supposed, that amidst all this pic-nic of scholars and editors, it is quite out of the question to expect that, when we search for a word, we shall find its original sense the first. Nothing like it. Its original sense will be found quite as likely, or more so, in the middle or at the end of an article. Nor are we to expect, that an authority quoted is one of the earliest or purest in which the word occurs. Far from it. The word may have been perhaps used in the same sense by Homer; but the authority is more likely to be Philo. Many of these latter defects are not, be it remembered, to be attributed so much to the editors themselves, as to the unfortunate plan which they and their advisers have thought fit to adopt in *reprinting* Stephanus. Those, for instance, which we have last mentioned, are defects in the original; and a *reprint* of the original, with additions affixed to different articles, must necessarily contain all its defects, and in cases, particularly, of mal-arrangement, an accumulation of others. At the same time it would be unfair not to add, that we have found many useful and able paragraphs, showing extensive reading, and containing scholar-like remarks, particularly some by Fix, who appears to be not so long-winded as his colleagues. But now a word or two as to the length and cost of this new edition.

It may be recollected, that in our XLIVth Number we found it necessary to animadvert in pretty strong terms on the very lengthy manner in which the English editors began their edition of this same 'Thesaurus,' and our animadversions had so far the desired effect, that the numbers published after the appearance of our article were surprisingly and advantageously curtailed. The present editors are not indeed to be compared to their English friends, in this respect, but still their labours will admit of great cutting down, and their work would be in every respect improved by the operation. But, indeed, some very considerable curtailment must be effected in the future numbers, if the work is to be brought within anything like the limits which the editors have laid down. Let us calculate, as nearly as we can, what length the book threatens to reach. The change from the etymological to the alphabetical arrangement precludes our forming any comparison between this and the original: but we may draw a fair guess from examining it along with the last edition

edition of Passow. Each of the three first numbers of the 'Thesaurus' contains 160 folio pages, and the editors promise to finish it in 28 numbers, consequently the whole work should be only 4480 pages. The three numbers, containing 480 pages, reach to αἴθων. Now Passow, at αἴθων, has advanced only 48 pages:—consequently, the new Stephens is just ten times as long as Passow; and, carrying on the proportion, as Passow's Lexicon is 1500 pages, the Stephens will be 15,000. Dividing this by 160, the amount of pages in each number, we have rather more than 93 numbers, instead of the promised 28. We were so surprised at the results of this calculation, that we tried it by the last edition of Schneider and by Hederic, in both of which the result was still higher. The cost of so voluminous a work will, of course, exceed in the same proportion the price at which the editors put it in their Prospectus: it will be but a trifle under that of the English edition which their own prospectus so clamorously denounces.

Nor are the editors much nearer their promises as to the time within which their *opus magnum* is to be completed. Their first number, according to the Prospectus published in 1830, was to appear in April, 1831, and from that time the work was to proceed at the rate of six or eight numbers in the year. We are writing in February 1834, and as yet we have heard of only four numbers (the fourth we have not seen); at this rate the publication will be finished about A.D. 1900. However, as only four numbers have yet been published—these editors have time enough before them to profit by experience and advice; and most earnestly do we intreat them, as they value the character of their work, to cut down, with unsparing hand, all useless excrescences. We know how difficult it is to do this—how invidious a task it is to curtail or omit the contributions of kind literary friends; but, however unpleasant, it must be done. We observe the editors mention, among a host of contributors, (and, to our great astonishment, mention it as matter of joy and congratulation,) that Professor Struve, of Königsberg, has sent them eleven hundred articles on different words beginning with *alpha!* We should have rather expected them to exclaim, as Pyrrhus did, after a dear-bought victory,—'A few more such, and we are ruined.'

We have hitherto noticed only the defects arising principally from the absurd plan of giving a *reprint* of the original, and the tautology caused by the still more absurd plan of the different editors contributing separate paragraphs to form one article. We will now add a few specimens of the imperfect manner in which the

the editors have used the means which are, or ought to have been, within their reach. We have hitherto spoken of redundancies, we shall have now to speak of deficiencies.

The first word in the lexicon, ἀάατος, is a striking proof of both;—of much admitted, which is unprofitable, and everything omitted which could elucidate its meaning. It is rendered *noxius* and *innoxius;* and then comes all the nonsense from Eustathius and the scholia of two alphas privative destroying each other—of the possibility of its meaning in the same passage, *carens noxâ*, or, ironically, *valde noxius*, &c. &c. Now there are two scholars, by whom the word had been handled in a masterly and satisfactory manner,—viz., Passow, in his Lexicon, and Buttmann, in his Lexilogus: yet the former is not once thought of; the latter, who has discussed the word in all its bearings, so as to leave nothing to be desired, is just referred to in a most meagre and slovenly manner: 'Diverso tamen modo Buttmann,' &c. &c. Now can anything be more careless than, in so copious a work as this new 'Thesaurus,' which professes and ought to give the best and most ample information, to put the student off with a mere reference to a work *written in German?* We have not time or space to give Buttmann's masterly dissertation on this word, but must follow the example of the French editors; we do so, however, with the less reluctance, because we have heard that a translation of his Lexilogus into English is in a state of considerable forwardness.*

Again, in ἀάβακτοι, Buttmann has given, in a very few words, a far more satisfactory account of its formation and meaning, than Stephanus and all his editors together; and yet we have drily 'Cfr. Buttmanni Lexil., i. 233;' the obvious interpretation of the brief hint being that Buttmann's opinion would be found confirmatory of what had gone before; whereas, in this and many other instances, it is *decidedly the contrary.*

The same may be said of ἀβληχρὸς, ἀγοστέω, ἄγρα, ἀείδελος, ἄητος, and αἴητος, of ἀδέω, &c.; under the last of which words we find the following curious recommendation,—'Buttm. Lexil. cujus totum legas,' &c. &c. One should almost be inclined to suppose that the editors were ignorant of Buttmann's work being written in German. If not, they must suppose the generality of their

* Buttmann's Lexilogus is a most able disquisition on the derivation, formation, and meaning of a number of doubtful words and passages in Homer, and contains, in two small unpretending volumes, a deeper and more critical knowledge of Greek, more extensive research, and more sound judgment, than we ever remember to have seen in any one work before. Though it is primarily a criticism on Homer, yet it is not confined to his poems; for every author, and every passage, and every analogy which the whole range of Greek literature can furnish as illustration or example, is brought to bear on the old epic language with a talent and by a memory surpassed (if surpassed) only in Porson himself.

readers

readers to understand that language: and this idea would seem to be confirmed by their having copied Ἀγροκήπιον from Schneider's Lexicon, and given the whole explanation in German,—either not taking the trouble, or not thinking it necessary to translate it. Indeed, unless it were translated better than that of Ἀγωνιστικος is, it were better left undone. They say—

'Ἀγωνιστικὸς ap. Galen. et recentiores Medicos, Strenuus, Fortis, Audax, Momentum habens: Schneid. Lex.'

Schneider's interpretation is, in fact, *bold and decisive;* a meaning which it would be difficult to collect from the vague epithets of the Parisian editors.

We cannot think ἀβίαστος done with due care and accuracy. We have first the original article of Stephens, with rather less than its usual complement of single and double brackets within each other, and then a fresh paragraph begins thus:—'= Ineluctabilis, cui obsisti non potest, Severianus Gabal.' who speaks of the Creator of the world as ὁ νεύματι ἀβίαστος, &c. Then follow three ¶s, each of which, according to the Preface, indicates some—'Nova vocabuli significatio a nobis demum observata.' The first of these newly-discovered significations is, 'inviolatus,' which is not new, for it is mentioned in the paragraph preceding. An authority is given from St. Basil; and then follow five other quotations from ecclesiastical writers, in every one of which the word does not mean *inviolatus*, but has the ordinary sense of *non coactus*. The second ¶ is, 'Sensu theologico, Qui fruitur libero arbitrio. S. Joann. Climac.' &c. Now, in what this new meaning differs from the old one of *non coactus, spontaneus*, we confess we are not casuists enough to discover. The third ¶ is, 'Exquisitum et proprium vocabulum de non coactâ explicandi ratione, ubi nulla inferenda sit vis verbis ab interpretibus: Euseb. Præpar. Evang.,' &c. In short, this is the old meaning again of *non coactus* applied to language, as all the world say an expression or interpretation *not forced, but natural;* a meaning given, forty years ago, by Ernesti, in his 'Lexicon Rhetoricum,' and exemplified by αβ. χάρις, a natural, unforced beauty: Dionys. in Jud. Demosth. xxxviii. p. 1071.

We did expect to find under ἄβιος at least a hint that the meanings of 'sine arcu,' (βιὸς,) and of 'invalidus,' or 'validus,' (βία, with α priv. or intens.) are more than doubtful; but we have only a reference to Valckenaer ad Theocr. Adoniaz., p. 215. And it would have been as well if we had been told that ἀβίων, in Il. v. 6, is undoubtedly the name (not the epithet) of a Thracian or Scythian people, and not have been left to guess the probability of such a thing from the mention of a passage of Strabo, or Epiphanius, or Ptolemy, *at the end of the article;* particularly as all these points had

had been cleared up, as long ago as 1819, in the first edition of Passow.

'Αβροτάζω is left with the old foolish meaning and derivation of '*τὸ βροτοῦ ἀποτυγχάνειν ἐν ὁδῷ*,' or '*τὸ ἐν ἀβρότῃ ἀποπλανᾶσθαι*—in nocte evagari.' Reference is given by Fix to the Lexilogus, as if in confirmation of the above; but not one word of Buttmann's opinion, which entirely demolishes these meanings and derivations, cuts off all connexion between *ἀβροτάζω* and *ἄβροτος*, and satisfactorily traces a chain from *ἁμαρτάνω*, *ἥμαρτον*, *ἤμβροτον* to *ἀβροτάζω*. Again, in *ἀβροτήμων*, not a word is said of its connexion with *ἁμαρτάνω*.

Under *ἄβροτος*, M. Hase has another notable ¶, giving, as a new meaning, 'carens mortalibus.' We have only to remark, that this *new* meaning may be found in the original Stephanus, in Scapula, and in Hederic; but that it ought not to be found in a new edition of Stephanus, without our being told that it is now universally exploded as a false signification; and that the authority quoted from the Prometheus is now universally admitted to be a corrupt reading.

'*Ἀγαπητῶς*, vix. Quamvis locutionis ratio non adpareret, satis est usum sic jubere.' We, on the contrary, think the reason very apparent, and to be traced very satisfactorily. We know that *ἀγαπητὸν ἐστι*, like *ἀγαπητέον*, meant in Xenophon and Demosthenes, *one must be well contented;* and hence the meaning of *ἀγαπητῶς*, which, strictly speaking, is not *vix*, though that idea is implied. Thus, *τὴν εἰρήνην ἐποιήσασθε ἀγ.*, 'you thought yourselves lucky in having made peace.' Demosth. *Διεσώθημεν ἀγ. καὶ μόλις*, Aristid. We see here plainly what the true meaning of *ἀγαπητῶς* is, and how that of 'vix' comes to be mixed up with it.

'*Αδημονέω* and its derivatives are not accurately rendered in Stephanus, nor, indeed, in any of our lexicons. 'Animo concido, terreor, terrefio, pavesco;' and 'sollicitudine affici, angi,' are expressions too general to give a definite idea of the meaning of the word; and we wonder that, as M. de Sinner has made a good use of Buttmann in stating its probable *derivation*, he did not add Buttmann's explanation of its *meaning*,—which had, indeed, been before given in Photii Lexicon—*τὸ ἀπορεῖν καὶ ἀμηχανεῖν*—*to be in perplexity—not to know what to think or how to act.*

But it is unnecessary to pursue this examination further: from the extracts which we have given, our readers will be able to judge for themselves. These gentlemen may yet, if they will listen to advice, and profit by experience, go a great way towards retrieving the character of their work: the unfortunate plan which they have adopted will always be a great obstacle to their best exertions; but still, by care and accuracy, they may make up for much im-

perfection, and leave a monument of their talents and industry, creditable to themselves, and generally useful to Greek literature.

We come now to the Greek-and-English Lexicon, which stands last at the head of our article, and which we have placed there for two reasons, principally for its connexion with Greek-and-German lexicography, but also because it is the best specimen that we have seen of a Greek-and-English lexicon—which, unfortunately, is saying little for it. Of this work two editions have been published—the first in 1826, the second in 1831—of both which it will be necessary to speak somewhat in detail. We will begin with the former. When we first heard of *a lexicon taken from Schneider*, we were on the tiptoe of expectation, knowing the intrinsic excellence of our German friend, whom we had been in the habit of consulting for some years. As soon as we had possession of our new prize, we naturally turned to the title-page, and there, to our great astonishment, we read, 'A new Greek-and-English Lexicon, principally *on the plan* of the Greek-and-German Lexicon of Schneider.'—On the plan of Schneider!!! The *only* point of similarity between Donnegan's and Schneider's lexicons, as far as we have been able to discover, is in neither of them having any particular plan or arrangement at all. If there be any difference, it is in favour of Schneider, who *does* sometimes divide and number the different meanings of a word, and occasionally traces the derivative sense from the primitive. Donnegan never numbers the different significations of a word: he has indeed two marks which seem to denote some difference of signification, viz. a semicolon and a dash (thus —); but these marks are used so indiscriminately, with such want of decision and knowledge, or of care, that we can never be sure what they are intended to denote. They are sometimes placed between different meanings, sometimes between modifications of the same meaning, and sometimes between *meanings in which there is no difference at all*. We need not give instances of this—for they are to be found in almost every page. But Dr. Donnegan did see in Schneider's *want of plan* one very considerable inconvenience, which he has avoided—only to fall into another as great if not greater.

'Schneider,' he says in his preface, 'by intermingling examples, critical remarks, and etymological observations, with the significations of his words, has frequently separated the various meanings to such a distance from each other that they are with difficulty traceable.'

To obviate this inconvenience, Dr. Donnegan gives the different meanings in uninterrupted succession, and afterwards adds, at the end of each article, (where he thinks it necessary,) some examples, with a translation of each, to explain or illustrate any striking or peculiar meanings. Now we find this plan quite as inconvenient

as

as Schneider's confusion, and more unsatisfactory, to say nothing of its adding unnecessarily to the size of the lexicon; because, in this case, either the same meaning must be repeated, first as an interpretation of the word—and then annexed to the quotation *—or the quotation itself must be always translated, a thing generally unnecessary when it follows close on the signification of which it is the authority. For the student who consults Donnegan, if not fully satisfied with his intepretation of a word, as given generally without any authority affixed to it, must proceed to wade through a string of sentences in search of authority or explanation, where he finds no distinguishing mark to point out with which meaning each quotation is connected, and of which it is an illustration or peculiarity. If Donnegan had chosen to adopt this plan, he should have imitated the example of Ainsworth, in his Latin-and-English dictionary, which we are sometimes inclined to think as good as any. Had he done so, marking each distinct set of meanings 1, 2, 3, &c., and then each authority or quotation 1, 2, 3, &c., as they referred respectively to each meaning, the student might have easily cast his eyes from the one to the other, as we have all done in Ainsworth, with ease and convenience.

Or should it be said that Schneider's *plan*, as adopted by Donnegan, consists (we still quote from the title-page) in 'distinguishing such words as are poetical, of dialectic variety, or peculiar to certain writers or classes of writers,'—we answer, that though there may be here and there instances of such distinction marked both in Schneider and Donnegan, yet these instances are so few and far between, so rare in comparison of what they might and ought to be, that they would seem to have come there more by some lucky chance than from any regular plan or system. In Schneider, indeed, we are frequently able to ascertain, to a certain extent, what expressions are poetical or prosaic by the authorities given: but this is an advantage of course less frequent in Donnegan, where the authorities are scattered with a much more sparing hand. So much for Donnegan's *plan*.

And next, a little as to the matter. To Schneider, he fairly confesses, in his first preface, that his lexicon is indebted for its most valuable matter; but he, at the same time, assures us,

'that in collecting materials for this first edition, neither time nor labour has been spared; the classical Greek writers have been carefully studied, the works of eminent lexicographers consulted, and information sought in the writings of the most celebrated critics and philosophers of our own and of neighbouring countries.'

This sounds well: but where are the fruits of the preface-writer's

* Should any one wish to see this plan of Donnegan most absurdly exemplified, let him consult his lexicon, second edition, at ἀναλλάσσω.

labour and research? We have not met with them in any one page of his book. We have carefully examined a very large portion of his lexicon, comparing it article by article, and page by page, with Schneider—and we will venture to assert that, while almost every error, mistake, or defect of Schneider is too faithfully copied, everything *worth having*, which Donnegan's boasted researches have added to the valuable matter of Schneider, might be put in a nut-shell,—aye, and leave room enough for the kernel. Dr. Donnegan entitles his book, 'A new Greek-and-English Lexicon, *principally on the plan* of the Greek-and-German Lexicon of Schneider,' &c.: but a more correct title would have been, 'An abridged translation of Schneider, with a few alterations and additions adding little or nothing to the value of the original.' As *a translation*, we should say that, in very ordinary cases, it is pretty faithfully done, but that in points of the least doubt or difficulty (and of course these are of constant occurrence) it is extremely faulty and defective. We should say that Dr. Donnegan has a sufficient command of English for ordinary matters, and a general knowledge of German, quite enough for the adequate rendering of any common work; and that as for his Greek—wherever an accurate or critical knowledge of the language is necessary; wherever there is required a nice discrimination of the force of particles or prepositions—an acquaintance with the analogies or a philosophical view of the internal structure of the language;—there either Dr. Donnegan's Greek breaks down under him, and leads him into sad mistakes, or (which is most generally the case) he leaves the difficulty as he found it. We must do him the justice to say that he does not seem conceited of his own powers, for he almost always follows Schneider most implicitly; but where he does venture to throw his original aside and trust to himself, we have invariably reason to regret that he has done so. In one respect, however, it were to be wished that the writer of the magniloquent preface above quoted had not always trusted to Schneider; it were to be wished that, in composing his lexicon, he *had* made a point of consulting and examining the original Greek authors, and comparing *them* with the German interpretations, rather than contenting himself with rendering *at once from the German lexicographer;* if he had done so, he might have avoided numberless inaccuracies and mistranslations,* of which he has been guilty—he could not have perpetuated, as he has done, all the mistakes of Schneider—and above all, he would not have loaded so many of his articles with an accumulation of unnecessary meanings.

* And yet what hope is there of one who, from poverty of mind or want of language, can translate the ἄγαμοι γάμοι of the Œdip. Tyrannus, by 'unhappily married,' and the δῦναι τἰτύσσειν of the Philoctetes, by 'an unfortunate dwelling'?

But

But let us now come to the Second Edition. It is evident, from every page and line of Dr. Donnegan's first edition, that he had never seen Passow's lexicon, although the first part of it appeared as early as 1819, and the English lexicon not until 1826. But in this second edition, Dr. Donnegan has had the advantage of Passow's labours. One thing, however, rather puzzles us: we hardly know whether Donnegan understood Passow's system of arrangement or not. That he did not see its value, or appreciate it as he might, we are quite sure, both from the way in which he speaks of it in his second preface, (if indeed he does speak of it there, of which we are far from clear,) and because *he has only followed it in the former half of his re-edited lexicon.* The latter half, from λ inclusive, is, as to anything like arrangement, precisely as Schneider left it. But more of this hereafter. Let us first see what account Donnegan himself gives in his preface, of the improvement of this second edition. 'Attention,' he says, 'has been most particularly directed to correct any deviation from the natural or philosophical arrangement of the meanings of words.' Now, who would imagine from this that Donnegan's first edition was composed without the slightest regard to, or knowledge of, any natural or philosophical arrangement whatever; and that this second edition—(or rather the first half of it)—is drawn up with slavish fidelity on that most admirable and systematic arrangement of Passow, which we have a few pages back described? We are justified, therefore, in saying, when he penned this preface he either did not understand the plan he was adopting, or contrived so to write as to take to himself the merit due to Passow. But in truth we cannot pass over, without censuring, in the strongest language we are capable of, Dr. Donnegan's most unfair and unhandsome conduct in not having *distinctly acknowledged* the advantages which he has derived from Passow's lexicon. He has adopted Passow's arrangement—copied—translated from him as he had done before from Schneider—and yet never had the honesty to give the slightest acknowledgment. It is true that the name of Passow occurs in a few scattered instances, (under ἄγκυρα, for example,) but then in so short and unintelligible a manner as to be hardly observable; and so very rarely does even this occur, that any one who recognizes the name of Passow could only suppose that Donnegan had borrowed from him a few scattered hints, instead of having made his lexicon the foundation of his second edition. Is this fair or honourable? Is it like a gentleman or a scholar? Again, he says,—

'Above 200 pages of entirely new matter have been added to the present edition. Half the work has been re-written, and THE ENTIRE *newly*

newly modelled, in conformity with *the general plan*, but with much improvement and simplification in the details.'

We very sorry to say, the truth, and the whole truth is, that Donnegan has *re-written and re-modelled only the first half of this second edition*, altering, and amending, and enlarging it *after Passow*, of whom it is now almost as exact an abridged translation as the first edition was of Schneider—excepting in some articles, where the one is added to the other, and where, accordingly, between both, much superfluous interpretation and almost inextricable confusion are necessarily produced.* Now, of the '200 pages of entirely new matter,' or, to speak accurately, of the 219 pages by which this second edition exceeds the first, 211 are contained in the former half to K inclusive, and the latter half is increased by only the remaining eight: and so far from this latter having been 'newly modelled, in conformity with the general plan,'—(Qu., what is this plan?)—there are not a dozen alterations, or amendments, or corrections, through the whole of it, excepting in the beginning of each letter, and in the particles and prepositions, which are greatly enlarged, but always 'duce et auspice' Passow. Why Dr. Donnegan stopped

* As an instance of the bungling manner in which Dr. Donnegan compounds a mixture of Schneider and Passow, we copy, word for word, from his second edition, the following:—

'Ἀάατος, ον, adj., that cannot be injured or violated, inviolable, *Il.* 14, 271., *as an epithet of the waters of Styx, the sanction of an inviolable oath*—invulnerable, invincible, *Apoll.* 2, 77. not injurious, irreproachable, hence honourable, worthy, *viz. a contest, Ody.* 21, 91. *and* 22, 5. *Schn. L. Supplem. or in the first sense* irrevocable, *or* decisive *as to the result, Schn. L. ed. Pass.* injurious, or highly injurious, *Apollon.* 1, 459. ¶ *In Ody.* 21, 91. *s. s. as* πολυβλαβής, *from the force of the double α or α augm. or for* ἄγαν, *Eustath. yet in Ody.* 21, 91. *perhaps* invincible, *or* difficult to be achieved, *for Antinous adds* οὐ γάρ, &c., for I do not think that this well-polished bow can be easily strung. Ody. 22, 5. innocuous, *relatively to that which was to follow, viz. the attack on the suitors.* ¶ *Damm gives as primary sense*, undeceiving, and so understands it Ody. 21, 91. and ironically, 22, 5. deriving it from α priv. ἄτη. Th. α priv. ἀτάω from ἀάω, or α priv. ἀάω, Buttmann Lexil. s. 231.

Again—

'Ἄατος, ον, adj. s. s. as ἀάατος, highly injurious, Apollon. 1, 459. see ἀάατος. Th. (in the latter sense) α augm. ἀάω to injure. ‡‡ ἄατος or ἄτος, insatiable, Hes. Theog. 714. and Sc. Herc. 55, and 101. with a genit. Th. (ἀάω) ἄω, to satiate. ‡‡ s. s. as ἄητος from ἄημι, ἄω, to blow.

It would be waste of time and paper to criticise such a mishmash of sense and nonsense as this. We will rather give what a very little common sense and a very moderate knowledge of Greek might (with the help of Passow and Buttmann) have easily produced:—

'Ἀάατος, ὁ, ἡ, (Th. ἀάω, to hurt,) that cannot be hurt with impunity, inviolable, Il. ξ, 271. That cannot be overcome or accomplished without difficulty, Ody. φ, 91. χ, 5. But Buttmann, in his Lexil. 1, p. 232, understands the word, in all three passages, more in a moral sense, as what ought not to be hurt or violated—ought not to be treated with slight or contempt. In Apoll. Rh. 2, 77, it is used in the former sense of invulnerable, invincible.

Ἄατος, ὁ, ἡ, contr. ἄτος (Th. ἄω, ἄσαι, to satiate,) insatiable, πολέμοιο, Hes. Theog. 714. Scut. 59. Ἄατος is for ἄητος, Quint. Sm. 1, 217.

short

short after he had re-modelled the half of his work,—why he published it thus imperfect, may perhaps puzzle the uninitiated; but we have no doubt that the simple fact is,—a second edition was wanted when only the half had been re-written; and we venture to guess that a third edition is *now* in hand, in which the latter half will one day appear corresponding with the former. In this there would have been nothing to blame, had the preface told us exactly how the matter stood; but it remains for Dr. Donnegan to explain how he dared to talk of his lexicon as being 'entirely re-modelled,' when, in fact, only one half of the work had been so dealt with!

It would be unnecessary to go into detail through all the improvements and corrections which Donnegan has made in this his second edition. Suffice it to say, that for all of them (and they are really numerous and considerable) he is indebted to Passow; so that, instead of calling the book a *second edition of Donnegan's lexicon*, we should term the former half of it an abridged translation of Passow, and the latter an abridged translation of Schneider.

But now comes the main question. Has Donnegan made the most of the advantages furnished him either by Schneider or by Passow? we must answer decidedly in the negative. His lexicon is full of inaccuracies and faults, and some of them are so radical that nothing less than an entire and careful examination of the whole, with a constant reference to the original authors, and a re-modelling and re-writing of every article of any length, by a more skilful hand than Donnegan's, can ever thoroughly correct it. The main and constantly recurring faults are—

1st. Mis-translations of Schneider's and Passow's German, and a frequent want of precision in giving the exact meaning of a word or of a quotation.

2nd. An unnecessary number of meanings, either by the use of many synonymous words, by refining too much on the real meaning, and thus frittering it away, by giving too vague * and general an interpretation, or by expressing qualities which may be in the thing signified, but are not in the *sense* of the word.†

* For instance βαρυαχὴς ought to have some more definite meaning than 'grievous, distressing, Soph. Œ. C. 1561.' The same may be said of βαρύθυμος. Again, Eurip. Herc. Fur. 1098, calls arrows, πτερωτὰ ἴγχη, winged spears. But this does not justify the German lexicographer, nor his copyist Donnegan, in giving as a meaning of ἴγχος, a weapon in general.

† We point to such words as ἄστομος, rendered by Donnegan, 'unpalatable—bitter, acid, tasteless.' These three last interpretations are not the meaning of the word. A thing which is ἄστομος, unpalatable, may be acid or luciously sweet, or bitter, or sour, or tasteless,—but these qualities, though either of them may exist in the thing signified, are not, therefore, *in the word*.

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These striking defects might have been avoided—and could only have been so—by carefully examining the original authors—which the preface says the Doctor had done! In proof of our assertions, we need only turn over a few pages, and we find,—

'Ἀβοατὶ—without noise or struggle, Pind. Nem. 8, 15.' It should be, without a summons or invitation.

'Ἀβουκόλητος,—inconsiderate, not circumspect, Æschyl. Supp. 942.' It should be, disregarded.

'Ἀγάζομαι and ἄγαμαι' are not, strictly speaking, '*to wonder at*,' but to admire; and so Schneider and Passow render them, but Donnegan has mistaken *bewundern* for *verwundern*.

'Ἀγαλματοφορέω,—to carry a statue, or as a statue is carried.' It should be, *literally, to carry a statue, but generally used metaphorically*, τινὰ ἀγ. *to carry the image of a person in the mind:* Philo passim.

Ἄγευστος does not signify in Xen. Mem., 'inexperienced, unenjoyed, or untried.' It is precisely the same expression and the same meaning as Donnegan had before given, and for which he had quoted as his authority Soph. Ant. 583. The one is ἄγευστος κακῶν, the other ἄγ. τερπνῶν, not having tasted or experienced. Donnegan did not see the distinction between the active and the passive meaning of this word.

Ἀγλαΐα is not at Ody. 17, 244, nor elsewhere, that we have ever heard of, 'arrogance or insolence.' In that passage it is, festive revelling.

Ἀγλαίζω is not in 'Theocr. Epig. 1, 4, to decorate with a laurel crown.' The sentence is, The Delphic Rock τοῦτο τοὶ ἀγλάϊσε, made this splendid for thee, produced it to decorate thee,—the literal meaning of the word being *to make splendid*.

Ἀγνοέω.—Donnegan has translated Il. β. 807, Ἕκτωρ δ' οὔτι θεᾶς ἔπος ἠγνοίησεν, 'he attended not to the word of the goddess.' And from this passage, and Schneider's translation of it in the supplement to his lexicon, he has given as one of the meanings of ἀγνοέω, 'not to follow.' Had he examined Homer, and not blindly translated from Schneider, who is frequently much too free in his interpretations, he would have seen that there is no occasion for travelling out of the plain road to find the sense of this passage: it is the common meaning of the word, *not to know, not to understand*. Hector was not ignorant of what the goddess meant, fully understood it. This interpretation explains the passage intelligibly, and is in perfect accordance with the other lines in which Homer uses it.

As to the second defect which we mentioned, that of giving an unnecessary number of meanings, we may see it exemplified in Ἀγήνωρ,

'Αγήνωρ,* under which we find no less than thirteen (not different meanings, but) different words of interpretation for Homer and Pindar; as thus—'most manly, brave, valiant, courageous, noble—Pindar; haughty, arrogant, insolent, daring, rash, headstrong; strong—Ody.; great—Pindar'!!! We pity the unfortunate schoolboy who is expected to form some precise idea of the sense of ἀγήνωρ from this heterogeneous mixture of similar and dissimilar meanings. What must he think of the vagueness and inaccuracy of ancient Greek? It is enough to disgust him with it for ever. Of these thirteen interpretations, there is not one which fully and truly expresses the meaning of the word. *High-spirited* will perhaps come nearest to it, and will suit every passage in the Iliad, and many in the Odyssey; and where, in the latter, it is used in a sense rather vituperative, as applied to the suitors, we may render it by *licentious*. In Pindar, it is used as the epithet of a high-spirited horse, and thence metaphorically applied to *things*, as being 'exceedingly (ἄγαν) splendid or magnificent,' *e. g.* πλοῦτος, μισθὸς, κόμπος.

Again ἁγνὸς is rendered by Donnegan

'meriting worship or veneration: hence, glorious, honourable, as a contest is, Pind.; sacred to the gods, holy as a festival, Ody. 21, 259; not to be approached by the profane, Soph. Œ. C. 38; undefiled, pure in a physical or moral sense, chaste, virginal, an epithet of Diana and Proserpine, Ody. 11. 385; morally good or irreproachable.'

Now multiply and subdivide as we will, ἁγνὸς can have but two meanings,—the first, sacred or holy; the second, free from all moral or physical impurity, *i. e.* pure and chaste. All beyond this is unnecessary, and can only serve to puzzle rather than explain.

If it were necessary, we might go on with ἁβρὸς, ἀγνώμων, ἀστεμφὴς, ἀστεῖος, ἀστικὸς, ἄφοβος, &c.† But we have done, and will close

* The origin of this would seem to be, that Donnegan, having too often no precise and definite idea of the meaning of a Greek word, is fearful that, in translating from the German lexicographer, he may omit any of its meanings, and therefore gives every sense and signification which the German words can by possibility bear; in doing which he wanders widely from the meaning of the original Greek. There is a ludicrous instance of his ignorance in 'Ανακαθεύδω, to sleep separately; to sleep out of one's house—to be fond of sleep—to sleep upon—sleep with another.' Only the two first are legitimate significations; whence the third came we cannot conjecture; the fourth is a false translation of Schneider's *über etwas einschlafen*, *i. e.* to fall asleep in the midst of doing a thing: the fifth is a false deduction from Schneider's quotation, ἀνεκάθευδε παρ' αὐτῷ, he *slept away from his own house*—*i. e.* at the sick person's.—Philostr. Apoll. 8, 7, 14.

† It would be wearying ourselves and our readers unnecessarily to make any extracts from, or throw away any criticism on, the latter half of Donnegan's Lexicon; it has all the imperfections of Schneider's want of arrangement, in addition to those which we have mentioned of the former half.

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our remarks by confessing that the predominant feeling of our mind, throughout this examination of Donnegan, has been disappointment,—disappointment, that with such materials before him, with such aids as Schneider and Passow might and ought to have been to him, he has not done more; or, rather, has done what he has done so imperfectly; that, setting out on the great principle of the absurdity of tracing the sense of one language through the medium of another into a third, he has been himself guilty of that very absurdity—guilty of translating from the German instead of the Greek, and thus making that the principal which ought to have been only an auxiliary, and hardly deigning to call in, even as auxiliaries, those who ought to have been principals. The consequences are, what must be always the consequences of such an unnatural order of proceeding, inaccuracy, defectiveness, and superfluity. And the sum of all, that which has given the keenest edge to our disappointment, is, that the misfortune must be, we fear, in this case, nearly irremediable—that future editions must increase rather than diminish the evil, for they cannot amend the inherent defects, nor remove faults ingrafted in the very groundwork of this Greek-and-English lexicon. Instead of serving, as we had hoped when we first saw it announced for publication, as a foundation on which to raise a goodly structure of Greek-and-English lexicography, it is so innately unsound, that whatever is raised on it must partake largely of its faults. Nothing but its being completely remodelled, and managed on a different plan and in a different manner, will ever make it extensively or permanently useful.

Having thus given an account of the different lexicons placed at the head of our article, and pointed out the merits and defects of each, we must sum up the whole, and endeavour to attain the great object which we have all along kept in view, by giving an outline of such a Greek-and-English lexicon as we would wish to see undertaken, being fully convinced that unless one be formed on this or some very similar plan, it cannot but fail.

We should begin then by saying, that we prefer the alphabetical arrangement of words to the etymological one, where the derivatives are arranged under their primitives. The latter may be the more philosophical, but every one knows that it is most inconvenient, while the former is the only one calculated for general use, and may be so managed—(the roots and the primitives being, for instance, placed in larger characters than the derivatives)—as to present almost all the advantages without any of the inconveniences of the former.

It should be an invariable rule in this commencement of a new line of lexicography, never to admit a meaning for which there is not

not some good and undoubted authority, and to affix to each meaning the authority on which it rests, or the passage from which it is drawn: of course, the earliest or best author should be preferred. By setting out on this plan, and regularly adhering to it, we shall be laying the only sure foundation for avoiding errors and mistranslations at first; for discovering and correctiug them when made: and preventing that endless multiplication of meanings, many of them tautologous or false, which now deluge our dictionaries, and only go on increasing with every fresh edition. It would then be seen, at the first glance, what authority there is for any sense; and should the inquirer question the fidelity or skill of the lexicographer, he could satisfy his doubts by referring to the author himself. If it be said, that a lexicon formed on such a plan as this would be too cumbrous and too expensive for general use, we answer, that the plan proposed is the only one calculated for preventing a lexicon becoming too extensive, by excluding everything not absolutely necessary; and that from a work of this kind would be formed, very soon and very easily, abridged editions to suit younger students and all who are willing to rely on the judgment of others, while the greater work would remain for more advanced scholars who think and examine for themselves. Besides, this part of the plan might be so modified, with very little or no injury to the work, or inconvenience to those who use it, that all apprehension of its too great bulk would vanish at once. For instance, in all common and useful meanings, where there can be no doubt, and where the author from whom the authority is taken is in every one's hands, as Homer, Xenophon, &c., a reference to the passage would be sufficient; in all unusual meanings, and where the author is not of every-day use, it would be better to give the example at length.

Every word should have its root attached to it, and, if possible, in such a way that both should be seen at the same glance; and if the quantity be marked, it will be a great additional convenience and advantage. The best general plan which we have seen for combining both these very desirable points is that of Passow. In his work, the root is added in curved brackets immediately after the word; and the quantity of the doubtful vowel or vowels is marked, wherever it is possible, over the word itself—as in Maltby's Thesaurus; but where this is prevented by the accent, it is added at the end of the article in square brackets, as thus:—

'Αδαΐος, ὁ, ἡ, (α priv. and δαΐος) not hostile, &c. [⏑⏑⏑]

Where the derivation, being doubtful or disputed, is too long to be placed conveniently near the beginning of an article, Passow has,

has, we think judiciously, reversed the respective situations of the root and quantity, thus :—

Διάκονος, ὁ, ἡ, [⏑⏑⏑] a servant, &c.—

(The common derivation is *διὰ* and *κόνις*, one who goes in haste through the dust; compare *ἐγκονέω*: or one who sleeps in the dust and ashes of the hearth, as the lowest hinds did (Odys. xi. 190): or, with a more general idea, one whose occupations necessarily lead him through dust and dirt. But Buttmann, in his Lexilogus, makes it very probable, on prosodiacal grounds, that an old verb, *διάκω*, *διήκω*, whence also *διώκω*, lies at the root of this word, which verb had the meaning of, to run, hasten; and that *διάκτορος* is not a compound, but a derivation from the same root.)

We think if this outline were filled up according to the rules which we will now enumerate, a lexicon might in time be produced equal to our most sanguine expectations.

The rules, then, which we propose are these :—

1st. To give, wherever, and as far as a word will admit of it, its different meanings in chronological order, tracing them from Homer, Hesiod, or the earliest author in which such word or meaning occurs.*

2d. Where there is no decisive change of meaning traceable in the different eras of the language, to give first the primitive or literal sense, whether in an earlier or later author, and then the derivative senses, tracing them from one to the other so as to mark as clearly as possible their connexion with the primitive and with each other.

3d. To notice whether a word has varied in its construction in different authors, or in different periods of the language.

4th. To mark where a word is a dialectic variety, and whether

* Observe, we say, 'whenever a word will admit of this.' We are aware that if we were to attempt to explain the senses of every word in any language by following universally and systematically the chronological order of its appearances in books, we should be frequently led into the most glaring absurdities. Numerous instances of this may be seen in the English Dictionary which forms part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, where this system is blindly followed, by a diligent, and, in many other respects, praiseworthy writer, in tracing the English language from the earliest writers down to the usage of the present day. In Greek, these absurdities might not be of such frequent occurrence, on account of the three great epochs which stand out so prominently in the history of that language, nor would they be so striking in a dead as in a living tongue; still it would be ridiculous to say that Homer *always* used *every* word found in his writings in the primitive or literal sense; and of course instances must often occur of words used figuratively, or in a secondary sense, by earlier writers, and by later authors in their simple or primitive one. In the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, we find, for instance, the *first meaning* of the word 'embattled,' taken from a line in Chaucer, who employs it as the epithet of a cock's comb—a meaning which common sense tells us is a metaphorical usage, and ought therefore to be preceded by the simple one, whether that be found in *Havelok the Dane*, or in *The Spectator*. Passow's whole lexicon is a striking and beautiful illustration of this rule, and of the limits within which it should be restricted.

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it is used principally by the epic poets, by the dramatic writers, or by the Attic prose authors.

5th. Those primitive forms of verbs, for which we have no positive authority in the remaining works of the elder Greek authors, but which are found perhaps in the lexicons of the grammarians, or of which there remain only some tenses now generally ranked as irregular under a later form, should be mentioned as such in their proper alphabetical places; and the tenses formed from them, though placed under the form in general use, might be always referred back to their original thema.

We are aware that, to form a lexicon on these rules, would be a work of time and labour, requiring most extensive and accurate learning, sound judgment, and unwearied perseverance; but at the same time we are quite convinced that these rules are not more than sufficient—that, with the numerous helps which a scholar has in the present day, they are not of greater difficulty than he may be fairly required to encounter—and that a lexicon, not founded on these or similar rules, must be in some point or other radically defective. We will give an instance or two of each of these rules, partly to exemplify our meaning, but still more to show how necessary they are, and how useful they may be made.

As an instance of the effect of the *first* of these rules we might point to ἄγαλμα, the Homeric sense of which is πᾶν ἐφ' ᾧ τις ἀγάλλεται, *any object of exultation, pride, or delight;* its post-Homeric and general Attic sense, *the statue of any god or deified hero:* nor was it ever applied to statues of men, until, by the flattery of the later Greeks, under the Byzantine emperors. In the same way we cannot obtain a clear knowledge of the different meanings of ἀγαπάω, and its more poetical form ἀγαπάζω, but by tracing it from the Homeric sense, 'to show a person any act of favour, affection, or kindness,' down to its common Attic meaning, 'to be fond of inanimate things,' as πλοῦτον, χρήματα, &c., and thence again to Lucian's frequent use of it for sexual love, ἐράω—in which sense it is not found except in writers of a very late era. Now, in putting this rule into practice, we shall observe that there are three great epochs in the language, through all or some of which the different meanings of a word can be frequently traced with more or less distinctness; viz. its infancy, its prime, and its decline:—its infancy in the heroic age of Homer, with whom we may join Hesiod—its prime, in the pure and classical times of Thucydides, Xenophon, and the great dramatists—and its decline, after the Macedonian conquest, and still later under the rising star of Roman greatness, when such writers as Polybius, Plutarch, and Lucian disfigured the elegant language of Plato and Sophocles by spurious expressions, foreign idioms, and new-fangled

fangled meanings. The greater number of instances, however, will give only two epochs—as in κόσμος, of which the Homeric meanings are, '*order or regularity*,' and '*any ornamental part of dress*;' but its other, and secondary meaning, '*the regular system of the universe, the world*,' did not exist until some centuries after, when Pythagoras first introduced it as a philosophical expression—(vid. Bentley's Opusc. Philolog. p. 347, 445.)—from whom it was adopted by Parmenides, Empedocles, and others, and so passed into common usage. Of course one very essential part of this rule is, that in every instance, whether there be a *chronological* variety of meaning or not, the earliest author in which a word or meaning occurs should be always noticed—as, for instance, under ἄγκυρα, it must be mentioned that the earliest occurrence of the word is in Pindar, while Homer always uses εὐναὶ. We might enumerate a vast number of other words which can never be clearly understood but by taking such a chronological view of their meanings; but what we have given will be amply sufficient, and not perhaps too much, to illustrate every part of this most important rule—by a strict observance of which, wherever practicable, we shall in time possess a complete and philosophical knowledge of the different stages of the language, and shall be enabled to ascertain with much more ease and certainty than by any other means, what families of words and meanings are genuine Hellenic, what have crept into the language in the Macedonian and Alexandrian eras, and what were introduced by the Romans, Byzantines, and others, until the final corruption of the language. We have said the more on the various branches of this rule, because we believe it to be quite new to most of our classical readers, as we know of no instance of its having been brought into practice until in Passow's lexicon, of which it forms the most striking and most valuable feature. On the other rules we shall have to say comparatively little.

Of the *second* rule, it may be hardly necessary to give an example; it will not, however, detain us long, and we will venture on one in

Ἀποστροφὴ, ἡ, (ἀποστρέφω) *the turning anything from or away*—as the averting of an evil, of an accusation, of a crime, &c., Eurip. Hippol. 1036. The turning of a horse short aside, Xen. de Equ. 9, 6. Vide Ἀπορροπὴ.

2d, in a passive or middle sense, *the turning oneself from one thing or place to another*, as through fear, whence, a place of refuge or safety, like καταφυγὴ, Herodot. 8, 109; Xen. Anab. 2, 4, 11: Eurip. Med. 603. Ἀπ. σωτηρίας, Thucyd. 8, 75; or through want, as a resource, ὕδατος, Herodot. 2, 13; or, through dislike, whence aversion, defection, or revolt, Plut. Alcib. 14; or, simply, the being turned in a different direction, as the bend or turn of a road or river, τοῦ ῥεύματος,

ῥύματος, Plut. Lucull. 27; or, *that which turns from one thing to another*, a diversion, Plut. vol. vi. 504; Reiske. In Rhet. the figure Apostrophe.*

On the *third* rule we need say but little, as it is obvious that, whether a word vary in meaning or remain the same, in different periods or different authors, yet in its syntax it may undergo great changes. For instance, κοιρανέω has always the same meaning, yet its construction varies greatly. Homer never joins it immediately with a case, but uses it either absolutely, as at Il. β, 207, or more frequently with κατὰ and the accusative, as πόλεμον κάτα, Λυκίην κάτα, &c., the preposition being always after the substantive. On the contrary, Hesiod, in his Theog. 331, joins it with the genitive—Pindar Olymp. 14, 12. with the accusative—Apollon. Rhod. with the dative.

The *fourth* rule is one so plain and well-known, that it might seem superfluous to make any remark on it. And yet it must be observed, that to make it really efficient, it must be acted on regularly and systematically. We shall then reap from it advantages, of which, from its meagre use and rare occurrence in our present lexicons, we can now have no conception. Thus, of ἅγιος and ἁγνὸς, it may be said that ἅγιος is a much later word, and of a narrower meaning than ἁγνὸς; seldom found in the Attic prose writers—never in the tragedians; while ἁγνὸς is the Homeric form, and used by the Attic poets and orators. Again, of δειλὸς and δείλαιος—the former is the Homeric form, and used also in Attic prose; the latter is never found in the epic poets, but constantly used by the tragedians. Again, of δένδρον, that its first appearance in this form is in Pindar—Homer always using δένδρεον; that the Ionians, whom the Attic poets sometimes follow, used δένδρος, τὸ, whence we find in Attic prose the dative plural δένδρεσι, as well as δένδροις: Thucyd. 2, 75. Xen. Œcon. 4, 14. Schaef. Greg. p. 61, 62. 265.—Again, of the present εἶμι, to go, it may be remarked, that in Homer it frequently occurs as a real present, though he does use it also as a future; but that in Ionic prose, and in the Attic writers, it is, *with very few exceptions*, a real future; and that it does not revert back to the regular sense of a present until in such later authors as Pausanias and Plutarch;—which, however, holds good, strictly speaking, only of the indicative, next of the infinitive and participle: the Attics use it more frequently than ἐλεύσομαι and πορεύσομαι, Valcken. Hippol. 1065. Some isolated instances of εἶμι, with the sense of a present, in the best Attic writers, may be found in Herm. de Æsch. Danaid. p. 8.

* Observe, in exemplification of our caution as to the application of our first rule in a preceding note, that the first usage of this word is here taken from Euripides; the second from a much earlier writer—Herodotus.

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Such observations as these will show how extensively useful this rule may be made.

The *fifth* rule may require a little illustration to make our meaning clearly understood. Let us take for that purpose ἀνδάνω. We know that this has been the form in regular use from Homer's time, but we find it joined with a fut. ἀδήσω, an aor. 2. ἄδον, ἀδεῖν, and a perf. ἔᾱδα, which cannot be formed from ἀνδάνω, but must be traced back to another form ἀδέω,—as to which, though we have no positive authority for it, we may yet fairly conclude either that it was in actual use at the time these tenses were first formed, or that those who formed them had good reasons for supposing its previous existence. Our rule, therefore, directs that ἀδέω should be admitted into the lexicon, and placed in its proper alphabetical situation, and that whether any authority for it be found among the grammarians or not, as thus,

Ἀδέω, to please: not used in pres. but supplies ἀνδάνω with fut. ἀδήσω; aor. 2. ἄδον [˘˘], ἀδεῖν; perf. ἔᾱδα, Dor. ἔαδα [˘˘˘]

Again, ἀνδάνω would run thus:—

Ἀνδάνω, (ἥδω, ἥδομαι) imperf. ἥνδανον, and ἐήνδανον, Hom.—Att. sometimes ἐάνδανον. From the obsolete form ἀδέω come a fut. ἀδήσω, Herodot. and Att. aor. ἔᾰδον; besides which Homer has the aor. εὖᾰδον, which like ἄδον [˘˘] is only poet.—Perf. ἔᾱδα, Dor. ἔᾱδα. To please, &c.

In the same way we should admit Γάω as an obs. theme to form the poet. perf. γέγαα for γέγονα, perf. to γίγνομαι.—Δάω, whence δέδαα—Θάφω, whence τέθηπα, and ἔτᾰφον—and many others, the adoption or rejection of which must be left to the judgment of the lexicographer.

We have observed in Passow's lexicon a very simple and judicious way of marking the difference between the tenses formed regularly from the usual form and those formed from some other obsolete one. For instance, Passow would call ἥνδανον the imperfect *of* ἀνδάνω, but ἀδήσω the future *to* ἀνδάνω; the different particles expressing that the former is formed regularly *from* it, but that the latter is only *joined with it and placed under it* for convenience. A plan of the same kind might be introduced into our grammars and lexicons with singular advantage, as it would often impress on the minds of younger students an important distinction, which now too generally escapes observation, or passes off under the indefinite term of an irregularity.

We have been the more minute in illustrating these rules, because we are heartily ashamed of the present state of our lexicons and dictionaries—and, after the maturest consideration, feel convinced that the Greek language can never be studied as it deserves to be, nor fully understood, until we possess a lexicon formed

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on some such plan, and by some such rules, as we have drawn up. We are confident, that no Greek lexicon, unless conducted on such principles, will be of any extensive use to the classical world, or permanently redound to the credit of its author: whereas, if managed in the manner we have described, with suitable care and talent, it would prove an eternal monument of the learning and industry of its compilers, and soon throw into disuse all the editions of Stephanus, or Scapula, or Schneider, which ever have been or ever will be published.*

ART. VIII.—1. *Hernani.* Par Victor Hugo. 1831.
2. *Marion de Lorme.* Par Victor Hugo. 1831.
3. *Le Roi s'amuse.* Par Victor Hugo. 1832.
4. *Lucrèce Borgia.* Par Victor Hugo. 1833.
5. *Marie Tudor.* Par Victor Hugo. 1833.
6. *Henry III.* Par Alex. Dumas.
7. *Christine.* Drama, par Alex. Dumas.
8. *Theresa.* Par Alex. Dumas. 1832.
9. *Angèle.* Par Alex. Dumas. 1834.
10. *Richard Darlington.* Par Alex. Dumas. 1832.
11. *La Tour de Nesle.* Par M. Guillardet et * * * * (A. Dumas). 1832.
12. *Hernani, and Catherine of Cleves.* Translated from the French by Lord Francis Leveson Gower. 1832.

IT is a *remarkable* circumstance, though it has not been, that we know of, yet remarked, that though literature had the chief hand in preparing the French Revolution, it had little influence on its progress, and little share in its success. The *men of the pen* undermined

* Since writing the above, we have seen the fourth number of the Paris Thesaurus, which, to our surprise, is not an immediate continuation of the former three numbers, but the commencement of the letter B, and not compiled by the same editors. M. Hase, indeed, it seems, still superintends the whole; but while his former associates are continuing their labours in A, two new coadjutors, Messrs. William and Louis Dindorf, have produced the first number of B. We have looked through this number as carefully as the time would permit, and have to congratulate M. Hase on a very considerable improvement. Had the three earlier numbers been managed with equal care and judgment, much of the censure which we have thought it our painful duty to inflict would have been spared. The Messrs. Dindorf have skilfully dovetailed some very excellent emendations and additions into the original matter. A little more concentration and abridgment might have been better; but the improvement is such that we must be satisfied with the present, and look forward to the future with the hope of its further increase. M. Hase, too, comes but seldom on the stage with his ecclesiastical quotations, and Ast's Plato has entirely disappeared; we hope, is not entirely neglected. We would hope, too, that the Messrs. Dindorf will not overlook Passow's lexicon as their predecessors have done. Etymology they seem to have almost forgotten. The purchasers of the Thesaurus, will, therefore, learn with plea-

undermined the social and political system of ancient France; but they hid themselves before the *men of the pike*, and slowly and servilely crawled to light again only to prostrate themselves before the *men of the sword*, who, *in the natural course of the revolutionary cycle*, erected out of the ruins of former governments a military despotism. During this long series of political change, while everything else was assuming new forms and deviating into unexplored routes, literature alone adhered to its ancient traditions, and the critical dogmas of the age of Louis XIV. were, with little variation, in full force on the day of the downfall of Napoleon. The reason of this was two-fold: first, that until the Restoration, France never really enjoyed anything like *freedom of the press*; and secondly, that, up to the same period, men's minds were irresistibly engrossed by, and their energies directed to, more practical objects; political ambition and military enthusiasm absorbed almost all the talents of the nation; and those who in a state of liberty and peace would have exerted the vigour of their characters in opening new paths of literature, were obliged to seek their fortunes in the public offices, or in the ranks of the army. We speak, of course, only of imaginative or popular literature,—that which more immediately appeals to, and depends upon public opinion and the nature of the government. The higher sciences are cultivated by a small class of recluses, who, in the safe obscurity of the study, are little affected by political changes; and the more practical branches are excited, if not encouraged, by rapid changes in the social system. Geometry, therefore, and physics pursued their silent and equable courses, while chemistry, geology, medicine, and all the *utilitarian* class of studies, partook in some degree of the general movement; but novels, poetry, and the drama, were repressed and restricted to their old paths—under the republic by fear—and under the empire by a better disguised, but not less effective, coercion—by that power which has been so well characterized as *an iron hand in a velvet glove!* But whatever may be thought of the theory by which we account for it, the fact is equally certain and curious, that the popular literature of France has, from the reign of Louis

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sure, that by contraction and concentration of matter this number contains nearly twice as much—or, we should rather say, advances nearly twice as far in the same number of pages—as either of the former three. Still, however, computing the length of the work by the diminished scale of this number, it will be, at least, twice as long as the Prospectus gave reason to expect; nor do we see how it can be brought at all within anything like the promised size, without injury to the work, unless *the plan be altered* so as to omit all those hundreds of names of persons and places, most of them quite uninteresting, which now occupy so large a space. And then, after all, what between the different relays of editors, and their different modifications of the original plan, what an incongruous whole must poor Stephanus become!

XIV. to that of Louis XVIII., exhibited, amidst the wonderful mutability of that volcanic century, little alteration in its principles, and little novelty in its productions.

The Restoration did not, *at first*, effect any sensible change. Though the press was freer than it had ever been before, it was still subject to the censorship of the government; and the *first* tendency of a return to legitimate monarchy was to give additional authority to the literary doctrines of *l'ancien régime*—the circumstances which recalled to power the descendants of Louis XIV. naturally revived the influence of the admirers of Boileau and Racine.

But a state of freedom, the first France had *ever* known, and a state of tranquillity, the first she had experienced for fifty years, soon began to operate on the minds of the literary youth. The *censure politique* became every day less rigid, and the *censure littéraire* of Geoffroy, Martainville, and other periodical critics of the old school, having wholly vanished, considerable deviations from the beaten tracks were soon observable. These deviations became more frequent and more striking as the authority of Charles X. declined under the pressure of the various engines which were directed against it, and as the students in the different professions, and particularly the young *littérateurs*, began to find that they were a power in the state.

There had been for some years two schools in French literature, which they chose to designate as the *Classical* and the *Romantic*; the *Classicals* adhered to the elegant regularity of Boileau, Racine, and Voltaire; the *Romantics* professed to imitate the livelier independence of the Germans and the English. The *Classicals* were the Roman Catholics of literature—they reverenced a kind of papal infallibility in Aristotle and his successors, and, by too rigorous an adherence to antiquated errors and abuses, brought into contempt a system, which, though originally founded in nature and truth, was disfigured by absurd formalities and incredible fictions. On the other hand, the Romantics, like the Calvinists, pushed their contempt of the ancient authority so far, that, in eradicating the errors, they sacrificed many of the decencies of the old school, and have at length, *since the Revolution of July* 1830, run into all the immoral and mischievous extravagance of freethinking. But as it was in religion—so it is in literature:—there was and is a happy mean—which we flatter ourselves England has had the good taste to discover, and the good sense to adopt—between the antiquated formalities of the old school, and the extravagant licence of the new:—but the French nation is not fitted for a *juste milieu*—its literature divided itself into the *Classical* and the *Romantic*—which might better be denominated the *pedantic* and the *extravagant*—

but no one amongst them seems to have once thought of the *Natural!* and it is not a little amusing to see that, while the *Pedantics* called Shakspeare a buffoon, the *Romantics* have out-Heroded Herod, and exaggerated into monstrous absurdities all the errors with which the old classical critics used to reproach the *great Poet of nature.*

This slight sketch of the progress of modern French literature —which we at present have neither time nor space to explain as it deserves—will prepare our readers for an examination of some of the most fashionable productions of the present Parisian stage. We shall confine our observations to the drama, because, as being the most popular walk of literature, it affords the best test of the new taste of the nation, and it supplies also examples of that taste, more striking—we may add, more astonishing—than even their poetry and their novels;—both of which, however—and particularly the latter—exhibit the same extravagance, absurdity, and immorality which we shall have to reprobate in their drama.

We are induced to undertake this subject less by literary than by moral considerations. The English public, which cares so little about its own stage, cares still less about that of our neighbours—but there is something in the general aspect of the modern French theatre which indicates so irregular a state of society, that the matter seems to belong rather to politics than to criticism; and we propose to examine a *series* of the extraordinary productions of the last three years, less with a view to their individual merits, than to the general effects and ultimate tendency of the whole.

The two authors who, both in novels and plays, (but at present we shall confine ourselves to the latter,) have pushed extravagance farthest, and who are, of course, the most popular dramatists in France, are *Victor Hugo* and *Alexandre Dumas.* They also exhibit the gradations by which men with more talents than taste, and more power than judgment, are led to *outbid* not only one another, but themselves, when they have once commenced the career of vulgar popularity.

Hugo began with Hernani, and Dumas with Henry III., which we still think their best works. They both have enough of the *Romantic* character—enough of that vivacity which disregards the tame unities of time and place—enough of the spirit which seeks for interest on the extreme verge of possibility—enough of extravagant sentiments and of extraordinary situations; but without that gross dereliction of decency, that abandonment of all moral principle, that unhappy curiosity after the worst and most scandalous motives of human actions, which mark in successive gradations their subsequent works—like opium-eaters who begin with a moderate and exhilarating portion, but increase the successive doses

doses till they reach intoxication, fury, debility, and idiotcy. Hernani and Henry III. (under the title of Catherine of Cleves) have been some time before the English public in the excellent translation of Lord Francis Egerton. With them, therefore, we may suppose our readers are acquainted; at all events they do not fall within our present scope—they belong to the *Restoration;* and it is the reign of Louis Philippe that has engendered the monsters which it is our purpose to exhibit.

Some considerations, however, which bear on the ulterior question, are suggested by these earlier dramas. 'Henry III.' is in prose, while 'Hernani' appears in the old *court-dress* of rhyme. Lord Francis, in his translations, gives the first in blank verse, but in the second, he has adhered to his original even to the rhyme, for which, in his prologue, he offers the following apology:—

'Yet the time was when that strange path along
Great Dryden rolled the chariot wheels of song,
And forced his coursers, of ethereal race,
With necks rhymed up to modulate their pace.
Our Gallic neighbours long to that control
Have bowed each varied passion of the soul—
The loftiest, humblest, lightest. Not in vain
Let me, then, sue for leave to clank the chain
Racine and Dryden forged in years of yore;
Which in our later age great Talma wore—
Wore with such grace, that though 'twere plain to see
It chafed, we scarce could wish the captive free.'—
pp. 119, 120.

These are good verses, but we can by no means concur in this opinion. Rhyme unnecessarily adds another to the improbabilities inseparable from the stage. It is hard enough, even when the persons speak plain prose, to maintain the scenic illusion—still harder when they talk blank verse; but rhyme—if uttered so as to be perceptible—heightens the improbability; and, when it is not perceptible to the ear, it increases the difficulty, and fetters the powers of the writer for no adequate object. It is but justice to Lord Francis to admit that he has done all that it was possible to do—his rhymed version is at once exact and spirited; and the mere English reader who may wish to see the most perfect approximation to the peculiarities of a French play that our language affords, will read, with great pleasure, this translation of Hernani.

But, even in France, the reign of rhyme is past: its trammels were quite inconsistent with the freedom of the new school; and Hugo, Dumas, and their imitators, have gradually thrown them off, and with them all regularity, all order—we may almost add—

all

all decency. There is, literally, neither rhyme nor reason in the majority of their recent productions.

In the conception of a remarkable class of these modern dramas, there is an obvious imitation of Shakspeare. His historical dramas, which—beside their intrinsic beauties—interest us so much by the introduction of the names and the representation of the events of our national annals, excited long ago the emulation of Voltaire: but his failure in this line was signal;—and the result of his grecising of Adelaide du Guesclin and the Seigneur de Coucy, in the same style in which he *frenchified* Semiramis and Orestes, disgusted his audience and himself with that class of subjects. Chenier, taking advantage of the revolution, produced his historical tragedy of Charles IX. with a temporary success, which was due altogether to the delight of the mob in seeing a king of France exposed in odious colours, and to the connexion which their absurd ferocity traced between that royal monster and Louis XVI. But even if the powers of Chenier had been greater, the pedantic trammels of the old French theatre were quite inconsistent with the representation of real life, and, above all, of national manners. Some other similar attempts failed, from the same reasons; and it was not till the license of these latter days, when Hugo and his associates threw off the critical as well as the political yoke, that anything like an approach to nature and reality was made: vulgar nature it undoubtedly is, and mean reality; and although they are certainly much more exciting than the decent tediousness of the old school, we doubt whether they will maintain a more lasting popularity.

M. Hugo, in several of his prefaces, avows his admiration and imitation of Shakspeare; and in that to his sixth and last piece, 'Mary Tudor,' gives us the chief points of his actual creed:—

'There are two methods,' he says, 'to create interest in an audience—the *grand* and the true;* the grand affects the mass—the true the individuals. A dramatic author ought, then, above all, to attempt either the *grand*, like Corneille, or the true, like Molière; or, still better, to unite the *true* and the *grand*, as in Shakspeare.

'For let us observe, *en passant*, it has been given to Shakspeare—and that it is which constitutes the sovereignty of his genius—to conciliate, to unite, to combine in his works these two qualities—grandeur and truth; qualities, if not opposite, at least so distinct, that a failure in either constitutes an offence against the other—the risk of the over-true is to become mean, the risk of the over-grand is to become false. In all Shakspeare's works, there is grandeur which is true, and truth which is grand. In all his compositions, we

* *Le vrai*, which perhaps might be better rendered by the *natural*; but as the author had, in his own language, the word *naturel*, if he had chosen to use it, we think it right to translate his opinion literally.

find

find the point where the grand and the true intersect each other ; and to attain that point is the perfection of the dramatic art. Shakspeare realises a problem that looks like a contradiction—to be always within nature, yet sometimes above it. Shakspeare exaggerates the size of objects, but keeps their proportion—with a wonderful omnipotence, he creates what is greater than nature, yet perfectly natural. Hamlet, for instance, is as true to nature as any of us, yet greater—he is colossal, yet real—he is Hamlet, not you or me, but us all—Hamlet is not a man, he is man !'—p. ii.

Hailing, as we do, with satisfaction, the dawn upon the long night of French criticism of the great luminary of the dramatic world, and sensible that such an opinion of Shakspeare is of itself evidence that M. Hugo is a man of genius, we must nevertheless observe, that not only is the expression of this passage too ambitious, (though we have lowered in our translation something of its antithetical pomp,) but that the premises on which the critique proceeds are not quite unquestionable, nor the conclusion altogether logical. In a word, we see in it the seeds of the errors and blemishes which offend us in all M. Hugo's own works. The distinction between *grandeur* and *truth*, or, as our idiom would rather express it, *nature*, is not sound. They are not, we think, two distinct qualities of the poet's mind, intersecting each other at some happy point. Truth or nature seems to us to be rather the cause, and grandeur the effect: for instance, in the celebrated '*Qu'il mourût*' of Corneille, there is little grand in the abstract idea, and still less in the expression; but its *truth*, that is, its appropriateness to the person and to the circumstances, heightened by some degree of surprise, creates in the spectator or reader the feeling of *grandeur*, and *truth* is therefore as direct an ingredient in this sublime exclamation as in any of the gayer touches of Molière. The same may be said of Lady Macbeth's '*Give* ME *the dagger*;' and of Brutus's '*Portia's dead.*' It might appear hypercritical to object to M. Hugo, that some of the finest conceptions of Shakspeare are not *true*, as his spectres and apparitions, and that others are neither *true* nor *grand*, as his witches and fairies: dramatic *truth*, we admit, must not be so strictly limited; it is sufficient if—the existence of the imaginary person being once conceded—its language and actions are consistent with our ideas of what such a being (if real) would have said or done: but how vast a portion of the miraculous merit of Shakspeare has no relation whatever to the *grand!* The whole range of his comic, and even his social scenes—the entire characters of Falstaff, Sir Toby, Dogberry and Verges, Jack Cade and his insurgents, Menenius, Rosalind, Beatrice, and *all* the rest, are, to our minds, more admirable, more wonderful, than even his tragic sublimities. In the very instance M. Hugo selects

—and

—and he selects, we on the whole think, the most extraordinary creation of Shakspeare's genius—Hamlet—he seems to us not only not to appreciate, but even to misunderstand the character. There is nothing *colossal* in Hamlet—of course we speak of the theatric personage—the genius that conceived it is indeed colossal; but Hamlet is a man, and so little of extraordinary proportions, that it is one of the most peculiar merits of the portrait, that he is subject to many striking infirmities; nor is it a just or appropriate praise to say, that 'he is not *a* man, but *man*' —abstract man; on the contrary, he is an *individual* in all the force of the term, and (more than is usual even in Shakspeare's characters) departs from general nature, and acts on principles and motives which are marked with what, to borrow an expression from medicine, we may call *idiosyncracy*. After all, we are perhaps disputing about words; and M. Hugo would probably, if he understood English, (which evidently he does not,) agree with us in the main—we have only been induced to make the foregoing remarks, because, whatever his better judgment may be, his practice is clearly founded on a very confused notion of the connexion between nature and grandeur, and some very unfortunate principles as to the mode of their combination. He seems to think, that crime is grand—and the more revolting, the grander; and that he combines this grandeur with truth when he mixes it up with trivial events—every-day personages and the chat and circumstances of common life. When he dramatizes the *Causes Célèbres*, transforms the *Cour d'Assises* to the theatre, and exhibits, in all their odious details, adultery, rape, incest, and murder, he fancies that he has discovered the exact point where *truth and grandeur intersect one another*. An analysis of some of his pieces will at once serve to show this error, common to him and M. Dumas, and will make our readers stare at the kind of exhibitions which delight the eyes and ears of regenerated France.

Dumas's Henry III. was, we believe, the first * of this class. It was followed by his Christine; both played before the July Revolution—and this proves we think, that the censors of Charles X. were not very rigid—for assuredly the general tone of these plays and all their details, which are studiously offensive to the royal character, might have justified a refusal to permit the exhibition of such pieces before an audience so excitable and so acute in finding political allusions as the French always are, and *at a period* when all their feelings were in a state of more than usual excitement. Hugo's Marion de Lorme was written earlier, in 1829,

* Hugo published in 1827 a piece called *Cromwell*; but it is rather a dramatized history than an historical drama: it is as long as three ordinary plays, and was, we believe, never acted.

at

at the time when, amidst the general efforts to debase royal authority, and calumniate royal characters, every branch of literature was enlisted in the revolutionary cause. Its appearance was, he tells us, prohibited, though it seems to us less politically offensive than either Henry III. or Christine; and it remained in the author's portfolio till the Three Great Days, after which, the government had neither the power nor the will to repress libellous allusions to the kings and ministers of the old dynasty.

MARION DE LORME was a celebrated courtezan* who flourished in the reign of Louis XIII. She was the mistress of the unfortunate Cinq-Mars, and, after his death, of all the world. It is at this interesting period that the tragic muse of M. Hugo takes up this interesting personage. Besides her numerous admirers amongst the young men of fashion, there is an humbler personage, one Didier, whom she loves, and who (kept in ignorance of who she is) loves her in return, but honourably. Didier being admitted to an evening rendezvous just after the Marquis de la Savary, the latter is attacked by four assassins in the street, under Marion's window. Didier jumps out and saves him. They both return to Marion's apartments, where Didier is disgusted with the familiarity with which the young courtier treats his *adorable Marie*, and resolves to take future vengeance of him he had just saved. About this time, an edict of the king is published, at the instigation of the Cardinal de Richelieu, denouncing death to all parties to any duel. This proclamation has hardly been promulgated, when Didier meets Savary, insults him, and they fight. Marion, alarmed by the noise, rushes out, and, ignorant of the edict, calls the guard. Didier is seized; Savary escapes by feigning to have been killed—but he, in disguise, attends the empty coffin, inscribed with his own name, to the chateau of his aged uncle, the Comte de Nangis. Didier is conveyed to prison, whence he escapes by the aid of, and in company with, Marion, and they join a party of strolling players, who arrive at the castle almost with the funeral. Savary—gay, generous, and giddy—assists merrily at his own funeral, but has the indiscretion to betray Didier to one of the satellites of the cardinal, and to open Didier's eyes to the real name and occupation of his *chaste Marie*. Didier, indignant, now rejects her with disdain; and Savary, too soon disclosing the secret of his own existence, is, with Didier, seized and condemned to death. The old uncle and Marion supplicate Louis XIII. for their lives, but in vain. His jester, L'Angely, strives to move him by representing them as two excellent

* She was born about the year 1606; her real name *is said* to have been Marie-Anne Grappin; and that name happening to be found in a burial register of 1741, with a note that she had been thrice a widow, and was 134 years old, some writers think that this was *Marion*; but there is no evidence of the identity.

falconers,

falconers, and obtains, with some difficulty, their pardon; but the cardinal's death-warrant prevails over his master's amnesty. The Comte de Nangis bribes a gaoler to permit his nephew to escape; but Savary refuses, unless he can share his good fortune with Didier; and, if one only can be saved, he insists it shall be his adversary. Marion, on her part,—*by a sacrifice which we dare but hint at*,—obtains from the cardinal's chief man-of-blood the release of Didier; but he, already shocked at the profession of one whom he loved and still loves in all purity, is now quite revolted by this *extreme* instance of generosity, and resolves to die rather than profit by a pardon so infamously purchased. They are led to the scaffold; —a huge scarlet litter, containing the cardinal ill of the disease of which he soon after died, crosses the stage. Marion implores, with extreme vehemence, the pardon of these young men. A voice from the litter answers,—*Pas de grace.* They are led off to death: the return of the litter announces that all is over; and Marion, in enthusiastic despair, ends the play by pointing to the litter, and exclaiming—

'Regardez tous—voilà l'homme rouge qui passe!
—*Elle tombe sur le pavé.*'

This piece is in rhyme, and notwithstanding the grossness—the improbability of the plot, is written with decency of language, and contains some portraits of the day—particularly that of Louis XIII.—rather caricatured but cleverly sketched, and on the whole has that kind of interest which a tragic-melodrame often produces. Our readers will have observed that even this was already a violent infraction of the boasted decorum of the French stage. But *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*, and the next step was a stride.

In Nov. 1832—after the popularity of Louis Philippe had evaporated—was announced LE ROI S'AMUSE. The very title excited curiosity, and the more so because Hugo had begun his literary life as a royalist,* and it was suspected that this was a return to his ancient sentiments, and a satire on the Citizen King. It was acted but one night, being the next evening stopped by the police, every body knew, but no one was bold enough to say, why. It was no caricature of Louis Philippe—the king of the piece is Francis I.—his *amusement* is to seek love-adventures in obscure streets and in low brothels. Sometimes his majesty soars a little higher, and he had contrived to seduce—under a false name, the appearance of a rank suitable to her own, and a promise of marriage—an innocent young girl, the daughter of his own jester. The jester (the celebrated Triboulet) discovers the intrigue and the offender, and in a high paternal indignation hires an assassin

* Mes premières illusions avaient été royalistes, et *Vendéennes.—Pref. to Marion de Lorme*, p. viii.

to

to cut his majesty's throat in a *coupe gorge*, into which he had been inveigled by a common prostitute, and to deliver him the royal body in a sack. Intending to escape, after the catastrophe, out of France, he has disguised his unfortunate daughter in male attire to facilitate their evasion. By a series of accidents, she falls in with the murderers, and is stabbed instead of the king, and the body, yet living, is stuffed into a sack and delivered over to Triboulet, who, when he proceeds to enjoy his vengeance, by looking on the murdered seducer, draws out from the bag the yet living body of his child, who has just breath enough left to tell her story before she dies. The unhappy jester goes, as he well might, distracted, but recovers enough to end the piece *à la Marion de Lorme*—

'*Triboulet.*—J'ai tué mon enfant—J'ai tué mon enfant!
—*Il tombe sur le pavé.*'

These catastrophes may have truth and grandeur, but at least there is no great variety. Shakspeare would hardly have made two immediately successive tragedies end with '*on tombe sur la pavé.*' But now our readers will ask, why was this piece suppressed? Was it for its immorality? No—immorality more flagrant, if it be possible, has been tolerated. Was it for degrading all the great names of France, which are exhibited in the vilest colours? No; such libels were in favour at the new court. Was it for exposing to the hatred of the nation a king who had hitherto been a favourite, and to public contempt the royal office and authority? No; Louis Philippe, if he felt, would not have expressed any interest about any of his predecessors. What then could be the cause of so extreme a measure as the despotic suspension of such a drama by such an author? M. Victor Hugo will not venture to tell us openly—but he says that the cause was in *one line* of the piece, which gave rise to an interpretation of which he had never dreamed, and which, so much does he abhor the imputed allusion, he will not designate. We have twice read the play to discover this mysterious line, and we think we have had the good fortune to find it—it is this: Triboulet, in reproaching a circle of courtiers of illustrious name, some of whom he suspected of carrying off his child, (for he at this period did not know the real offender,) exclaims—

'Non il n'appartient point à ces grandes maisons
D'avoir des cœurs si bas sous d'aussi fiers blasons!
Non, vous n'en êtes pas!—Au milieu des huées,
Vos mères aux laquais se sont prostituées!
Vous êtes tous bâtards!'

M. Hugo never thought of it, but pit, box, and gallery recollected in an instant, that the father of Louis Philippe—*Louis Egalité*—

'*le*

'*le meilleur citoyen de la France*'—had, in the days of the Convention, thought to ingratiate himself with the mob by denying that he was a Bourbon—by claiming for himself the honour of bastardy, and alleging that he was the produce of *the adultery of his mother with a stable-boy!* The allegation itself was 'as false as hell'—but the fact of the degenerate wretch having made it was notorious. The sensation in the theatre was, as it could not fail to be, *tremendous*—'the line,' says Hugo, 'was a *red-hot brand*'—it was clear that such an inflammatory provocative to sedition could not be repeated—and the piece was illegally and arbitrarily, but most properly, prohibited.

And here we must observe on one of those little retributive circumstances which—better even than more important events—must bring home to the bosom of M. Hugo himself—we will not say the inconsistency, nor the ingratitude, nor the illegality of his participation in the Revolution of July—but its absurdity, its folly, its fruitlessness. In his preface to Marion de Lorme, written in August, 1831, he gives way to a Pindaric enthusiasm for the 'liberty of the stage, won, like all other public liberties, by the *admirable* revolution of July;' and, as a signal subject of triumph, remarks, that this play, acted with such success in regenerated France, 'would, under the elder branch of the Bourbons, have been destined to eternal exclusion from the stage.' Well—his very next preface, written in the very next year, exhales an indignant sorrow for the total failure of the 'admirable Revolution.' 'The *Viziers* of the King of the Barricades' have committed an enormity of despotism, *unknown—unheard-of* in the worst of former times; and the repressive police of Charles X. assumes the air of lenient precaution, compared with the Turkish despotism (*dans quel pachalick vivons-nous?*) of Louis Philippe. We know that there is not a public interest, great or small—hardly an individual man, except the immediate holders of office, the plunder of the victory—that has not, like M. Hugo, seen that all the promises of that revolution have been broken—all their hopes deceived—all their rights trampled into the dust—all their liberties invaded, and that all their prospects of internal tranquillity and order are converging to one point,—*a military and absolute monarchy!* But we must return, from the great national drama, to that of the Porte St. Martin.

Hugo's next piece was LUCRECE BORGIA, played in February, 1833. In this he throws off the trammels of rhyme, as in his former plays he had discarded the old rules of metre. This play is in *avowed* prose. The hero, *Gennaro*, is like the *Didier* of *Marion*,—a bastard-foundling. The play opens with a relation of a scene that had passed in Rome some years before. Two figures were

were seen at night, on the same horse, making for the banks of the Tiber; one was a corpse, the other the murderer. Who were they?—brothers! What the cause of quarrel?—a mistress! Who that mistress?—their sister!! An infant had been the produce of the incest—it survived—it lives—'tis Gennaro, the hero of the piece:—the mother is Lucrèce Borgia. This Gennaro, in process of time, his *mother* sees by accident—she falls in love with him, and follows him to Venice in disguise. He feels towards her a kind of attraction, but without any suspicion that she is Lucrèce Borgia, whose very name he, from the reputation of her crimes, detests so enthusiastically, that he defaces, in a moment of indignation, the escutcheon of her arms over the gate of the palace of her (fourth) husband, Don Alphonso d'Este! Lucrèce, indignant at the affront, but ignorant of its author, solicits vengeance from Don Alphonso. He grants it. She urges that the offender may be pursued. Alphonso answers,—that he is already taken. She insists on satiating her vengeance by being present at the condemnation; but, before he is introduced, she makes her husband swear that be he who he may, however born, however allied, however near and dear, even to Don Alphonso himself—he shall die. The Don, who had discovered, by his spies, his wife's inclination for the author of the insult, and who already meditated Italian vengeance on him and on her, readily grants her desire, and confirms it by a solemn oath. He had indeed before prepared both sword and poison to rid himself of at least one of them. When, however, Gennaro is introduced, Lucretia discovers, with horror, that she had obtained the condemnation of her *son*. She suddenly endeavours to retract. Then follows a scene, very well written, in which she endeavours to cajole Don Alphonso into mercy. He, seeing in this sudden change only a confirmation of his jealousy, becomes but the more resolved; but affects a playful tenderness and gallantry for her, and excuses his refusal by his devotion to her wishes and his zeal for her character. At last he throws off the mask, upbraids her with the crimes of herself and her family, and only gives her the choice of whether her favourite shall die by poison or the sword. She, still not daring to own the real cause of her interest, chooses the poison. Alphonso consents, on condition that she shall herself administer it. The criminal is then re-introduced. Don Alphonso affects clemency, forgives him the nocturnal indiscretion, and invites him to drink some wine of Syracuse, poured out by the fair hands of the Duchess. She, knowing that a bravo is hidden behind the arras, ready to cut Gennaro's throat on the instant, complies in desperation: the dose is given and taken, and Don Alphonso leaves them—'to spend the *last quarter of an hour* of her gallant's life together.'

But

But the Don was deceived: Lucrèce has an infallible antidote against the effect of the poison. She tells Gennaro of his danger, and offers him the antidote: he refuses to believe her: he thinks the offered draught from the hands of Lucrèce Borgia can be only poison: he loads her with the bitterest reproaches—talks with filial enthusiasm of his unknown mother—then begs pardon of heaven and her for having profaned her name by uttering the word 'mother' before such a monster as Lucrèce. Every word cuts deep into her soul; but at last he is persuaded to drink. She gives him some more of the antidote for a future occasion, indicates to him the way of escape out of the palace, and blesses him; he, in return, curses her, and she falls down in a swoon.

But Gennaro unfortunately delays his journey, and is persuaded to join a party of five young friends at supper, at the Princess Negroni's. The palace Negroni adjoins that of Borgia—Lucrèce is mistress of both; the young guests are all her personal enemies, for whom this supper is a snare. After a scene of Bacchanalian revelling—they find that they had indeed 'supped full of horrors'—Lucrèce appears suddenly, followed by a train of monks chanting the burial service; she reproaches them with all their offences against her, acquaints them that they are poisoned, that they have but a few minutes to live, and that the monks are there to assist them with the offices of religion in their last moments. Then a long gallery hung with black is opened by folding-doors, in which are seen *five* coffins, to each of which a victim is summoned. There were five coffins, but there were six guests; the supernumerary is Gennaro, who had come uninvited. He is left in the outer apartment alone with Lucrèce. Again she has to announce to him that he is poisoned, and urges him to take what was left of the antidote; he asks whether there is enough to save all—she answers, 'no, barely enough for one'—he refuses to be saved alone, and in fury seizes a knife from the table, and purposes to inflict a bloody vengeance on the cause of all these horrors—she prays for mercy, he is obstinate—at last, she is driven to own that he is the son of her brother. He understands that he is her *nephew*—and his resolution is for a moment shaken—but the dying screams of his companions are heard from the gallery: his fury revives—he stabs her—she exclaims, 'Ah, tu m'as tuée! Gennaro! Je suis ta mère'—and so ends this complication of horrors.

These Borgias were terrible people, but nothing, we suspect, like this! The crimes which some writers have attributed to Lucretia are doubted by others more intelligent, and we think trustworthy—by Roscoe, for instance, and Sismondi—the latter of whom says that her union with Alphonso D'Este was happy—

that

that she survived all her family—that she lived *honoured* at the court of Ferrara—that she patronized literature and the arts, and some men of letters, amongst others Bembo, who gave her a character very different from that of the ordinary historians. Be all this as it may, it is clear that the chief crimes of Hugo's Lucrèce are pure—or rather impure—invention; even if they were true, they are not fit subjects for dramatic revival; but it is doubly unjustifiable to offend decency and sully history by such disgusting fables.

Hugo's next and last piece, though not quite so shocking, is grossly offensive to morals, and still more at variance with history—MARY OF ENGLAND. In the present taste of the French for historical horrors, our bloody Mary might not have been a bad theme, if it had been managed with any judgment;—Her political position—her personal character—her cruel, but conscientious bigotry—the dramatic aspect of the characters that surrounded her—the dark ambition of Philip—the tender and innocent Jane Grey—the youthful prudence, masculine spirit, and personal graces of Elizabeth—the fury of the persecutors—the courage of the martyrs—might be grouped, without much deviation from historic truth, into very striking situations. But M. Hugo has made a different choice, and produced an *historic* drama where all is false, ridiculous, and disgusting. Mary—the severe and scrupulous Mary—is represented (after she has been betrothed to Philip, and while she is expecting his arrival) as living in open criminal commerce with an Italian adventurer, one Fabiano Fabiani, whom she has created Earl of Clanbrassil, and Baron of Dinasmonddy (meaning, we presume, Dinasmouddey—there is such a village in North Wales). Fabiano has, under the name of Sir Amyas Powlet, seduced Jane, a poor girl of the lowest class, a foundling, who is betrothed to one Gilbert, a carver. In visiting this girl one night in her humble and retired lodgings, Fabiano is accosted by a Jew, a stranger (a stranger, indeed, to the end), who tells him that he knows all his story and his objects; that he has seduced Jane, not because he loved her, but because he had discovered that she was the only child of a certain Lord Talbot, Earl of Waterford, Wexford, and Shrewsbury, beheaded in the last reign for his adherence to popery, and whose large possessions had been conferred, in default of issue, by the queen on Fabiani. So that, by having the heiress in his power as mistress or wife, he was secure, in case of any reverse of favour, of possessing her great inheritance. The proofs of Jane's birth the stranger has about him—to obtain them, and get rid of so disagreeable and omniscient a spy, Fabiani stabs him, but the stranger in falling, throws away Jane's title-deeds—and Fabiani, finding nothing on him, retires to obtain

obtain some assistance to throw the body into the Thames; as if it had not been safer and easier to do it without a witness.

In the meanwhile, Gilbert the carver arrives—the *stranger* has just life enough left to tell him, in two words, Jane's story—the name of his assassin—and to point where the packet of documents is to be found. The Jew expires—Fabiani returns, and, by terrifying Gilbert with the prospect of being himself accused of the murder, he induces him to help to throw the corpse into the river. He offers Gilbert a sum of money, which, after a moment's consideration, he accepts—Fabiani then tells him, with an insolent candour, that Jane is his mistress—and that he has come to pass the night with her. Gilbert, enraged, announces that he himself is Jane's betrothed—that he knows that the supposed Sir Amyas Powlet is really Fabiani, Earl of Clanbrassil—and they part with mutual menaces. In the meanwhile, arrives on the scene one Simond Renard, the minister at the British court of Philip of Spain. He is at the head of a plot to overthrow Fabiani, and thinks that Gilbert will be a useful instrument. He finds Gilbert still boiling with indignation, and vowing that he would *give his life* to be revenged of Lord Clanbrassil—Renard takes him literally at his word, and they strike a bargain that Gilbert's life is to be at Renard's disposal, and that Renard is to avenge Gilbert's wrongs on Lord Clanbrassil. In pursuance of this object, Renard has Jane seized and conveyed to court, whither Gilbert is also brought. Now, the queen is madly fond, and of course rigorously jealous of Fabiani: her whole desire is to be loved in return —sincerely, intensely—not as a *queen*, but as a *woman*—Renard has only to tell her of her ungrateful favourite's intrigue with Jane to ruin him; and the queen immediately prepares her schemes of vengeance. She knows that she cannot condemn a man to death for seducing a young woman, but she hits upon another device—she causes Gilbert and Jane to be brought before her. Gilbert acquaints her majesty with Jane's birth, which the queen instantly recognizes, and promises to restore her father's estates, but, in return, she has something so ask of Gilbert—*only* his life. Gilbert, who had already promised the said life to Renard on one condition, now sells it to the queen on another—namely, that her majesty should swear, on her sceptre and the holy evangelists, to grant him whatever boon he may ask—she swears—Gilbert's magnanimous request is, that Fabiani may be obliged to make an honest woman of Jane by lawful wedlock. The queen exclaims that he is mad—that she entered into the engagement in the idea that Gilbert wanted to punish Fabiani, and that, lo! on the contrary, he asks for him the greatest possible favour—a beautiful, noble, and wealthy wife. Gilbert insists—Mary is obstinate—

Gilbert

Gilbert invokes the sanctity of the oath of the *Queen* and the *Christian;* at last Mary says, 'what if *he* refuses her?' 'In that case,' replies Gilbert, 'we are quits'—and so the bargain is ratified. And now her Majesty announces how she means to employ Gilbert's life, which he has placed at her disposal. Gilbert is to raise a poniard at the royal breast—she is to cry out—the guards are to rush in—she is to accuse him of attempting to assassinate her—Gilbert is to confess the crime, and to accuse Fabiani of having instigated him—and both are to be tried and executed for high treason. This happy and probable scheme is carried into effect:—Fabiani, of course, denies the treason, and accuses Gilbert of perjury; but the latter produces the purse which he had received from Fabiani, and the poniard he holds is the poniard of Fabiani, picked up after the murder of the Jew: this evidence, and Gilbert's oath, leave no doubt; and all parties are about to be committed for trial—when *Mary* desires that another personage should be introduced—our readers might conjecture for ever before they would guess who this personage was:—no other than the *executioner!* He enters, and the Queen thus addresses him:—

'I am glad to see you—you are a good servant—you are old—you have already seen three reigns. It is customary for the sovereigns of this realm to present you, at their accession, with the most magnificent gift in their power.' [*This is new to us.*] 'My father, Henry VIII., gave you a diamond clasp from his own cloak—my brother, Edward VI., gave you a cup of wrought gold—'tis now my turn—I have as yet given you nothing—I must make you a present. You see that head—(*pointing to Fabiani's*)—that young and charming head—that head which was only this morning all that I had most beautiful, most dear, most precious in the world—well—that head—you see it—don't you?—I give it you.'—*Marie Tudor*, p. 124.

If we were to stop to make comments on this extraordinary piece we should never have done—we therefore proceed with the *story*. The culprits are tried and condemned. An ordinary English reader does not well see how Fabiani could be condemned on the evidence of Gilbert, tried at the same time, and convicted of the same offence; but M. Hugo knows better, and Lord Chancellor Gardiner pronounces the law as follows:—

'According to the Norman law, and the statute 25 Henry VIII., (*sic*) in cases of high treason against the person of the sovereign, confession does not save the accomplice; nor has the Queen in such cases the right of pardon—so that you (*addressing Gilbert*) must die on the scaffold as well as he whom you accuse.'—*Marie*, p. 130.

Fabiani and Gilbert are now sent to close custody in the Tower; but there seems to have been, in those troublesome times, little more difficulty about getting in or out of the Tower of London

than there is now-a-days. *Jane* obtains admission by bribing the gaoler with a bracelet. He introduces her into the ante-chamber, upon which the separate dungeons of the two prisoners open. Before we can discover which she comes to save—the favoured lover or the betrothed husband—the Queen enters the same apartment—Jane retires behind a pillar—Simon Renard accompanies her Majesty. She comes to save Fabiani—Renard to defeat these intentions. He alleges every reason of duty and policy; but love is the strongest. Renard fails—and retires to excite a sedition, and thus work on the Queen's fears. She calls in the Lieutenant of the Tower and one of the gaolers, and orders them to assist Fabiani to escape—they refuse. She exclaims in agony, 'Is there no one then who will obey *me* and save Fabiani?'—upon which Jane steps from behind a pillar, and says, 'Yes, I will.' The Queen, believing that *Jane* still loves Fabiani and can only have come to the Tower to see him, is delighted, and gives her full powers—orders the gaoler (who would not, a moment before, obey herself) to obey *Jane*, and retires. Jane knows (we cannot guess how) all the intricacies of the Tower—she has the master-keys—she determines that the prisoner shall escape by the *Water-gate*—but which prisoner?—To the surprise of the gaoler she opens Gilbert's dungeon—she tells him that *he* is the man she now loves, is come to save, and will marry! *A waterman is then called in*—Gilbert is delivered to his guidance—Jane appointing to meet him by-and-by under the first arch of London bridge; but as they are going, the Lieutenant whispers the Waterman not to be in any violent hurry. At this moment, the effects of Renard's efforts to excite a sedition become visible, or rather audible—a furious mob surround the Tower, calling for Fabiani's head. The queen inquires if he has yet escaped—the lieutenant answers 'Not yet.' After a long discussion, Renard induces the queen to allow him to appease the people by a promise that Lord Clanbrassil shall be executed that very evening, one hour after nightfall. The queen, in despair, assails the lieutenant and menaces *him* with death, if he does not save Fabiani. It seems now less possible than ever, for the mob are in possession of all the avenues of the Tower; but the Lieutenant, afraid for his own head, has a device;—he goes to the window, recalls the boat in which Gilbert had been sent away, which is not yet out of sight, and resolves—as criminals in England are always executed gagged and covered all over, even down to their toes, with a black impenetrable veil—to substitute Gilbert for Fabiani: and so he does; and the dismal procession, with a man in a long black veil, passes over the stage. The people shout, the death bell tolls, all London is illuminated. While Jane, with her joy for Gilbert's escape, mingles a sigh for poor Fabiani—the queen

queen rejoins her; congratulates Jane and herself on Fabiani's escape—calls her *sister*—sister in love! Jane, astonished to hear of the safety of him she had just seen pass to execution, knows not what to think; the queen goes on to tell her that the veiled man is not Fabiani—'Who then?'—'Gilbert.'—'Oh, no; thank heaven Gilbert escaped.' 'Yes,' replies the queen; 'but he was retaken, and substituted for Fabiani.' This was the truth, but not the *whole* truth. Simon Renard had observed that the veiled man was taller than Fabiani and—before the procession had left the Tower—he contrived, by some unexplained means, to rescue Gilbert and replace Fabiani under the veil. This part of the transaction is involved in such obscurity that it is not till the last two lines of the play that the Queen and Jane, or even the audience, know which of the men has been executed. At last Simon introduces Gilbert alive—announces the death of Fabiani, and exclaims that he has saved the Queen and the kingdom:—and thus finishes a drama—in the preface to which M. Hugo talks of *combining the grand with the true*—and professes to have endeavoured to imitate Shakspeare!

We must now turn to M. Dumas. We know not whether we should not have mentioned him first, for M. Hugo has indulged in some very palpable imitations of him. For instance, M. Hugo puts into the mouths of some of his young men in Marion de Lorme, represented in 1831, a criticism on Corneille, and some other writers of the age of Louis XIII., which Dumas had already done in Christine, played in March, 1830. We find also in Christine all the elements which compose Marie Tudor—a jealous, hard-hearted, and hard-headed queen—in love with an Italian adventurer—who has a secret intrigue with a young person; an enemy to the favourite betrays his duplicity to the queen, and becomes the instrument of his execution—the queen, induced to consent to the death of her paramour by the *spretæ injuria formæ*, and repenting of her hasty vengeance, seeks consolation in the company of the seduced girl. The two plays have, in fact, but one plot. This seems to us a very remarkable coincidence—but it is no affair of ours. We have not heard that M. Dumas complains of plagiarism—and we certainly have no right to do so.

Christine is, notwithstanding a few forcible passages, tedious, and was on the whole unsuccessful; but M. Dumas, excited and encouraged by the Revolution of July, of which he was an active partisan, determined to take a still newer line, and instead of looking into *history* (*mythology* had died with Voltaire) for subjects, he imagined what we may call a *Melpomène bourgeoise*, and transplanted the horrors of the family of Atreus and Œdipus into the houses of the *propriétaires* and *employés* of modern Paris. His first work of this kind—at least the first with which we are

acquainted—is ANTONY. Antony is—like Didier and Gennaro, for these gentlemen have no great originality—a bastard and a foundling; but contrives to be received in society, and wins the affections of a certain Miss Adèle; whom, however, he leaves in an unaccountable manner, and she is married to a Colonel d'Hervey. At the expiration of three years, Antony arrives in Paris, and writes a note to request permission, as an old friend, to wait on Madame d'Hervey. She sees the danger of such an interview, and, to avoid it, gets into her sister's carriage, and drives away, leaving *her* to receive the visiter; but unfortunately the horses take fright, and run away with the carriage. Antony, coming to pay his visit, sees the danger—rushes forward—stops the horses at the expense of some cuts and bruises—and of course preserves Madame d'Hervey. The accident happening almost at her own door, they are both brought to her house, where his wounds, intentionally exasperated, confine him for some time, and he has an opportunity of reviving old recollections. Again Adèle sees her danger, and wisely resolves to fly to her husband, who is quartered at Strasburg. Antony follows, and soon passes her on the road. He arrives at night-fall at a small inn, within two stages of Strasburg, whence he sends off all the post-horses, and engages the only rooms—Adèle arrives—cannot get forward—is reluctantly forced to stay all night, and is lodged in one of the rooms, which the gentleman, at the request of the landlady, cedes to her. The rooms, however, communicate by a balcony. Here we must call on M. Dumas to tell his own tale:—

'(*Antony appears on the balcony—opens the window—enters—bolts the door hastily.*)

'*Adèle.* (*coming out of a closet where her bed had been prepared.*) What noise is that?—A man!—Ah!

'*Antony.* Silence! (*He stops her mouth with a handkerchief.*) It is I—Antony! (*He forces her into the closet.*)'

—and the act ends!

The inter-act lasts three months. When the curtain rises, we meet at a ball in Paris. Adèle arrives, attended by Antony—much scandal is whispered round the room—a Madame de Camps talks maliciously of ladies who run away—of nights passed at inns, and so forth—Adèle is overwhelmed with conscious guilt—Antony inquires if Madame de Camps has a husband, a brother, a son; it is clear he would take revenge on them—she, luckily or unluckily, has none—he therefore has no remedy but to insult her in return—and Adèle returns home broken-hearted. Antony follows her, and, knowing from a spy that the husband is on his way to Paris, endeavours to persuade her to elope—her maternal love for a little daughter, three years old, makes her hesitate—

time

time is lost—the husband arrives—is at the chamber door—threatens to burst it open—the guilty woman begs for death at the hand of her destroyer—he stabs her—Colonel d'Hervey bursts in, exclaiming—

'Infamy! what do I see? Adèle!——

Antony. Dead!—yes, dead!—(*Throws the dagger at the feet of D'Hervey*)—she resisted and I *killed her!*'

And with this magnanimous device for saving the poor lady's reputation, the play concludes—as if all the previous events and notorious scandal could be patched up by such an atrocious, yet ridiculous pretence.

TERESA soon followed (February, 1832) in the same direction, but with a greater stride. Adèle's case was a simple adultery and a murder. Teresa is a double adultery, a double murder, with a spice of incest. We know not how to repeat such a story; yet we feel it our duty to do so, to exhibit the *moral fruits of revolution*, and to awaken English, and, we hope, Christian feeling to what is passing in that country, which we seem to have taken for our model.

Colonel Delaunay, a French officer, to whom the *Restoration* would not give even the cross of the legion of honour, has married a young wife, Teresa, at Naples, whom he brings home to his house, where he had already an amiable daughter, Amelia, little younger than his wife, whom he destines for Arthur de Savigny, whom he had known at Naples, who had preceded him to Paris, and who is already the acknowledged lover and beloved of Amelia. Unfortunately, Teresa and Arthur had become acquainted at Naples—he had saved her from some serious accident—love had ensued—but he had returned home, and it was forgotten:—they now meet, and it is revived. Arthur, not yet lost to all decency and honour, resolves to break off his marriage, to obtain diplomatic service, and escape from the temptation of dishonouring his friend. Teresa combats that idea—she shows him, that such a sudden rupture will bring on an *éclaircissement*, which must ruin her with her husband—that if he stays and marries Amelia, his passion for Teresa will subside; that they will be platonic friends, &c. &c. He consents—he stays—he marries Amelia, and—and—wrongs her—dishonours his father-in-law! Amelia perceives at last that her husband is unhappy—estranged—she sees him go to a certain bureau, where he carefully locks up some letters—she suspects some intrigue—she happens to have a key that opens the bureau—she is tempted to abstract a packet, which she places, unopened, in the hands of her father—he finds in them the proofs of the double guilt of his wife and his son-in-law. He cannot repress his rage, though he conceals the cause—

he,

he, on the first burst of passion, picks a quarrel with Arthur, and provokes him to a duel: but thinks better of it—it would promulgate and increase the scandal—he begs Arthur's pardon; and hastens the departure of him and Amelia for a foreign mission, to which the young man had been just appointed. Teresa, on finding that her husband has discovered the intrigue, and that Arthur has abandoned her—'*le lache*'—calls in a *footman*, who had followed her from Italy, and says—

'Paulo, when we left Italy, you must have thought that, isolated in a foreign land, you might fall into one of those misfortunes which cannot be survived.

Paul. Yes; I thought you might die.

Ter. And against such a misfortune you have no doubt a resource?

Paul. I have two.

Ter. What?

Paul. This poison and this dagger!'

Quid plura?—she takes the poison, and the *footman*, who turns out to have been profoundly but respectfully enamoured of his mistress, stabs himself. The poison is slower than the poniard—Teresa just lives to hear of Paulo's death—she takes no notice of it; but while the assistants are busy about his body, she says to Delaunay,—

'Make haste and forgive me while they don't see you—forgive me, and tell them, if you please, that you have cursed me.

Delaunay. My forgiveness and blessing be upon you, poor woman; and God will not be more severe than I am.

Ter. Perhaps!' [*She dies.*

And with this *peut-être* ends this most moral and profitable entertainment.

But M. Dumas's last production, played in the beginning of this year, exceeds *Teresa*, as much as *Teresa* surpassed *Antony*, and exceeds it, we are sorry to say, both in atrocity and in success—*vires acquirit eundo*. It is called ANGELA. M. Alfred d'Alvimar, a man *now* (*i. e.* in 1830) of about thirty-three years of age, found himself, in 1819, when he was twenty-three, completely ruined. He had had a considerable inheritance; but everything failed with him; he is reduced to beggary, and the world, which had flattered his prosperity, rejects and scorns his adversity; his temper is soured—he becomes an outcast, an adventurer, an infidel—and resolves to repay himself for the loss of his fortune and his character, by the pleasures and the profits out of which he may be able to swindle society. He thinks that, with this object, the ladies are the best speculation. He had attached himself to Ernestine, Marquise de Rieux, who had some court credit under the old dynasty; but the *Three Days* surprise them at a watering-place,

place, where they passed, to save appearances, for brother and sister. The lady's husband emigrates—one would have thought very conveniently—with Charles X., but the calculating D'Alvimar sees that Madame de Rieux can be of no more use to him, and, after a disgusting scene, in which these two personages blazon with mutual impudence—the lady her adultery, and the gentleman the sordid motives of his pretended attachment—the Marquise, indignant at such low-minded treachery, returns to Paris. D'Alvimar had already taken notice of a young person, Angela, and her aunt—the daughter and sister-in-law of one of the old Buonapartist officers—and he calculates, that this family is likely to have some interest under the new dynasty. These ladies lodge in the house of the physician of the place, Dr. Muller; who has a son, Henry—of the same profession—the perfect opposite of Alfred—moral, generous, &c.; but what could such a simpleton do against D'Alvimar? On the departure of Madame de Rieux, Angela and her aunt remove to the Marquise's lodgings—D'Alvimar has a secret key. We see, *on the stage*, poor Angela, in her new apartment, about to retire to rest: she is already half undressed: she passes into the closet where her bed is: D'Alvimar (almost a repetition of *Antony*) admits himself by the secret key—and Angela is undone. Angela's mother, the Countess Gaston, is expected next morning: she is the person who is to have credit at the new court. D'Alvimar, of course, prepares to make himself agreeable to her, and is confident that, *after what has passed*, she cannot refuse him her daughter. He proceeds out of the town, along the road by which she is to arrive, to meet this lady (whom he never saw). As is usual in such cases, an accident supervenes; D'Alvimar saves the life of his intended mother-in-law; and they arrive at their lodgings already old acquaintances. This looks fortunate for poor Angela; but, alas! the mother is only thirty-one—still young and handsome, and, before D'Alvimar can ask for her daughter, almost offers herself. D'Alvimar seizes the favourable opportunity, and sets off for Paris with the countess, persuading poor Angela that he is still soliciting the maternal consent to their union. Eight months elapse. The interest of Madame Gaston procures for D'Alvimar the promise of a mission; (the same device already employed in Teresa;) but the price of this favour is, that she, a woman of character, should receive, at a ball she is about to give, Madame de Varsay, the mistress of the minister. [M. Dumas, one of the men of the Three Days, seems very well acquainted with the practices of the government of the new dynasty.] At this ball, Madame de Varsay appears, and turns out to be D'Alvimar's old friend, Madame de Rieux, who from jealousy or spite, has made it the condition of his

his appointment, that he should set out in three days. This is embarrassing: it would defeat the marriage with Madame Gaston; and D'Alvimar, in an affectation of love and generosity, renounces the appointment. But, alas! in the midst of this gay confusion, a servant comes in to announce that Miss Angela is arrived, and insists on seeing him. The case is urgent—the consequences of the nocturnal interview, *nine months* before, are pressing—a doctor must be had: luckily Henry Muller had been invited to the countess's ball: D'Alvimar makes him a half-confidence, bandages his eyes, conducts him roundabout to the sick lady's chamber, of whom he knows no more than that she has added another citizen to *La jeune France*. Our readers may pause, and ask whether this is possible? We doubt whether we ought to proceed; but, for the reasons already given, we—not without hesitation—venture.

The fourth act opens with the *fourth day* after this event, and discovers *Angela on a couch*, and, as may be easily supposed, with every appearance of suffering; her mother is by her side—she sees that Angela is ill in mind as well as body, but is unable to discover the cause of either malady. She resolves to call in medical advice, and again Henry Muller is summoned. The appearance of the young lady—the coincidence of the time—the disposition of the apartment—convince the sagacious young doctor that he knows the truth of the affair. He presses his patient for a confession—and obtains it. He then insists she shall communicate all to her mother—she consents. The countess re-enters, but, not suspecting what is about to transpire, she anticipates her daughter's confidence by making her own. She announces, without naming the person, her own intended marriage. She receives her daughter's congratulations—and now the excitement of the audience was at the highest pitch, as to how the ladies were to get out of this embarrassing situation. At last *Angela* throws herself on her knees before her *mother*, and exclaims, 'If I had my child here, I would lay it at your feet;' and this extraordinary and disgusting scene was received with inconceivable transports of applause. The catastrophe approaches. D'Alvimar, for a moment, is inclined to do justice to Angela—but a change of ministry leads him to fear the loss of his mission, and he resolves to give up both mother and daughter—is about to get into his travelling carriage—when Muller again appears. Indignation on his part, violence on the other, render a duel inevitable. Henry has the choice of arms: enfeebled by a long illness, he is unequal to the ordinary methods of proceeding—he proposes that, of a case of pistols, one only should be loaded; and that, care being taken that neither should know which had the fatal weapon, the muzzles should be placed against each other's heart, and the triggers pulled!

pulled! D'Alvimar accepts this rational proposal:—he has the choice. 'Take care what you choose,' says Muller, 'it is the *judgment of God*.' D'Alvimar chooses his pistol—the parties retire behind the scenes—one explosion only is heard—a moment after Muller enters, marries Angela, adopts the child to save her reputation, and ends the play by announcing to Angela that she has not much to thank him for, as he expects to die within the year of a pulmonary consumption! It is impossible to describe the sensation that this piece created throughout, but particularly the last incident of '*the judgment of God*.' The exhibition itself was bad enough, but we confess, that the worst sign of all seems to be that some critics, who affect to belong to the *Royalist* and *Christian* party, applaud this impious and ridiculous appeal to the *judgment of God* as a '*sentiment religieux*.' They are quite delighted to find that M. Alexandre Dumas, whom they had hitherto looked upon 'as little better than one of the wicked,' has gotten into the *right way*—and they exhort him to persevere in '*thus* serving the cause of morality and religion.' We suspect that these gentlemen are *pseudo*-royalists, and not better Christians than critics. But, in the state into which the July Revolution has thrown France, it is one of the worst symptoms that there is a party of democrats of the worst kind, who call themselves Royalists—and of freethinkers, who endeavour to pass off for Christians.

The next drama we have to mention is the TOUR DE NESLE, the production, as appears on the title-page, of 'Messrs. Gaillardet and * * * :' which asterisks mean, we are informed, M. Dumas. However that may be, it is assuredly of his school; and, even after what we have seen, cannot, we think, fail to astonish our readers. On the south bank of the Seine, near the end of the present Pont des Arts, stood over the river an old castle, called La Tour de Nesle. It was to the south bank what the Louvre was on the north. There was a popular fable, that a certain queen—which means a very uncertain queen—employed this tower as a place of rendezvous with her lovers; and that, effectually to keep her secret, she used to cause the favourite of the night to be thrown, next morning, from the windows of the castle, to find a silent death in the river below: and the tradition added, that of a long series of lovers, one only — called Buridan— had escaped. On this fable the drama is founded; and the lady chosen by the authors, as the ogress of the castle, is Marguerite of Burgundy, first wife of Louis X. But, as Mr. Puff thought that if one morning-gun were good, three must be proportionably better —so they have given Marguerite two associates, in the persons of her sisters Blanche and Jeanne, wives of the brothers of Louis X. A young man, called Philippe Daulnay, having a brother, Gaultier,

in

in high favour with the queen, comes to Paris to seek him and his fortune. The very day of his arrival, a female go-between acquaints him that a lady of rank has become enamoured of his shape, and appoints him to meet her that night at the Tour de Nesle. He makes an acquaintance in a coffee-house broil with one Buridan, a soldier, who is also newly arrived in Paris, and—in comparing notes—they find they have received similar assignations, which they explain by the supposition that there are two sisters, and resolve to try the adventure. We next find them in the Tour de Nesle. Marguerite seems to have taken a peculiar fancy to young Philippe, and wishes to save him from her own myrmidons. He, pleased with his *bonne fortune*, insists on the lady's taking off a mask, which she had persisted in wearing, and on her refusal, he seizes a bodkin from her hair, and scratches her face, in order that he may be able to recognize his unknown benefactress when he may meet her again. This indiscretion alters Marguerite's views, and, for fear of detection, she abandons Philippe to the usual fate. But Buridan, who, with another gallant, had been well treated by the two other sisters, discovering who the ladies are, and the scene of their rendezvous, foresees their fate. He apprises Philippe of their common danger—gets him to write, with a pin dipped in blood from his own arm, a line credential to his brother Gaultier; and—it happening that one of Marguerite's instruments, Landry, being under some old obligations to Buridan, advises him to plunge at once from the window of the tower into the river, and endeavour to swim ashore—Buridan has hardly taken this perilous leap, when Philippe, assassinated behind the scenes, re-enters all bloody, followed by Marguerite, and dies at her feet.

Next morning opens with the levee of Marguerite, in which the permanent favourite, Gaultier, assists; and she relates to him, that in the night she had *dreamed* of a young man *so* handsome—*so* like her Gaultier!—This interview is interrupted by the exclamations of the people at the discovery of the two murdered bodies—Gaultier, alarmed at the absence of his brother, rushes out to examine the corpses—Buridan, disguised as a gipsy, enters—shows Marguerite her bodkin, relates to her the horrors of the preceding night, and threatens to betray her on the spot if she will not promise to meet him that evening at the tavern where the rendezvous was originally made. In order that she may not make short work with him, he has taken the precaution of lodging in Gaultier's hands—(but with a solemn promise that Gaultier should never part with them, and should not open them for two days)—the tablets in which Philippe had written the secret of his fate. As the queen is thus in the power not only of Buridan, but of Gaultier, she is forced to submit to Buridan's terms, which are *only* that he is to be

be declared *Prime Minister;* and he provides himself with an order from the queen for the arrest of Marigny, the actual minister, which he hastens to execute. But he is no sooner gone than the queen sends for Gaultier—persuades him that Buridan is the murderer of his brother—wheedles him out of the tablets—and, taking advantage of his fraternal indignation, makes him the bearer of an order for the arrest of Buridan. Buridan, then, has hardly arrested the prime minister, when he is himself arrested by Gaultier, and all are sent to gaol. Buridan, in a dungeon of the châtelet, recognizes in his keeper his old friend, Landry. He bribes him, by a large sum, to abandon the gaoler's trade and the gaol, and to go to Buridan's lodging, where, in a certain secret place, he is to find a little iron casket, which—if within two days he should not hear of Buridan—he is to deliver into the hands of King Louis himself. Marguerite now comes to the dungeon of the châtelet to enjoy her vengeance on Buridan, in whose presence she destroys the casket; and this only evidence of the guilt (which, after all, was no evidence at all) being destroyed, she indulges in the most revengeful menaces against Buridan. But the tables are soon turned. Buridan, chained to the floor, becomes, by a few words, again the master of the queen. He reminds her that, about twenty years ago, Duke Robert of Burgundy had a daughter, beautiful as an angel—wicked as a devil: he had also, in his court, a young and handsome page, Lyonnet de Bournonville. The princess and the page loved one another: the natural consequences ensued: she found herself in a situation in which ladies, in her circumstances, do *not* wish to be: she, dreading her father's wrath and a convent, placed a poniard in the youth's hands, and led him to her father's bed: the duke died under his blows! When this was over, the lady found the page's presence troublesome: she urged him, by a letter, to expatriate himself; and this letter contained an avowal of the crime. He disappeared—but he is not dead; he still lives—and the poniard and the letter are also in existence; and Marguerite is the princess—and Lyonnet de Bournonville is Buridan! King Louis is expected in Paris on the morrow. Buridan tells her that he has taken means over which he has no longer any control, that this letter shall be the first petition offered to the king on his arrival; and there is no longer any means to prevent the disgrace, ruin, death of the queen, than that Buridan should be Constable and Prime Minister, and should stand by the king's side to receive the iron casket and suppress the fatal evidence it contains—and so it was; Marigny is gibbeted — Lyonnet de Bournonville is first minister—and to him Landry presents the casket. Marguerite now plays another game—she affects to make community of interest with

with Buridan, though she hates him more than ever she had loved him, and she feels an increased tenderness for Gualtier, whom Buridan (jealous of his favour with her) insists upon exiling. With mutual duplicity they affect to desire a renewal of their ancient intimacy, and an assignation is made for the same night at the Tour de Nesle, of which Marguerite gives Buridan the key. This assignation is destined by each to be the ruin of the other. Marguerite places her myrmidons, with orders to assassinate the man who shall enter by the postern; Buridan, on his part, devises to get rid at once of Gaultier and the queen, by betraying their amours to the king—he gives Gaultier the key of the postern, and substitutes him to meet Marguerite there at the appointed hour; at the same time he obtains an order, signed by the king himself, to the captain of his guards, to surround the Tour de Nesle and take prisoners, and bring before his majesty, all who may be found there, dead or alive. After all these measures had been taken, Buridan discovers, by his old accomplice Landry, (whom he had hitherto omitted to question on this most important matter,) that the princess had given birth to twins—two boys, *Gaultier* and *Philippe*; Buridan, shocked at the death of one child and at the danger of another, is induced, in order to save the latter, if there be still time, to hasten to the Tour de Nesle, into a window of which he climbs from the water-side. He meets the Queen, tells her the fate of their children, and explains that he is come thither to save Gaultier. It is too late—Gaultier rushes in bloody and dying by the hands of his mother's bravos. While the wretched couple are horror-stricken at the murder of their children, thus accomplished by their own contrivances, the king's guards burst in the doors. In vain do the queen and the minister announce their ranks, and insist that the order of arrest was not meant for them—the captain of the guard drily replies,

'I know nothing of either queen or minister—here is a corpse and two murders, and an order signed by the king's own hand to seize whomsoever I may find in the *Tour de Nesle*.'

And so ends a complication of intrigue—a vicissitude of events—and a tissue of horrors, unparalleled, as far as we remember, in all the extravagances of the drama.

But while these writers thus outrage the decencies of their own stage, and *libel*, as we hope, the manners of their own country, they do not spare ours. We amused our readers in a former number with specimens of BERGAMI, sufficient to show what clear conceptions our neighbours have of the personages and circumstances of our political world. Our foregoing observations on MARIE TUDOR exhibit their acquaintance with our history, our laws, and our national feelings. We must now lay before them

them M. Alexandre Dumas's view of the present state of domestic morals and manners amongst us, as given in his drama of RICHARD DARLINGTON. The play opens * in the house of Dr. Grey, an apothecary and *accoucheur* in the town of Darlington, to which a post-chaise drives up at full speed. Out of this carriage a man in a mask conveys in his arms a young woman, who is *actually in the pains of labour*, and for whom he solicits the medical assistance of the doctor. There is barely time to remove the patient behind the scenes when her cries, and the exclamations of the doctor, acquaint us with the progress of the parturition; and in a few minutes the doctor comes back congratulating the man in the mask on the birth of a fine boy. It is arranged that the child shall remain in the doctor's care, that his Christian name shall be Richard, and his surname—'What is the name of this town?'—'Darlington'—'Then let him be called *Richard Darlington.*' Just at this moment another post-chaise arrives: 'tis the father of the lady—no other than the Marquis de Sylva, a Portuguese nobleman at the Court of London. The young lady, it appears, had been, about a year before, overset in a wherry on the Thames and saved from drowning by a man of the lower class. This produced a secret intercourse, which, in due course, produced the present crisis. The voice of the father reaches the ears of the lady (as her groans had just before reached those of the audience), and she rushes—within five minutes after the birth of her child—'*pale and in disorder*'—into the presence of her father, and entreats not to be separated from her husband;—the father, who is provided with a *legal warrant* for the purpose, persists—the lover advances—the father pulls off his mask, and sees the full extent of his misfortune at a glance, and informs his daughter that her saviour and seducer is the—HANGMAN!

Six and twenty years now elapse. Richard has grown up,

* It is proper to state that in the general revolution which has taken place—though the old division of plays into *acts* and *scenes* is not formally, it is virtually exploded, and these modern pieces are broken by other divisions. Sometimes the opening is made by what they call a *prologue* and the catastrophe is found in an *epilogue*, which differ only in name from the first and last *acts* of an ordinary play. Sometimes the epochs of the drama are called *journées*—days; sometimes they are designated as *tableaux*—pictures. To avoid prolixity and confusion, we have been obliged, in the short analyses we give of the several pieces, to omit the notice of these fantastical subdivisions, which do not affect the current of the story, and are only important as marking that the *spirit* of the new style is not easily reconciled with even the *forms* of the old stage. The first part of Richard Darlington is exhibited as a *prologue*.——We need hardly point out, by the way, to our readers, that this same play of Richard Darlington borrows all that can be called *natural*—and some things that can scarcely be so called—from the opening chapters of Sir Walter Scott's novel of the 'Surgeon's Daughter,'—a tale in which, as in many of the same author's, an improbable outline is more than atoned for by the beauty and truth of the filling up. The *Scotch* scenes of the 'Surgeon's Daughter' are admirable; but only to think of transferring to the stage the naked outline of some of them, grossly caricatured by immorality, and entirely unrelieved by touches of nature!

passing

passing for the son of the doctor, although he received at his baptism, and has borne ever since, the surname of *Darlington!*—A general election takes place—one Tompson, '*intrigant subalterne*,' suggests to Richard to stand for the *county*, or, which it appears is the same thing, the *borough*. Tompson's motive is that he foresees Richard will make his way, and Tompson's bargain is that he shall have his share in Richard's success.

'*Richard.* Then you would make me your tool?

'*Tompson.* No—my patron. You shall be the ship and I the bark which she tows.

'*Richard.* What are your terms?

'*Tompson.* To Richard, a private man—Tompson, valet: to *Sir* Richard, a landed gentleman—Tompson, steward: to the Honourable Sir Richard, M.P.—Tompson, secretary: to my Lord Richard, minister—Tompson, what my Lord shall please.'—p. 39.

To the building this castle—not in *Spain*, but in England—only one difficulty occurs: the opposite party have *discovered*—heaven knows how the secret was betrayed—that Richard Darlington is not the son of Doctor Grey. What, then, is to be done? The doctor, luckily, has a daughter Jenny—she and Richard discover that they feel for each other more than a fraternal affection. Richard marries Jenny, and is elected member for the *county* of Northumberland, and the *borough* of Darlington, after a sharp contest with one *Mr. Stinson*, a scion of the illustrious house of Derby, who, after having, for three hundred years, nominated the member of this *county* and *borough*, are beaten by the arts and influence of Tompson, the *valet*, and the talents and popularity of Richard. We are obliged to pass over scenes—amusing from their incredible absurdity and ignorance—of the canvas and the poll, of which the well-informed author exhibits even the most minute details, such as the objections made to the vote of a *freeholder* because Lord Derby pays his *rent*—such as the arts to delay the poll for a *ship-load* of voters, who are expected at *Darlington—du fond de Northumberland*—and fifty other things, which prove M. Dumas's taste and judgment in selecting for his drama a subject and a country which he so thoroughly understands. The next scene is the House of Commons:—

'The stage represents the gallery of the House of Commons, reserved for lords and ministers: the back is open, and affords a view of the house—the Speaker is in the chair—he alone is visible—a confused sound announces that the benches (none of which are visible) are full of members.'—p. 66.

Sir Richard makes a powerful speech—the ministers are shaken—the opposition are on the point of a great triumph. The faithful Tompson knows how to make use of such an occasion, the Marquis de Sylva, now a rich Portuguese banker in London, becomes the

the agent of the ministry to corrupt the young patriot. Tompson calls Richard out of the house, and conceals him in a closet in the *lobby*, where he overhears de Sylva open the terms of the ministers —which are a peerage and a marriage with Miss Wilmor, a great heiress. While this is going on in the lobby, the debate proceeds in the house, and the occasional drawing of the curtain, which divides the lobby from the house, exhibits the opposition triumphant and the ministerialists in confusion; it only wants the reply of *Sir* Richard to complete the success. But he has heard de Sylva's propositions—and, though he sees some difficulties in the way of the proposed arrangement, he still likes it well enough to return into the house and to renounce the right of reply, by which simple act, to the astonishment of all parties, the ministry is saved! —But the difficulties are serious;—the basis of the whole arrangement is the marriage with Miss Wilmor; for the ministry, to make sure of Darlington, insist on having an indissoluble hold over him. Now *Sir* Richard has been three years married to Jenny Grey—*that* is an impediment—but the ingenious Tompson has a scheme to remove it,—a divorce. Richard, who has almost forgotten his Jenny in the whirl of his ambition, readily adopts the project, and makes her a visit, in which he endeavours to persuade her to consent to a divorce; but the wilful woman is unreasonable enough to decline so modest a proposal. This throws all aback. Sir Richard has an appointment with the cabinet to conclude the negotiation: he attends, and meets two secretaries of state, the first lord of the admiralty, the first lord of the treasury, and some other ministers; but, concealing his real difficulty, he affects to talk of honour and consistency, rejects the proposal, and threatens the cabinet to denounce, in the House, their infamous attempts at corruption.—Great confusion! And now comes the *Deus ex machinâ*. The cabinet is held in the KING's antechamber; the ministers retire; Richard is requested to remain a few minutes; the door of the royal closet opens, and *un Inconnu* appears. Then follows this dialogue between the patriot and *the Stranger*:—

'*Stranger.* Sir, you do not know me; but you are, I presume, the secretary of the council. [*Richard makes a negative sign. The Inconnu adds, in a higher tone,*] I desire that you should be secretary of the council, on this occasion.

Richard. I obey, my lord [*with a smile and an emphasis on the word* lord].

Stran. I see you understand me. Be so good as to sit down at the table.

Rich. I await your commands.

Stran. Read me these papers: they require instant dispatch.

Rich. [Reads.] *Title-deeds of the lands of the Earldom of Carlston, in the county of Devon, granted in fee-simple to*——— The name is blank.

Stran.

Stran. An omission! Write what I shall dictate.

Rich. But—

Stran. Write—*To Richard Darlington.*

Rich. I cannot write—

Stran. What, Mr. Secretary!—you refuse to write a name that I pronounce with the respect due to great talents?

Rich. This overwhelming goodness—

Stran. You will write—won't you? Be so good as to proceed with the other paper.

Rich. [Reads.] *Patent of the Earldom of Carlston to*——

Stran. The same name.

Rich. You are obeyed.

Stran. The next.

Rich. [Reads.] *Marriage contract between Miss Lucy Wilmor, daughter of the late Lord Wilmor, peer of the realm, grand-daughter of the Marquis de Sylva and the Right Hon. Richard Earl of Carlston*—

Stran. We know the parties: but the conditions, if you please?

Rich. [Reads.] *Miss Wilmor* (la jeune miss) *brings her husband an hundred thousand pounds in land and Bank stock. The Marquis de Sylva adopts and recognizes Miss Wilmor as his sole heiress. The title of Wilmor, extinct by the death of the bride's father, is re-created in favour of the husband of his daughter, and their heirs-male.*

Stran. 'Tis well. Don't you think that the word GEORGE, with the royal seal, would go well on this contract?

Rich. So many favours on an individual, in so short a space!—but if the most unbounded devotion—the most—

Stran. There is still another paper!

Rich. It is blank.

Stran. But don't you understand?

Rich. [*After a moment's hesitation,*] Yes. [*He signs the blank paper and hands it to the Stranger.*] That, sir, is yours. These are mine.

Stran. I shall let the king know that we have made each other's acquaintance.'—p. 99.

It has been sometimes reproached to Shakspeare that he made his Greeks and Romans Englishmen. M. Alexandre Dumas so far imitates him, as to make his Englishmen French. M. Dumas is, or rather was, a personal friend of Louis Philippe, and an *habitué* of the *Palais Royal*—of the arts, practices, and customs of which illustrious house we cannot presume to deny that he may in the foregoing scene have sketched a correct likeness: all *we* have to say is, that this representation of the court of St. James's is about as like any possible reality, as his description of the election for Darlington is like a real election for the county of Northumberland.

Mr. Richard (who, we must observe, *en passant*, though created Earl of Carlston, and having moreover the additional, and of course higher,

higher, honour of being raised to the barony of Wilmor, is, with that knowledge of our customs which distinguishes M. Dumas, still called plain *Sir* Richard)—Mr. Richard, we say, is now fully engaged—though the performance of the engagement seems as difficult as ever; but the interested ingenuity of our friend Tompson—who, no doubt, expects to be at least *Vice-President of the Board of Trade* under the new minister—soon discovers a mode of arrangement. He proposes to carry off to France the troublesome wife (who, notwithstanding her marriage with Sir Richard, is still always called Mistress Jenny); and lest she should chance, at some future time, to return from that distant land to claim her rights, he offers to *pass*, on his return, from Paris to London, through Darlington, and to tear from the parish-register the record of the marriage, This plan is interupted, in the course of execution, by an unforeseen accident. There is, throughout the piece, one Mawbray, an old acquaintance of Doctor Grey, who has always taken a great interest in Richard and Jenny; he by accident meets Tompson while he is hurrying Jenny away—he stops the carriage, rescues her, brings her back to Richard's house and presence—and then, after upbraiding him with his falsehood and treachery, announces himself as the father of Richard; and concludes the drama, by acquainting the new-made peer that he is *the son of the* HANGMAN!!!

Although the foregoing is an outline of the events of the play, we can honestly assure our readers that it is but a very faint image of the impudent immoralities on which the plot is founded, and the still more impudent and—beyond their impudence—ridiculous absurdities of the details by which it is carried on. Assuredly, we are not so unreasonable as to expect that a drama should be *vrai*, but we might at least expect that it should be *vraisemblable*. Assuredly, we do not require that a foreigner (even though born and bred in a city nearer to London than Darlington is) should be intimate with all the details of our manners and habits; but we are surprised that any well-educated man should be so immeasurably ignorant of the broader principles of our political and social life; and, above all, we are astonished that any man of the most ordinary taste and talents (and M. Dumas is certainly a clever man) should go out of his way to select a topic and to treat it in a style which inevitably led to the exposure of such astonishing ignorance. Sterne says, that the French have always the good sense to take a doubtful phrase in its most complimentary sense; and we therefore hope that we shall not offend either M. Dumas or his countrymen, by stating our opinion, that there is no man alive but a Frenchman who could have written 'Richard Darlington.'

In the view we have taken of this mass of dramatic literature, we have dwelt little on the *literary* execution of the several works —for many reasons: first, that it is their moral, or rather immoral, tendency, which is the chief object of our notice; secondly, an examination of their literary merits would take more time and space than we can afford to the subject—each play would require an article to itself; and finally, because this class of plays does not affect poetry, and stands but little on the merits of the expression. The majority are in prose, and it is evident that the principal object of the writers has been the interest arising from *situation*. The old tragic ingredients of *terror* and *pity* are sacrificed to what the Italians call the *imbroglio*—which is, in truth, an expedient of comedy, or rather of farce. Beaumarchais gave, if not the first, at least the ablest examples of this style, and his two comedies are most able and amusing, though somewhat dissolute, specimens of the *imbroglio;* he attempted it, also, in his tragic continuation of these dramas, *La Mère Coupable*, using it in this instance with a more sparing hand, but it must be confessed with very pathetic effect. We look, indeed, on *La Mère Coupable* as the very *culpable parent* of Hugo's and Dumas's extravagances; but Beaumarchais had a strong feeling of the pathetic in *sentiment*—his imitators have no notion but of the striking in *situation*. Beaumarchais *affected*—these only *surprise*. But even as mere works of art, these dramas have defects so striking, that we cannot pass them over wholly unobserved: the principal is the extraordinary paucity of invention, which drives the authors to such frequent repetitions of the same character and similar situations. Nothing can be less new than their novelties—nothing so servile as their freedoms—nothing so threadbare as their extravagances. Bastardy, seduction, rape, adultery, and incest as *motives*—the poniard, poison, and prostitution, as *means*—this is their whole gamut; and even these original notes they contrive to repeat in the same monotonous succession, borrowing from themselves, and from one another, with the least possible variety of combination.

Of the female characters, in the ten plays which we have specially noticed, we find that eight are *adulteresses*, *five* are *prostitutes* of various ranks, and *six* are victims of *seduction*, of whom two are brought to bed almost on the stage. Four mothers are in love with their own sons, or sons-in-law, and in three instances the crime is complete. Eleven persons are murdered, directly or indirectly, by their *paramours;* and in six of these pieces the prominent male characters are *bastards and foundlings;* and all this accumulation of horrors is congregated in ten plays of two authors, produced within the last three years in the city of Paris.

We

We do not forget that crime, and the worst cause of crime, has been in all ages the domain of tragedy. We do not forget the families of Atreus and Laius—and the whole tribe of mythological and historical tragedies, in all languages—nor, in our own, the Fair Penitent, Jane Shore, George Barnwell, and many others; but most of these inculcate moral lessons—none of them offend decency—none of them *inflame* criminal passions. In the earlier periods of our drama, there were frequently coarse expressions, and occasionally a gross scene—but the taste of modern audiences has long since prohibited the exhibition of any such indelicacy. But, what excites our wonder and our sorrow, in the present appearance of the French stage, is to see, of a sudden, the rare exception becoming the general rule—to find nothing but turpitude every night, on every stage, of a great and civilized people—in every work of its most able and most popular writers—to witness the enthusiastic repetition of such pieces for forty, fifty, or sixty nights—in fact, until the author, urged by the double stimulus of profit and fame, has had time to sketch out another and higher-seasoned piece of the same, or of a worse character. It seems to us that all this must be the consequence, or must be the cause of a general lapse of morals—an universal dissolution of the principles of society—in the people who are fed nightly on such intoxicating and mortal poison; and when we again remind our readers, that all our examples have been taken, not from the mass of Parisian dramatists, but from the two who are universally admitted to be at the head of French literature, while hundreds and thousands of inferior hands are busy in producing execrable imitations, in which all the faults of their prototypes are extended and exaggerated —when we remind our readers of all this, they will, we are confident, agree with us, that the state of the public mind in France is now a phenomenon—a fearful phenomenon, such as the civilized world never before witnessed. The influence of the stage—while well conducted, may, perhaps, be sometimes salutary, or, at the most, innoxious; and the long period for which it was, both in England and France, conducted with decency and some degree of reserve, has rendered modern statesmen rather incredulous as to its influence, and of course, indifferent as to its effects; but we are much mistaken if we shall not ere long see irresistible proofs that it is an implement of popular excitement which requires the most cautious attention of governments; and in France, we think, it will be very soon discovered, that the Government must control the stage, or the stage will overthrow the Government, and, ultimately, the whole frame of society. Messrs. Hugo and Dumas boast loudly that their genius has taken these high flights on the

mere abolition of the control of the government; and it is the fashion even in England to complain of the authority of the licenser —but, without some such authority, neither domestic peace nor public tranquillity could be for a moment secured. Against the libels or seditious provocations of the stage there can be no other antecedent preservative, as there can be no subsequent redress: the line that dishonours a private character or excites a public tumult, when once uttered, cannot be recalled—*fugit irrevocabile verbum*—and punishment is out of the question, for the offensive expression often is really, and may always be alleged to be innocent in itself: the danger is in the *application* which a heated audience may make of it. Take, for instance, the example which we have before noticed, from *Le Roi s'amuse*. *There* was a line in which the author protests he had no sinister meaning—a line suited to the character who uttered it—to the circumstances in which, and the persons to whom it was spoken; yet that line, it is confessed, *branded, as with a red-hot iron*, the domestic character of a whole family, and might have thrown a great city, perhaps a whole nation, into a bloody conflict! Can any honest lover of literature—can any man, with any regard for the peace of private families, or the maintenance of public order, doubt that places of no abstract utility, but of mere popular amusement, should be saved by a precautionary authority from the risk of producing—inadvertently on the parts, certainly, of the actors, and probably of the authors—such deplorable consequences? The French government, we see, even in the first fervour of their liberal professions and pledges, were obliged to interfere—but their interference, though it perhaps suspended or averted the *public* danger, could not obliterate the mark of the *red-hot brand* from an innocent family—innocent, we mean, of the peculiar crime alleged. We fear that in London the minor theatres, which are not subjected to the licenser, have already shown an alarming disregard of delicacy; and even in the larger theatres, the licenser is, we believe, very reluctant to use a power, the exercise of which subjects him to personal odium and public complaint. The matter is of more extent and importance than we can here develope; but we trust we have said enough to call public attention to what may become with ourselves a very important consideration, and which assuredly is already a subject of intense anxiety to every one who wishes for the establishment and continuance of a moral and orderly government in that great country, which, from its position and its power, must exercise so great and so exemplary an influence, either for good or for evil, over the rest of the European world.

ART.

ART. IX.—*Natural Theology: or Essays on the Existence of Deity, of Providence; on the Immortality of the Soul; and a Future State.* By the Reverend Alexander Crombie, LL.D., F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1829.

ON a recent occasion, we expressed our regret, that the parties intrusted with the execution of Lord Bridgewater's testamentary disposition, should have mistaken the purpose which that nobleman had in view, and should have given us a series of detached and expensive treatises, inaccessible to the less wealthy classes of society, instead of one compendious publication 'on the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as manifested in creation.' The regret then experienced has been in some degree abated by the perusal of the work now before us. In these volumes, Dr. Crombie has presented, as we believe, the most comprehensive view of the whole science of natural theology that has hitherto appeared. He deduces the existence, the power, and the goodness of God from the phenomena of the universe; he examines and overthrows all the principal arguments which have been brought forward in support of Atheism; and he points out those errors in reasoning, and in the philosophy of logic, which have hitherto retarded the progress of natural religion, considered as a science. This is the most original, and perhaps the most valuable, portion of the book. On many momentous questions, error has been mistaken for truth, because truth has appeared in the garb of error. The arguments of the Atheist have been admitted, because those of the Theist have been logically untenable. Religion has thus been endangered by the weapons wielded in her defence, fully as much as by those which have been employed against her. On these grounds, we are of opinion, that Dr. Crombie has rendered invaluable service to the cause of truth—by showing us the inconclusiveness and the inapplicability of certain mere metaphysical reasonings, and *à priori* arguments, which have been frequently and mischievously employed in support of Theism; and by applying to natural theology that inductive logic which has led to so many brilliant results in physical science. It is as necessary, to the full development and rapid reception of religious truth, that we should discard the *à priori* reasonings of Locke and Clarke, as it was necessary, in another field, to reject the fictitious principles and gratuitous assumptions by which Descartes and others endeavoured to guess at nature, and to anticipate the results of experience. A brief examination of the theological arguments of Locke and Clarke will be sufficient to show that they are calculated to confirm rather than to remove the doubts and difficulties of the honest sceptic.

Nothing,

Nothing, indeed, can be more evident than that every question which comes under the scope of the rational faculty must be either a question of fact or a question of mere relation—a question of substantial existence, or one purely notional and abstract. Subjects of the latter kind, referring solely to the relations of our ideas, are in their very nature independent of facts. The deductions of the mathematician would be demonstrably certain, if there were not a circle or a triangle in existence. The converse position is equally true,—that questions of fact necessarily exclude abstract argumentation. And if Clarke had as clearly seen the inapplicability of all abstract reasoning to every question of fact, and therefore to the existence of Deity, as the great Bacon perceived the utter invalidity of all *à priori* reasoning in physical science, he never would have instituted an abstruse argument in defence of Theism. Of this error, indeed, he seems himself to have been partly aware, and his only apology is, what he offered to Whiston, when conversing with him on the subject in the garden of Peter-house,*—that, as Theism had been metaphysically assailed, he was anxious to show that it might be metaphysically defended. Let us look at their reasonings.

The argument of Locke amounts to this:—Nothing cannot produce something: therefore, something must have existed from eternity; that which is incogitative, therefore, cannot produce that which is cogitative; that which has existed from eternity must be a cogitative being. To this argument for the existence of a God, the philosophic sceptic has an obvious reply. We have no knowledge of different causes: we cannot conceive how an incogitative substance should produce a cogitative; but neither is it given for the human faculties to conceive how a cogitative being should produce an incogitative. That matter should produce mind, is wholly incomprehensible; but not less incomprehensible is it, that mind should produce matter. How that which feels and thinks, should proceed from that which is extended and divisible, is to us absolutely inexplicable; but then it is equally inexplicable to us, how that which is extended and divisible should proceed from that which feels and thinks. By no metaphysical and abstract reasoning from causation—of the nature of which we are wholly ignorant—can we possibly discover whether that which has existed from eternity is matter or is mind.

The celebrated argument of Dr. Clarke is not more conclusive than that of Mr. Locke. The Atheist maintains, that there is no first cause, and that the universe is an infinite succession of causes

* Whiston, pointing to a nettle, told Clarke, it contained better evidence of the existence of Deity than all his metaphysics.

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and effects. Dr. Clarke undertakes to demonstrate that there is a first cause, by showing that an infinite series involves the absurdity of an existence without a cause. His argument is this:—'If we consider endless progression as one series by itself, it is plain—first, that it has no cause of existence, *ab extra*, because the series contains within itself everything that ever was; and, secondly, that it has no cause of existence within itself, because not an individual of the series is self-existent or necessary. And where no part is necessary, the whole cannot be necessary. Therefore it is without a cause of its existence.' Now what does this vaunted demonstration really amount to? Simply to this: the atheistical hypothesis of an infinite series implies an existence without a cause; therefore the hypothesis is false; and there must be a first cause. Here we have a direct contradiction. It is self-evident, that a first cause cannot have had a previous cause. Dr. Clarke's demonstration, therefore, when strictly stated, is neither more nor less than this:—there *can be* no existence without a cause; therefore, there *must have been* an existence without a cause. The fact is, that a finite mind can form no adequate conception of infinite existence; and, so far from being capable of reasoning from it, is unable to comprehend the non-existence of a beginning. That which we call a first cause must be self-existent; for if brought into being by anything else, it could not be an original cause. Hence, our notion of a *first cause* necessarily involves the idea of an existence *without a cause;* and it is impossible to confute the Atheist by arguments derived from *abstract causation;* for, he answers, if the Deity can exist without a cause, the system of the universe may also exist without one.

Where principles, true in themselves, are received upon erroneous evidence, there is always some danger lest the inquiring mind should reject the conclusion upon discovering the falsehood of the premises. While its foundations are unsound, the temple will be insecure. When the intelligent student in moral science finds that Locke and Clarke pretend to demonstrate the existence and attributes of God, by abstract arguments and *à priori* reasonings, he will naturally, and almost necessarily infer, that these eminent Theists were ignorant of the principles of accurate and philosophic logic; or else, that the truths of natural religion are placed beyond the cognisance of the human faculties. But how few are competent to convict Locke and Clarke of errors in the conduct of the human understanding? and how many will be ready to rest upon the authority of those celebrated names, and to conclude, without further inquiry, that the principles which such intellects failed to prove cannot in themselves be true? It was, therefore, of the last importance to the cause of religion, to point out

out the erroneous and unphilosophical mode of investigation adopted by the metaphysical Theists,—

> 'Who nobly take the high *priori* road,
> And reason downward till we doubt of God.'

Natural theology is an inductive science. Our knowledge of the existence and attributes of God, as far as that knowledge is traceable by the light of nature, is acquired by an intellectual process strictly analogous, and exactly similar, to the intellectual process by which we acquire our knowledge of the laws of the physical world; but if the inductive philosophy is to be applied to theology, all metaphysical arguments from first causes, and from the supposed nature of things, must be banished, as contrary to the rules of sound investigation; and all the principles from which we reason must themselves be *facts*, ascertained by experience, and true in all the actual circumstances to which they can be traced. By this reasoning, Newton discovered the true system of the heavens; and it is only by this reasoning that the theist can ascertain, from the light of Nature, the existence and the attributes of Him who made the heavens. The proof of a divine intelligence ruling over the universe, is as full and as perfect as the proof that gravitation extends throughout the planetary system. Newton found by experience, that on our globe all bodies approach towards the earth, according to a certain law. On observing the heavens, he perceived that the motions of the planets corresponded exactly with those which the law of attraction was calculated to occasion in bodies placed respectively as they are in space; and thus he discovered, by a full and complete induction, that the principle of attraction, experienced on our globe, extends throughout the universe, and regulates the planetary movements. The inductive reasoning of the theist is identical with this. Experience assures him of the general *fact*, that, in human affairs, intelligence produces regularity, order, and the aptitude of means to ends: he looks through nature, and observes, though in an infinitely higher degree, an order, a regularity, and a concurrence of means to ends, precisely similar in character to those which, in human affairs, he finds inseparably connected with *intelligence;* and hence, by an induction as full, and an analogy as conclusive as it is possible to conceive, he infers that intelligence pervades and governs the universe.

This argument for the existence of God is open to no objection. It proceeds in strict conformity with the rules of the inductive philosophy. The principle, that in human affairs, order, regularity, and the concurrence of means to ends, are the effects of intelligence, is not a fictitious principle assumed for the sake of accounting for facts: it is in itself a fact—a general fact, true in all

all the individual cases which come within our experience, and therefore a principle, or law, as universal, wherever human agency extends, as is the law of gravitation experienced on the surface of our globe. If it be admitted that gravitation is the cause of the motions of the heavenly bodies, it cannot be consistently denied that intelligence is the cause of the regularity and order, and concurrence of means to ends, observable in the universe. If we apply to theology the inductive philosophy which Bacon directed to physics, it will be seen that the truths of natural religion rest on the same foundation as the truths of material science. When the philosophy of causes, and the metaphysical reasoning of the schools, shall be completely banished from theology, as they have already been from physical inquiry, the doctrine of theism will be consistently denied by those only who reject the 'Principia' of Newton.

The present work of Dr. Crombie must be regarded as supplying an important desideratum in theological literature, inasmuch as in the popular and greatly celebrated treatise of Paley, the rules of logical investigation are not always strictly and consistently applied. Paley does not go to the bottom of his subject. His leading argument frequently involves a *petitio principii*. When he says, 'there cannot be a design without a designer—contrivance without a contriver,' he takes for granted that which he should prove. The atheist affirms, that in the series of events which we observe in nature there is neither design nor contrivance; and this affirmation cannot be disproved by the contrary affirmation of the theist, that design and contrivance exist. It is self-evident that there cannot be contrivance without a contriver—design without a designer. But the question at issue between the atheist and the theist is this,—Is there contrivance?—is there design?—and no approach can be made towards the solution of this question by assuming that which is denied. Is the regular sequence of events observed in nature, the effect of contrivance, or of some other antecedent? This is the question.—How is it to be solved? Our experience does not extend to the origin of natural phenomena, and therefore we can have no right, as far as our direct and immediate experience is concerned, either to affirm or to deny what the origin of such phenomena may have been. In human affairs, however, we have direct and immediate experience, that intelligence and design are the origin of order, regularity, and the concurrence of means to ends; and from this fact, which we know to be true in itself, we infer, according to the strict principles of inductive logic, that intelligence and design are the origin, antecedent, or cause of the order, regularity, and concurrence of means to ends, which we perceive in nature. In this full developement

ment of the argument Paley failed. He was not a perfect master of the inductive logic, and he left it to other and more skilful hands to do for theology that which Bacon did for physics—compelling the atheist to one or other of these alternatives: either to deny that we have any evidence of human intelligence, or to admit the existence of a divine Intelligence.

Dr. Crombie has devoted many pages of his work to an exposure of the fallacies of Hume, the subtleties of Drummond, and the dogmas of Spinoza.

The hypothesis of the eternity of this globe, and its vegetable and animal beings, is satisfactorily disproved by an appeal to various geological facts; and man is shown to be a comparatively recent creation.* The fanciful cosmologies which Buffon and other speculatists have been pleased to invent, our author assails sometimes with ridicule, and sometimes with argument. His proofs of the divine intelligence are drawn solely from the phenomena of nature:—the planetary system—the physical constitution of our globe—its adaptation to the growth and sustenance of the animal and vegetable creation; and more especially he dwells on the wonderful means by which man and the brute species are supplied with the requisites essential to life and happiness—air, water, food, and clothing. The phenomena seem judiciously chosen, as calculated to amuse and interest the reader, and they are forcibly applied to the subject in question. But, though the arguments drawn from the laws and affections of brute matter are amply sufficient to evince the necessity of an intelligent and designing cause, yet it is when we leave the wonders of the material world, and ascend into a higher grade of existence—where life, instinct, and thought, are combined with physical organization—that we discover the most striking instances of creative wisdom. Here the mechanical and chemical agencies—the vital powers—the attractions and repulsions—the transpositions and combinations—and all the guesses and fancies by which the atheist would account for the phenomena of the universe, avail him nothing.

Let us direct our attention to animal instincts; and, though all of these irresistibly lead to the conclusion of a wise and designing cause, there is none perhaps, in the vast chain of animal being, more striking than that of the bee. Our limits will not permit us to enter minutely into the economy of this wonderful insect; we shall therefore confine ourselves to one fact:—

'When we behold this little creature constructing its cell, to

* On this head, as on many others, we may refer our readers to the splendid summary of Mr. Sedgewick, in his recent *Discourse* before the University of Cambridge; perhaps the most remarkable *pamphlet* that has appeared in England since Burke's Reflections, but one which, being itself a masterly *reviewal*, is not exactly suited for the purpose of detailed notice in a critical journal.

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contain its winter stock, and constructing it of that form which is demonstrably the strongest, and the most convenient, it seems the extravagance of absurdity to suppose, that the instinct by which it is directed is the offspring of ignorance. The phenomenon, indeed, is one of the most extraordinary that the animal world presents to our contemplation. It must be evident to every one who has given the least attention to the obvious properties of different figures, that there are only three which will admit the junction of their sides, without any vacant spaces between them—all the figures being equal and similar; namely, the square, the equilateral triangle, and the hexaedron: of these, the last is the strongest and the most convenient. In this form, then, we find that all the cells are constructed. This is a curious and wonderful fact; and, what is equally remarkable, the middle of every cell, on one side, is directly opposite to the point where the three partitions meet on the opposite side. By this position, the cell receives additional strength. This is not all. If human ingenuity were to contrive a cell, which would require the least expenditure of material and labour, it would be a question, not easily solved, at what precise angle the three planes which compose the bottom ought to meet. The late celebrated mathematician, Maclaurin, by a fluxionary *calculus*, determined precisely the angle required; and he found, by the most exact mensuration the subject would admit, that it is the very angle in which the three planes in the bottom of a cell of a honey-comb do actually meet. The same curious fact was ascertained by a German mathematician;—Reaumur, presuming that the angles were adopted for the purpose of saving material, proposed to Koenig, a mathematician of eminence, that he should determine what should be the angles of a hexagonal cell, with a pyramidal base, to require the least material. By the infinitiomal calculus, he ascertained that the greatest angle should be 109° 26′, and the smaller 70° 34′—the very angles which the insect adopts. What an astonishing coincidence is this! A profound mathematician is required to solve a very difficult problem; and it is found that his conclusion, gained by the exercise of considerable ingenuity and deep thought, was practically exhibited in the operations of the bee. How few are capable of that scientific investigation which this insect illustrates by its practice? It seems the extravagance of folly to believe, that out of the numerous different combinations of which two angles are susceptible, that which *most* saves labour and material should be adopted by random chance or blind necessity.'

A bird's nest presents a phenomenon nearly as wonderful as the cell of the bee. This object is so familiar to us, that it excites little or no curiosity; but let it be shown to a person capable of reflection, who had never seen such a structure; let him examine the materials of which it is composed—their admirable aptitude for the purpose which it answers, the convenience of its form for the shape and the warmth of its inhabitants—the lightness, the firmness—the neatness with which its materials are twisted and interwoven;

terwoven; and let him be assured that this curious structure was finished in a few weeks, by a pair of birds, with no other implements than the bill and the claws—and he would instantly be filled with profound astonishment: and how would this emotion be heightened, when he learned that the birds began to build it just in time to be ready for incubation, that it was the first they had ever made, and that they had therefore no experience of the days or weeks necessary for its completion? If there be no ingenuity, no foresight in the animal, there must be wisdom and contrivance *somewhere*.

There cannot be a stronger proof of intelligence and design than a deviation from a general and salutary law, accompanied with a provision against the injurious effect which that deviation would otherwise produce.

'Almost all animals come into the world covered with clothing adapted to their condition. Man is an exception, because he can clothe himself. He is not, however, the only exception; nor is he the only animal that can clothe itself. The larva or grub of that species of moth which is called the "clothes' moth," manufactures, as soon as it comes into the world, a coat for itself, of hair or wool, and, for the protection of its tender skin, lines it with silk. This is a curious and singular fact. If this coat were the insect's natural covering, it would grow with the insect's growth; but it is artificial—and some provision, therefore, must be made for its enlargement, as the grub increases in size. If additional length only were required, the task would be easy; the covering being cylindrical, all that would be necessary would be effected by adding a ring or two at the top or the bottom. But the coat must be widened; and this is an operation which is not so easily performed; but the little insect, as if it had learned the art of tailoring, accomplishes its object with equal ease and success. It begins, as an experienced workman would do, by making two slits, one on each side, in order to give additional width, and then it introduces two slips of the same materials, to fill up the space; but it sees—or, at least, acts as if it foresaw—that if the slits were made on each side, from one end to the other, at once, the coat would fall off: it proceeds, therefore, with caution, and at first slits its garment on each side only half-way down; and, when it has completed the enlargement of that half, proceeds in like manner to enlarge the other. What more could be done by a skilful tailor? And, be it observed, that this operation is performed, not by imitation—for it never saw the thing done; nor by practice—for it is its first attempt. The facts are curious, and worthy of attention. It comes into existence naked. Whence has it learned that a covering is necessary?—who has taught it to choose the proper materials?—or from whom has it learned to employ those within its reach, and fit them for its use?—who has taught it to felt and fashion them into a coat?—who has taught it that the coat must be enlarged, in order to suit its growth?—whence has it learned to enlarge its covering without

without taking it off, or leaving itself naked? If ingenuity and foresight are denied to the insect, its instinct shows that there is wisdom somewhere. Do we look for intelligence in a senseless necessity?

'How absurd soever the hypothesis may be, and how repugnant soever to the known and established operations of nature, that man was formed by chance or by necessity, instantaneously perfect and in a state of full maturity, it is evident that, admitting the possibility of such an origin, he must have perished immediately after his formation. How was his animal frame to have been supported? Did he know that it required aliment for its sustenance? He came into the world susceptible of pain and pleasure, but totally ignorant of his necessities, and equally unacquainted with the means of supplying them. He feels, we shall suppose, the pain of hunger and thirst; but does he know the cause, or is he acquainted with the means of relieving them?—certainly not. He is as ignorant that the fruits of the earth would satisfy his hunger, or the water of the brook quench his thirst, as the new-born babe; and if he knew that they would answer these ends, how does he know the mode of administering them? How does he know that his food is to be received by the mouth, masticated by the teeth, and transmitted to the stomach? And, if he knew all this, who teaches him—or how does he know to put the appropriate muscles in motion, when he is ignorant even that a muscle exists? To refer us to *nature*, is to ascribe intelligence to a name, or to an abstract conception. To tell us that he is taught by instinct, is not to remove, but to shift the difficulty. Instinct implies something implanted. By whom is it implanted?—or, we will dismiss the name, though offered by the atheist, lest we should seem to beg the question, and observe, that an animal acts either *with* knowledge, or *by* knowledge. If *with* knowledge, as implying an acquaintance with means and ends, how can *that* be acquired without experience? Its existence is impossible. If *by* knowledge, which implies an ignorance in itself of means and ends, then that knowledge is not its own, and must be referred to an Intelligent Author, acting in it, either mediately or immediately. In short, if there is knowledge, it must either be acquired or implanted. If the former alternative be impossible, the latter necessarily follows. No truth, then, can be more evident than this,—that if man had been formed fortuitously, he could not have been sustained fortuitously, but must have perished almost as soon as he came into existence. If chance could account for his formation, it cannot possibly account for his preservation.'

This argument is conclusive against one hypothesis. The other, which maintains that the earth, in its primeval state, possessed a generative power,—that it contained the seeds of plants and animals—and that these were expanded from *embryo*, and gradually grew to full maturity—is not less absurd than it is degrading to our nature. Wretchedly debased, indeed, must be the soul of that man who can reconcile himself to assimilate his origin to that of the mite or the maggot. But if such an origin were possible, how

how is the infant to be fed and fostered until it be capable of providing for its numerous wants? Without that provision for its sustenance to which we would now direct the attention of the reader, it must, in a few hours, return to its mother earth.

'Of all the animal creation, man comes into the world the most helpless and the most dependent. With an organization complete in all its parts, and every part fitted to perform its function, the infant would perish soon after its birth, if some provision were not made for its protection and support. Aliment is accordingly provided for it, suited to its nature, and adapted to its taste; provided, too, in the breast of its mother, by a process no less admirable than necessary. And what renders the provision truly wonderful—furnishing an impressive evidence of design—is the exhibition of these three striking and impressive facts:—1st. That this aliment is prepared by a temporary deviation from the previous and usual procedure of nature. 2d. That it is not provided until it becomes necessary. 3d. That the supply ceases when it is not required. Can these extraordinary accommodations to varying circumstances be explained by referring them to random chance, or an ignorant fatality? The atheist may fancy that he explains the phenomena when he traces the various steps of the process, noting antecedents and consequents, and assigning what are termed the immediate causes; but we must remind him that, to know the conjunction of two or more phenomena, is not to know the principle of connexion. The mode or order of action is not to be confounded with the principle of agency. If the particles of the secretory organs act by necessity, it cannot be the necessity of brute ignorance, but their passive obedience to the ordination of intelligence.

'But it would not be sufficient that aliment were provided for the nourishment of the child; it must be administered. How, then, is this to be effected? The question, perhaps, may seem to be idle and unnecessary, so familiar to us is the sight of a mother suckling her little innocent. Much, indeed, it is to be lamented, that the more we are accustomed to see the wonders of nature, the more prone we are to regard them with stoical indifference. Reason, and a sense of duty, might prompt the mother to give her breast to the infant child; but these principles can operate only in cultivated minds; in the brute creation they have no place; and their agency is generally slow and uncertain. They constitute *a part* of that mental provision which is made for the support of the helpless babe: but *other* incentives, more quick in their operation, as well as more certain in their effect, concur with the provision of physical nature, and stimulate the mother, with resistless efficacy, to administer to her infant that food which is provided for its sustenance. These are—pain, pleasure, and instinctive affection,—three of the most powerful stimulants of which our nature is susceptible.

'If the nutriment for the infant be suppressed or withheld, pain is the necessary consequence. A febrile affection ensues, inflicted, we say, by the Parent of nature for the violation of his laws. This painful

ful sensation can be relieved only by an extraction of the flu idby which the infant should be nourished. The *stimulus*, therefore, to administer it is almost irresistible; the mother is impelled to relieve herself; this is one, and, indeed, singly, a sufficient provision for securing nutriment to the infant offspring. Again, the pleasure which accompanies the act of suckling is another powerful incentive to the mother to impart her treasure to her hungry child. To be relieved from pain is enjoyment, but there is here a positive and direct gratification, both animal and intellectual, which every mother feels in giving suck to her infant babe, and ministering to its earliest wants. The child is fed, and the mother delighted. Again, in every mother there is implanted an instinctive affection towards her infant offspring. This principle is, in its energy, so powerful, that it subdues every other feeling; self-love is annihilated by its resistless superiority, and the mother cheerfully sacrifices a thousand comforts, nay sometimes life itself to save her child*. To be convinced, indeed, of the mighty influence of maternal love, we have only to consider the infant's incessant calls on a mother's affection during the season she should give to repose, the wakeful hours which she willingly passes in order to consult its ease and administer to its comforts, her anxious solicitude on all occasions to anticipate its wants, and the smiles that light up her countenance when, by the breast, she stills its cries, or lulls it to sleep in a mother's bosom. To a sympathetic heart, no sight can be more delightful, none better calculated to impress us with the conviction of a parental intelligence presiding over all, and providing for our earliest necessities, when we can neither know them nor express them, than the sight of an affectionate mother nursing her infant babe. Nor is this affection confined to the mother, civilized by culture, enlightened by philosophy, or actuated by religious feeling. It is found in the negro and the Indian, nay in the ferocious animal that roams in the desert. The instinct also which directs the infant to the mother's breast—the instinct by which he sucks, an operation which no human ingenuity could teach him—the instinct by which he is taught to breathe through the nostrils, while his lips are closed, present, with the facts already stated, such a concurrence of circumstances, physical and mental, all necessary to the sustenance of the infant, as are wholly inexplicable on the hypothesis of brute necessity. There are various other instincts, indispensable to the safety and sustenance of the animal, which irresistibly lead to the same conclusion.'

Dr. Crombie having, in preceding pages of his work, adduced various parts of the human frame, singly, and their harmony as a whole, with its combined properties and powers, proceeds to exhi-

* How forcibly does the following fact, related in a French journal, evince the strength of maternal affection. A woman in the south of France, while she was busied in her garden, had the misfortune to be attacked by a wolf, who tore a hole in her side. The animal was accidentally frightened, and fled. The poor woman, feeling that the injury was mortal, but, even in the extremity of suffering, intent on the wants of her little infant, whom she had left in the house, applied her hand to the wound to close it, and returning to her child, gave suck to the babe, and then expired.

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bit the mental constitution of man, as a striking and an additional proof of an intelligent Cause. The attributes of Deity, and the infinitude of his perfections, are subjects which engage a due portion of his attention. In treating of the divine benevolence, Dr. Crombie offers a very curious and *original* argument, into which, we regret to say, our limits will not permit us to enter. The proofs of a Providence and of a future state are exhibited, and the objections urged by the materialist against the immortality of the soul are overthrown. On no subjects have more obscurity and error prevailed, than on those relating to the nature or essence of matter and of mind. Hobbes has asserted—and others have, with an air of triumph, repeated the assertion—that an incorporeal substance is a contradiction and an absurdity. If ever a mere *gratis dictum* was obtruded as argument, it is here. We call on the materialist to prove the contradiction. We would challenge him to show, that it is impossible for any substance to exist, but body or material substance—nothing but what may be seen or touched. If he confine the term substance to body, he not only palpably begs the question, but proves himself ignorant of the real meaning of the word. A substance is that in which qualities or properties inhere, whatever these qualities or properties may be. And whenever the materialist has proved that there can be no substance but *matter*, no quality, no property, no accident, in the whole universe, but what belongs to *body*, then, and not till then, can his assertion be received as an established fact.

But we will not pursue these abstruse speculations. Though it was proper, and even essential, that the author, in giving to the world a comprehensive treatise on natural theology, should notice and refute objections founded on the doctrine of materialism; yet the question of a future state of existence, being a question of fact, is to be resolved like other questions of fact, not by metaphysical disquisitions, but by experience and induction. Now an inductive progress, analogous to that which proves the existence of God, proves also the immortality of man. Experience assures us of the universal fact, or principle, that in the animal kingdom every function has an appropriate sphere of action. Were a naturalist, upon being cast upon a desert island, there to meet with the fœtus of an animal unknown before, an examination of its structure would enable him to infer with certainty its prevailing habits and its element. One formation would enable him to determine whether it were carnivorous, granivorous, or both; another, whether it were terrestrial, aquatic, or amphibious. Now, on what principle would these conclusions of our experienced naturalist be drawn? and on what principle would the world of science assent to them as established? Only on the principles of inductive logic. It is a general fact, established by universal experience,

rience, that animals with a certain formation of teeth, and of the gastronomic canal live upon animal food, while those possessing another certain formation can derive their nourishment only from vegetable matter. Hence, when these formations are observed, the habitudes with which, in all preceding instances, they were uniformly conjoined, are certainly, and from the nature of our mental constitutions, necessarily and irresistibly inferred. But is it only with respect to the inferior animals, that the inductive philosopher is permitted to predict future destiny from present functions? It is a principle, a fact true without exception, that every animal function has, in the developement and progress of animal life, a corresponding sphere of action. But is this correspondence limited to animal life? Is it only with respect to the intellectual existence of man that there are powers which can be directed to no object, and capacities that never can be called forth? Amongst the vast majority of mankind, from the beginning of the world to the present hour, the mental faculties, and the higher capabilities of moral and religious feeling, have been nearly as dormant and as unemployed as are the lungs and eyes of the fœtus still *in utero*. If from the dormant state of the latter the naturalist deduces the habits and the element of the animal after birth, may not the theist, by a logic as legitimate, an induction as sound, predict, from the present inchoate condition of the intellectual and moral capacities of the human mind, its destiny after death?

When accurate experience and ample induction have established the existence of intelligence, then the existence of intelligence becomes a general fact or principle, from which other facts may be logically inferred. An intelligent cause—a designing mind—does not operate without a purpose; its creations have an object and a use. Divine wisdom does not work in vain. From the valves of the veins and arteries Harvey, arguing to final causes, discovered the circulation of the blood; and from the moral powers and devotional feelings of the human mind, which seem to have no adequate and final object here, we are induced to conceive and impelled to believe, that man was destined by his Maker to live hereafter.

From our innate desires, no less than from our moral powers and religious feelings, immortality may be inferred. It will be immediately obvious that, from the instincts of the inferior animals, their organization, their element and their destination may be certainly deduced.

If a naturalist were assured that a brood of unknown birds, on breaking their shells, showed an instant desire to rush into the water and devour small fish, he would as instantly and as certainly

infer that they were of the aquatic genus, and he would feel as confident as if he had actually examined their structure that their organization corresponded with their instincts. Wherefore this confident anticipation of the results of an anatomical examination? Simply because it is a principle—a fact, true without exception, that in the animal kingdom instincts, and organization, and element correspond. Is this correspondence between instinct, and element, and destination, limited to merely animal life? Are the instincts of the soul the only instincts which are abortive and objectless?—Is

. . 'The ardent hope, the fond desire,
The longing after immortality,'

the only implanted anticipation, for the gratification of which no corresponding reality exists? When we contemplate the animal creation, we find that the most admirable harmony prevails; that wherever a desire exists something is provided to gratify it, and that every instinct which is implanted leads its possessor to something connected with his well-being. Now is the desire of immortality the only desire for which no gratification is provided? Were a new material substance presented to us, we should confidently conclude, without examination, that it possessed specific gravity; and, were we required to give a reason for so concluding, we could only answer, that all other matter coming under our inspection possessed this property, and that we could not resist the induction that the new substance possessed it also. In like manner, were we, in the animal kingdom, to discover a new instinct, we should as confidently expect that it pointed to something attainable, connected with the well-being of its possessor; and were we required to state the grounds of such expectation, we could only answer that all other instincts which had come within our knowledge were but means to an end, and led directly and unerringly to the attainment of that to which they are directed. As far as our experience extends, there are attainable objects corresponding to implanted desires; and it is a legitimate induction from this experience—that those hopes and desires of higher and purer happiness than the present state affords, will be amply and permanently gratified.

After the belief in invisible intelligence has once been formed, we are led, by a natural process, to conceive that, when the visible body perishes, the invisible intelligence which pervaded it may continue to exist. No particle of matter perishes. The elements of body, whatever form they may assume, or into whatever new combinations they may enter, continue to subsist; uniform experience convinces us that in the material world no particle or atom which has once existed can cease *to be*. Hence, finding

finding that all things acting on the external senses are indestructible, we infer that things not affecting the external senses are indestructible also. That which is solid and extended is ever-during; that which feels and thinks we, by natural induction, conclude to be the same. Uniform and universal experience assures us that the essence of body cannot perish; and it is a legitimate induction from this experience that the essence of mind is immortal.

It cannot be fairly objected to natural theology, considered as an inductive science, that in the infancy of inquiry it has been disfigured by many gross and even mischievous errors; this is the fate of all merely human knowledge, which is necessarily progressive. In physics, inaccurate observation of facts, premature generalization, and the assumption of fictitious principles, for ages retarded the discovery of truth, and in a manner closed the book of nature to mankind; it cannot, therefore, be matter of wonder that in natural religion similar sources of error should have prevailed. If the human mind made innumerable mistakes respecting the properties of matter, how could it escape from error with respect to the attributes of God? A rude and ignorant people, deriving their religious belief from the light of *nature only*, will be polytheists and idolaters. This has been clearly shown by Hume in his Essay on the Natural History of Religion. A knowledge of the existence of one God, the only Governor of the Universe, as it is one of the most difficult, so it is one of the latest triumphs of inductive philosophy. This view of the necessarily tardy progress of natural theology, *considered as a branch of human science*, sheds new and additional light upon the evidence for revealed religion. If the first narrow and imperfect induction of an ignorant people give birth to the errors of polytheism—and if to establish the doctrine of pure theism by reason alone was the latest and most difficult achievement of human intellect—how came it to pass that, in a period of semi-barbarism, the Jews acquired their knowledge of the true God? At the time that they acquired this knowledge the progress of the human mind, even amongst nations far more advanced than they, had not been sufficient to overthrow the most irrational forms of idolatry. The prevalence of this idolatry demonstrates that the belief in one Almighty Governor of all things is not an instinctive and universal principle of our nature. Whence, then, was the pure theism of the Jews derived? If not innate, and if not acquired in the progress of science, it could have been obtained only by a communication from above. The knowledge of the true God, which the Jews possessed in the earliest and rudest times, is in itself an irresistible proof that a revelation was made to man.

Should the view of the subject which we have now ventured to open, and at which we have thus accidentally and briefly glanced, bear the test of careful examination, it may lead to important results. For ourselves, we entertain sanguine expectations of the good which is likely to accrue from the application of the inductive philosophy, as well to revealed as to natural religion. Lord Bacon happily observes, 'a little philosophy makes men atheists,' —a great deal reconciles them to religion. Human improvement, and human happiness, even in this world, are necessarily and inseparably connected with the developement and diffusion of religious truth. When we deprive man of his immortal character, and of the halo shed around him by his connexion with Omnipotence, and reduce him to a bundle of sensations and ideas, he sinks in our esteem; and the shadowy and unsubstantial form, which glides about for its hour and then passes into nothingness, engages but little of our attention and regard. With the fading dignity of man philanthropy decays, the ardour of benevolence and the glow of sympathy subside. Thus, in a moral sense, while religion is an attracting, irreligion is a repelling, power,—it diminishes our respect for man; what we cease to esteem we cease to love; and as we cease to love we cease to sympathize. In this manner scepticism weakens those feelings of fellowship which bind the human family together, and by multiplying our sympathies enlarge our existence.

ART. IX.—1. *Tracts on the Corn Trade and Corn Laws.* By William Jacob, Esq. F.R.S. 8vo.

2. *Public Economy Concentrated; or a Connected View of Currency, Agriculture, and Manufactures.* By an Enquirer into First Principles. Carlisle. 1833.

3. *An Enquiry into the Expediency of the Existing Restrictions on the Importation of Foreign Corn; with Observations on the Present Social and Political Prospects of Great Britain.* By John Barton. London. 1833.

4. *Report from the Select Committee on Agriculture.* 1833.

5. *Report from the Select Committee on Manufactures, Commerce, and Shipping.* 1833.

THE various opinions which at present exist upon the subject of the Corn Laws may be reduced to these three:—1st, that the present system of protecting the corn-growers by a fluctuating, that is to say, a graduated scale of duties, should continue unchanged;

changed; or 2dly, that a fixed duty should be substituted for that scale; or, 3dly, that all restrictions on importation should be abrogated, and that free trade in corn proclaimed which the 'Anti-Bread-Tax Societies' demand, and which, unless it be speedily and graciously conceded by the obedient legislature, is to be forced from it, *vi et armis*;—for this is declared to be the alternative by those leaders of public opinion, who in these days have it but too much in their power to bring about the fulfilment of their own predictions.

'It is something,' says the *Times*,* 'to set the question astir; for sure we are, that if amendments, as well in the Poor Laws as the Corn Laws, be not made in the form of legislative enactment, discreetly, soberly, but diligently, and without any avoidable procrastination, by the recognized authorities of the state, changes in them will be made in a far different and, indeed, a frightful form,—from necessity, from passion, furiously, improvidently, in spite of authority, and to the subversion of all constituted power, by those who will plead no other justification but that their wants and their sufferings cannot any longer be endured; and that to them no change is imaginable which must not alleviate some acute distress, and lead to some yet unknown enjoyment.'

It was upon occasion of the Poor Laws that these remarks were made—laws, the amendment or alteration of which, it is quite certain, will never be attempted by popular violence; but it is upon the Corn question that they are meant to bear. The same journal holds up to indignity what is calls the 'blind and chimerical warfare of the landholders against the wants of the great body of the nation.' 'What,' it asks, 'is the exclusion of foreign bread from the British market, but a restraint upon the export of British manufactures, with the collateral merit of throwing hundreds of thousands of native workmen out of employment, and pinching the meals of all the others?'

> 'Tis not so great a cunning as men think
> To raise the devil; for here's one up already:
> The greatest cunning were to lay him down!'

In favour of the first opinion, that the present system of a fluctuating duty should be continued, there is this fact, that under this system

'the price of wheat for the last five years has been more steady than for any other period of five years since 1797, beyond which time no official return of accuracy can be produced.''†

That the necessaries of life should be maintained (as far as possible) at an equable price, is an object most worth the attention

* Thursday, 5th Dec.—Monday, 25th Nov. 1833.
† Report of the Committee on Agriculture, xii.

of

of a good government, as being most important to the commonwealth. If they be unusually cheap, you have, in the present state of public morals, so great an increase of idleness and profligacy as to produce a considerable increase in the mortality of each year. But if abundance be, in this respect, an evil, dearth is still worse; then, too, the rate of mortality is increased, not then in consequence of laziness and drunkenness, but of over-exertion, insufficient food, pinching want, and helpless, heart-consuming wretchedness. A dearth that should approach to famine is all that now is wanting to bring upon us a more appalling danger than any from which God's mercy has ever hitherto preserved us. Corn at the price of 1800 and 1801 would now occasion a *jacquerie*. It then cost the nation a million in bounties for the importation of foreign grain.

'If,' say the Committee, 'it be not prudent to run the risk of rendering the dense population of these islands dependent on the supply of bread-corn from abroad, the protection now given to corn the growth of the United Kingdom may be justly regarded as an insurance against famine, and against the danger of that reliance on foreign countries for the staff of life which might be found inconsistent with the safety and permanent interests of the people, and ultimately fatal to our national independence.'—*Report*, &c., xiii.

The question of a fixed or fluctuating duty does not depend on calculation. The main objection to a fixed duty is the same as that to Mr. Joseph Hume's abrogation of the laws against the combination of workmen; and it may be overlooked in this case as it was in that, by many perhaps ignorantly, by some perhaps wilfully. The objection is, that violence is sure to be applied on one side; that is so certain a consequence, that they who can see any thing must see it, unless they wilfully shut their eyes—and 'who so blind as those that will not see!' A fixed duty on foreign corn is imaginary when corn is cheap at home, because it is not worth while to import it; and the self-same fixed duty could not possibly be levied when corn was dear. 'The workman is starving already, and would you enforce a tax on his supply of bread?' The grower of corn would not, and could not, practically be protected in the least by a fixed duty, which in the one case is nugatory, and in the other impossible. The proposal, therefore, is a mere absurdity, unless it be intended to fix the duty so low as to complete the ruin of the British agriculturist. Then, indeed, it ceases to be absurd, and is to be classed, with that of a free trade in corn, among the destructive projects of the day.

Two points are taken for granted by the advocates for a free trade in corn—that *England can, at all times, be supplied with foreign grain to supply the deficiency occasioned by the diminution of its own*

own produce; and that *foreigners will afford us as sure a market for our manufactures as they would find here for their corn.* Let us see what the state of our own agriculture is at this time,—and what it would immediately become, if the protecting duties were withdrawn.

During the war with Buonaparte, agriculture and trade flourished in these kingdoms, far beyond all former example, each cherishing and supporting the other; and during those years it is proved by the Property-Tax Returns, that the agricultural classes contributed to the state more than three times as much as the manufacturing and commercial classes of every description united.—So ill-founded is the assertion, that 'it was the steam-engine which fought the battles of Europe!' Peace, which, by all but a few far-sighted men, was expected to bring with it its proverbial blessings of plenty and prosperity, immediately brought down the price of corn nearly one-half, by the unrestrained admission of foreign grain, and thus struck off at once fifty millions from the gross revenue of the agricultural classes (comprising in that term all who are immediately connected with agriculture); the result was 'a fall in wages and in the price of all other commodities, and a consequent diminution of profit and income to every class of the community.'* This evil may be deemed to have been inevitable, unless greater foresight had existed in the cabinet than has, ever since the days of Elizabeth, been found there; and unless there had co-existed with such foresight more intelligence and more reasonableness in the people than ought to be expected in any country.

But there was no want of activity, as far as their own short-sighted interests was concerned, in our mercantile speculators, when even forewarning failed to awaken it in the government. No sooner was the Baltic open to our merchants, than corn was bought up there for importation into England; at the same time the continent was glutted with English goods, which, because the supply greatly exceeded the demand, were sold at less than their prime cost, and upon which the foreign governments soon laid new duties—not more in aid of their own finances, than, as in duty bound, to prevent the ruin of their own manufactures. This might have been a salutary lesson, if nations were ever rendered wise by experience; it might have taught us that, however willing one part of this nation might be to see the other ruined by the free admission of foreign grain, foreign governments would never consent to have their fabrics destroyed by the unrestricted introduction of British goods. It is a sound maxim in politics, whatever it may be in morals, that charity begins at home.

* Spence's Tracts, xvi.

Before

Before the commencement of the war, agriculture had become a favourite pursuit; a Board had been instituted for its improvement; reports upon its state, in every county throughout England and Scotland, were drawn up by the most experienced persons, and the House of Commons passed a resolution, that no greater national benefit could be conferred than by bringing waste lands into cultivation. Our good King George III. used to say, 'that the ground, like man, was never intended to lie idle; if it does not produce something useful, it will be overrun with weeds.' That king encouraged it by his example, and is now known to have contributed to the humble but useful pages of an agricultural journal. Science, enthusiasm, and capital were already applied to it, before the circumstances of the war gave to speculation and cupidity the same direction; and the result cannot be better stated than in Lord Brougham's words:—

'It may safely be said,' he asserted, 'that—without at all comprehending the waste lands which have been wholly added to the productive tenantry of the island—not, perhaps, that two blades of grass grew where only one had grown before, but certainly that five grew where four used to be; and that this kingdom, which foreigners used to taunt as a mere manufacturing and trading country, inhabited by a shopkeeping nation, had in reality become, for its size, by far the greatest agricultural state in the world.'

Agricultural industry had effected this for the nation. Yet, when the agricultural interest received, by the return of peace, severer and more lasting as well as far more extensive injury than any branch of trade ever suffered upon the breaking out of a war, the farmers were reproached, as if their distress, in great measure, had been brought upon them by their own extravagance.

'Formerly,' it was said by the advocates of the free-trade theory—'formerly a farmer thought it a high luxury if he was rich enough to enjoy his ale; but now, on entering their houses, you are not only treated with a bottle of port, but sometimes even with Madeira. The sons of these wealthy agriculturists are all fine gentlemen; instead of following the plough, they are following the hounds; and the daughters are strumming upon the piano-forte instead of milking the cows.'

Well, indeed, would it be, if the virtue of thrift, with some other old-fashioned and now all but obsolete virtues, could be renewed among us; but it might have been thought that they who exult in 'the march of intellect' would have regarded at least with complacency the march of refinement; and that language which seemed to exult over the impending ruin of a large and most respectable class might have been spared in parliament. The great

great capitalist from whom it came was reminded in reply, by Mr. Huskisson, of the luxury of our merchants,

'who had exchanged their snug dwellings in the city, for magnificent mansions in the squares at the west end of the town, and who, instead of dining at one o'clock, along with their clerks, as their forefathers did, were now to be seen sitting down to a table, profuse in its variety of dishes, at six or seven o'clock.'

Mr. Huskisson added, 'he did not complain that it was so; he honoured the industry, and gloried in the success which occasioned it.' A cry, however, had gone forth, both against the farmers and the landholders; and when government, after having, by its indecision during twelve months, allowed the ruin to take its course, brought forward the first corn-bill with the intention of carrying it, the easily deluded populace were excited against it by some who were as ignorant as themselves, and by others who were systematically engaged in revolutionary projects. Four lives were lost in the riots which ensued, whereby opportunity was afforded for some diatribes of modern patriotism in the House of Commons, and for a coroner's inquest to bring in a verdict of wilful murder against a servant and three soldiers, who, in defending Mr. Robinson's, the present Earl of Ripon's house, fired upon the mob. This preposterous verdict was given, because the persons who unhappily fell were spectators of the riot, not actually engaged in it. But mob-law not being as yet the law of the land, nor strong enough to supersede it, the old principle, that an Englishman's house is his castle, was acknowledged upon the subsequent trial; and the natural and constitutional right of an Englishman, to defend himself and his family against a lawless rabble, was recognised by the judge and the jury.

Buonaparte's escape from Elba, just after the corn-bill was passed, put an end at once to the agitation which that question had raised. The measure was too late to save most of the existing race of farmers from ruin; foreign corn had meantime been introduced in such quantities as to glut the market; under these circumstances an abundant harvest proved no blessing to the farmers, and the evil, which impolicy had occasioned, was imputed to over-production. That fault, if fault it was, was not again committed by the impoverished farmers, nor favoured by the seasons; and the manufacturers were very soon made to experience, what they have not yet learned to understand,—that their welfare depends upon that of the land,—that high prices, when not occasioned by dearth, are both the cause and effect of general prosperity, and that when agriculture is depressed, the depression necessarily extends to trade in all its branches.

The difficulties of both classes, but especially the agriculturists, were increased, when, because of the growing distress and conse-

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quent distrust, the Bank of England drew in its issues in a great degree, and was followed in a still greater, by the country bankers. Disturbances broke forth more widely and of a more formidable character than those which had been raised upon the corn-bill; the agricultural labourers took part in them, as well as those who were beginning to call themselves *the operatives*; the apostles of anarchy were busy among both; ricks and barns were burnt by the one, machinery broken by the other; riots, with which some of the civil authorities were weak enough to compromise, took place in the rural districts; and in the manufacturing ones combinations were manifested, and conspiracies brought to light, which aimed at nothing less than a servile war. The insurrectionary movements were put down; some of the ringleaders suffered under the just sentence of the law, while the instigators and prime movers of the mischief escaped all punishment. The government made but a feeble use of the powers with which the laws invested it, and which public opinion called upon it to exert for the public safety. Temporary, instead of permanent, enactments were made against seditious meetings; and other measures, by which no good man could have been affected, no inoffensive one hurt, were frittered down in the absurd hope of conciliating opponents who were entitled to no such condescension.

At this time the landholder was represented by the revolutionary press as 'a monster who was to be hunted down;' and the fundholder as something worse. Yet, though both classes were thus warned of the fate intended for them, none were more ready than some of the great capitalists to join in the cry against the landed interest; and some of both were deluded by the pseudo-science of political economy, which in this country might be esteemed the great folly of the age, if it were not felt in its consequences to be one of the great evils, and if there were not reason to apprehend that eventually it may prove the greatest curse. The injury which agriculture and trade—for their interests are inseparably connected—sustained, when the banks contracted their issues, ought to have operated as a warning upon the government. But governments, like individuals, seldom derive any other wisdom from experience, than that 'sad wisdom' which is left by folly, and accompanied by unavailing repentance. A change in the currency was made, notwithstanding this lesson; and the consequences were, as had been foreseen and foretold by the opponents of that measure, wider distress and more extensive ruin.

'It is impossible to overlook,' say the Agricultural Committee of 1833, 'and it would be criminal to disguise the fact, that the depreciation and restoration of the value of money, consequent on the Bank restriction of 1797, have unsettled the habits, disturbed

the

the fixed engagements, and injured, ultimately, the interests of large classes of the community.' The Committee acknowledge that the effect produced has already been an extensive change of proprietors throughout the kingdom.

'In the counties,' they say, 'where yeomen heretofore abounded, occupying their own estates, which estates in many cases had been transmitted from father to son,'—(it might have been added, from a time beyond the memory of man,)—'a great change of property has recently taken place. The high prices of the war led to speculation in the purchase, improvement, and inclosure of land; money was borrowed on the paternal estates for speculations of this nature, which at the time were not considered improvident. Prices have fallen; the debt still remains; or the estate has changed owners, and the interval between the fall of prices, and the adjustment of charge and of expenditure to the altered value of money, has been most pernicious to this body of men. In rural districts, from the absence of competition, the small tradesmen have been enabled to keep up their prices, although, perhaps, bad debts and diminished custom have not added to their profits; but the means of the yeoman have diminished more rapidly than the fixed demands on his means; and on him have fallen all the evils of an income progressively decreasing, without a corresponding reduction of charge.'

This melancholy statement is fully supported by the evidence:—and here it is proper to observe, in the words of the Committee, that the witnesses examined were,

'with very few exceptions, immediately connected with the cultivation of the soil; most of them either rent-payers, or surveyors of land; some of them landowners; few of them not practically experienced in the detail of the matters to which they have deposed; and it is impossible not to remark *a rare concurrence both of statement and of opinion, on the part of witnesses brought together from the most distant quarters.* It is due to them to state that they have generally given the fullest information in the most open manner; and the frankness of the exposition of their views is no less remarkable than the ability with which they have made and supported their statements.'

Let it be remembered, as most worthy of notice, that there is no conflicting evidence upon this question; *there can be none;* the facts have all one bearing, and there is nothing but political economy opposed to them.

The evidence shows that agriculture, which the wise legislators of antiquity sought always to invest with respect and honour, and availed themselves of the aid of religion to sanctify, has sunk as a calling in public estimation. No men of education and of gentle birth, nor of capital, either hereditary or acquired, engage in it now, as they did in the last generation. When land is to be let, there are plenty of applicants with insufficient means, but

but substantial tenants are rarely to be found. The wealthy part of that class from whom tenants used to be got have all but disappeared. 'A man used to leave each of his sons 3000*l.* or 4000*l.*; they have not now so much to divide among them all as they began life with.' Farmers in Lancashire, and of frugal habits, which they still retain, and who, in former times, had always a stock purse of 200*l.* or 300*l.* laid by, have 'broken the nest egg.' The number of small proprietors in Cumberland and Westmorland, where they are most numerous, has considerably diminished. The lands which those persons hold have been for many generations transmitted from father to son, and the reluctance of such persons to part with the inheritance of their fathers is such, that they are 'often induced to cling to it longer,' says Mr. Blamire, 'than it is prudent to do so; and are paying interest for money borrowed upon it, which is pressing more severely upon them than any rent could do.' 'A greater change has taken place since the war in the proprietors of these small farms, than in any antecedent period of much longer duration;' and the estates are 'frequently absorbed into larger properties, but occasionally bought by men who have realized money in trade, and who are withdrawing their capital, and investing it in the purchase of landed property.'

Another witness, from the middle of England, speaks of farmers now in a state of insolvency, than whom 'there was not a more industrious set of men living,' who were 'desirous of improving their farms, and doing everything they could; who had succeeded their fathers or grandfathers upon the same land, some of them for two hundred years or more,—and who began life with sufficient capital, but their property had been swept away by the fall of prices—the currency bill has confiscated it.' In the Weald of Surrey and Sussex, 'you cannot get tenants at all; the farms are not in condition, and nobody will take them to get them in;' many thousands of acres that were always in cultivation 'are now becoming waste; lands that, forty years ago, went for fourteen shillings an acre, would not let now for more than five; the poor-rate was a mere nothing then; it averages ten shillings an acre now; *rent and poor-rate, taken together, were much about the same forty years ago that they are now, but rent has taken the place of poor-rate, and poor-rate the place of rent.*' Within a certain district in Yorkshire, he says,—

'there are half-a-dozen or more gentlemen that used to be country squires, with their 800*l.* or 1000*l.* a-year; where if a farmer went he always got a little ale to drink; but if he goes now, there is an old woman keeping the house, and the paper falling off the walls. . . . . 'One half of the farmers of the kingdom are insolvent if they were obliged

obliged to meet their engagements; prudent men, as the present country bankers are, dare not accommodate them as they were wont to do.'

What are the consequences of all this to the soil itself, and to the persons employed upon it? The land is ill-cultivated and therefore deteriorated. Tenants would gladly keep more men at work if they had the means of paying them, but, impoverished as they are, 'they cannot bestow upon it half the labour they used to do.' 'I wish particularly,' says one witness, 'to impress upon this honourable committee, that the corn produce of the very best, as well as the very worst of arable land is entirely dependent on management; and that, therefore, by whatever cause the good management of the land is curtailed, the destruction and loss to the country, not only of the produce, but of the soil itself, is proportionately effected.' . . . . With better prices (he continues) the farmers could employ not only the labourers who are now thrown wholly, or in part, upon the poor-rates, but the superfluous people of the towns.'—Greatly as rents have been reduced, the tenant, when his resources are exhausted, scourges the land that he may be enabled to pay his landlord; the respite that he thus obtains from ruin is but short; two or three years of over-cropping 'generally settle the concern; and men are unwilling to enter upon lands that have thus been forced, for, if they had them during as many years rent free, they could not realize a profit.' But this is not all the evil: 'It must be obvious to every landowner in England,' says another witness, 'that the farmers generally are not as practically informed themselves as they used to be; the reason I attribute to this, that from the superabundance of labourers in many parishes, the farmers' sons do not apply themselves to those industrious and practical habits which they used to be reared in, and from the want of that, the performance of the work of agriculture is retrograding very much, and the labourers, generally speaking, are not near so good workmen as they used to be, owing to this want of practical information in the occupier himself.' Now, farming has hitherto been, 'more than any other, an hereditary employment.'

'The moment a farmer gets into distress he endeavours to reduce his expenses, and he throws every labourer he can spare out of employment.' Before the fall of prices, it was customary to hire agricultural labourers for the whole year; they are now mostly unemployed from November to March, though, if the farmer had money, it would be his interest to employ them. The poor land, being that which costs most in cultivating, is the first that is thrown out of cultivation, but it is this land which affords most employment. 'Cheap bread' is not the cry of the agricultural labourers; 'both their words and their countenances show that they are as anxious to hear of a rise of prices as the farmer himself.'

himself.' 'Their own expression in Yorkshire is, that they could live like fighting-cocks, if they could keep corn at nine or ten shillings a-bushel.' Nor is this the mere feeling of ignorant and unreflecting men. 'I am clearly of opinion,' says the member for East Cumberland, Mr. Blamire, 'that the labouring classes are always best off with a high rate of prices, and high correspondent wages.' Nor is the evil confined to the husbandmen.

'To the question,' says Mr. Turner, 'are you better off now with cheap bread, or when bread was high-priced? an innkeeper will tell you, as he has me, "When bread was a guinea a bushel, I had plenty of customers; my dining-room was not half large enough; now I cannot have it half full." A nailer will observe, "I had more work and orders than I could supply, when bread was very high-priced, but now, if bread is cheap, I cannot get money enough to buy it." A carpenter the same: "When bread was dear, I was sure of having my bill paid at a good price when I took it in; but now I may call a hundred times for a low charge without getting anything."'

'The average price of wheat for the year 1821,' says the Committee, 'was 54*s*. 5*d*. per quarter.' The average price of the present year is 53*s*. 1*d*.; and although some of the charges connected with general taxation have been reduced since 1821, yet the local burdens, such as poor-rate and county-rate, have in most parts of England been grievously augmented.

'The committee of 1821 arrived at the conclusion, "that the returns of farming capital were at that time considerably below the ordinary rate of profit," and no evidence adduced before your committee of diminished outgoings contrasted with the change of prices in the interval, would warrant at this moment a different conclusion. The committee of 1821 expressed a hope, "that the great body of the occupiers of the soil, either from the savings of more prosperous times, or from the credit which punctuality commands in this country, possess resources which will enable them to surmount the difficulties under which they now labour." Your committee, with deep regret, are bound rather to express a fear that the difficulties alone remain unchanged, but that the savings are either gone or greatly diminished, the credit failing, and the resources being generally exhausted. And this opinion is formed not on the evidence of rent-payers, but of many most respectable witnesses, as well owners of land, as surveyors and land-agents.'—*Report*, 1833.

The committee, 'restrained by the vast extent of the subject, and by the discursive nature of the inquiry,' disclaim the 'intention of giving even a summary of the evidence;' but they assure parliament, that

'They are deeply impressed with the caution which appears to them necessary in drawing any general conclusions, or in offering any positive opinions, where national interests of such self-importance are concerned;

concerned; where doubts so reasonable exist; and where errors so fatal may be committed.' They remember that 'the agriculture of the kingdom is the first of all its concerns, the foundation of all its prosperity in every other matter, by which that prosperity is produced; and they cannot forget what Mr. Burke has so truly stated, "That it is a perilous thing to try experiments on the farmer; on the farmer, whose capital is far more feeble than commonly is imagined; whose trade is a very poor one, for it is subject to great risks and losses; the capital, such as it is, is turned but once in the year; in some branches it requires even three years before the money is repaid; and although it is in the power of the legislature to do much evil, yet it can do little positive good by frequent interference with agricultural industry." *If these be general principles, which are true in ordinary times, the peculiar circumstances of the present moment require also peculiar caution.*'

Qualified as this opinion is, and trimmed as it evidently has been with the view of rendering it less unpalatable to certain members of the committee, some hope, that the legislature will not exert its power of doing evil in *this* direction, might be drawn from it, were it not one of the 'peculiar circumstances' of these portentous times, that there is no confidence either in the wisdom or in the principles of the King's advisers—and another that the ministers themselves are divided upon this question.

If anywhere, however, here it is, upon this question of the corn laws, that *Earl Grey* may be expected to stop—if *he* can. No such ominous indications of *his* intended course have been held out upon this as upon other great and fundamental changes. What *the Movement party* have to contend with here, is likely to be better defended than those institutions and constitutional laws which were formerly held *sacred*. They, like the government, are divided among themselves upon this question. Some of them do not pretend to conceal their clear perception, that a removal of the corn laws would ruin the whole existing race of farmers, clergymen, and landholders. Nevertheless, they say, these laws ought, upon the soundest principles of political economy, to be repealed, and repealed accordingly they must and will be. These men of the Movement belong of course to the tribe of the Lacklands; but the Lackwits who have hitherto gone with them, and who happen to have a stake in the country, may perhaps be induced to halt in their fatuitous career, when they see whither it is that these guides are leading them.

Earl Fitzwilliam,—(Marquess-*iturus* Rockingham, if peerage-makers, like Almanack-makers of old, have the gift of prophecy,)—a little while before he succeeded to his *present* title, is said to have asserted, that 'the projected alteration in the corn laws is a matter of no concern to the tenant, but only to the landlord; and that

that the landlords are, in effect, cajoling the tenantry, in their endeavours to make them believe otherwise, and to resist the change.'

'Ill,' says the writer of a most able Letter from a Friend to the Agricultural Electors of Northamptonshire, 'Ill as I think of Lord Milton as a political character, it is with reluctance that I am compelled to believe this, while I thus state it—Landlords, as a body, deceiving and misleading their tenantry, and setting them against the public good for mean and private ends of their own! The very notion is quite monstrous; and equally insulting to both landlord and tenant. Such pestilent assertion (if, indeed, it be true that the son of Earl Fitzwilliam has had the hardihood to make it) is of direct tendency to tear asunder the whole friendly relation between the proprietors and occupiers of the soil, and to dissolve all confidence between man and man. To landlords, it virtually imputes that they must be either knaves in the gross, or blockheads;—knaves, if, with so wide and general a consent, they are in a conspiracy against their tenants; blockheads, if, with a consent hardly less general, (I may say unanimous, on the part of those who have most experience in land,) they have never yet been able to see, and cannot now tell their own true interests;—as if Lord Milton alone, among landlords, could discover these, while all besides are groping in darkness! It is mere waste of words to argue upon such unwarranted assertions. The answer to it must proceed direct from common sense and common honesty. Do you, then, believe either of these things of such a body as the majority of the landlords of the British empire? Do you believe it of those whom you yourselves know?—to whom you feel yourselves in so many ways obliged—who are ever ready to assist you to the utmost of their power—in constant intercourse with whom so many of you live—whom you see on week days and on Sundays—whom you have always judged to fear God and honour the king? I trust not. The first and proper answer, then, to such a pestilent assertion as Lord Milton's is, that it is *false*.'

In the same spirit with the assertion imputed to Earl Fitzwilliam, a journalist—one of that fourth estate which threatens two of the others with destruction, and seeks to carry its threat into execution by deceiving and inflaming the third—calls the existing corn-law, 'that most wicked attempt to monopolize the market of the staff of life, and so curtail the sustenance of the people, while the measure held out as a protection to agriculture has been calculated for nothing more than *a rank delusion upon the British farmer*.' 'A good rat-catcher,' says Harrington, 'is not so great a blessing to any city, as a good juggler-catcher would be in this nation!'

The newspapers tell us at this time, that 'Earl Fitzwilliam has written to a friend, declaring his intention to leave no stone unturned for the purpose of obtaining a repeal of the present corn-laws.' It would be well, if, in the process of leaving no stone unturned

unturned, he was to do no other harm than by undermining the foundation of his own prosperity to bring down an old house upon his own head! But the evils which may be brought upon a nation by the obstinate errors or incurable incapacity of an hereditary legislator afford an argument against one of those estates which, when the day comes for urging it, will not be overlooked by those who are now loudest in praise of this radical peer. The declaration that Lord Milton would pay no taxes *till the Reform Bill should have been carried* is recorded in our parliamentary history; and not among those silly or mischievous effusions of extemporaneous absurdity or malice prepense which remain there in the dead letter. The ministers who heard, and allowed it to pass unreproved, standing mute because it served their immediate purpose, have felt its effect in that systematic resistance to one tax which has already required the strength of the civil power, in aid of the law, to put it down. No one doubts that the assessed taxes are to be repealed in obedience to the will and pleasure of King People; King People we say, for at the Metropolitan meeting for the repeal of those taxes, Mr. Buckingham, according to the newspapers, said,

'The time had now arrived when the toast so often proposed in that room by the Honourable Baronet in the chair, Sir Francis Burdett, should no longer be a mere by-word; *it was necessary that* THE SCEPTRE SHOULD BE PLACED IN THE HANDS OF THAT SOVEREIGNTY.'

Earl Fitzwilliam has as many followers in his agricultural as in his financial politics, and they are of the same description—march-of-intellect men,—all of the Movement. There is an Anti-Corn-Law Association in London, to which, it is said, several members of parliament belong, their object being 'to procure as unanimous an expression of feeling against the corn-laws as they possibly can.' If they succeed in their object, (and whatever may be the opinions and secret conviction of the majority of the cabinet, no one can calculate upon their *ultimate* resistance,) a very different expression of feeling will burst forth when the inevitable and irremediable consequences are felt; and Lord Fitzwilliam may then find that, great as his stake in the country is—that stake to which, not to any gifts of nature, he is indebted for all his influence in this kingdom—it will carry with it less weight than a bludgeon in the hand of one of his disciples!

What the farmer and the land-owner have to expect from the progress of 'liberal opinions' may be seen from the declarations of a great corn-factor before the Committee on Agriculture, a gentleman who has been engaged in that trade, on a very large scale, for some thirty years. After admitting that, 'though there may be slight defects in any system of corn-laws, it is very important, considering the commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural in-

terests of the country, to keep it steady, and not to be continually varying;' and that the apprehension existing among farmers and corn-dealers, because parliament is constantly tampering with the law, is productive of great evil,—'no prudent man, as a merchant, a dealer, or miller, daring to go into a stock of free wheat,'—he delivers his opinion that, 'with the feeling of the commercial and manufacturing classes on this subject, it is wholly impossible to prevent a frequent and constant discussion of it;' 'and that while those classes think they have not justice done to them, the question cannot rest.' Being asked whether the question *could be finally settled*, except by the one interest prevailing in securing protection, or the other in abolishing it, he talked of a compromise between them.

'"What compromise," it was then said, "can you contemplate as possible?"—"I confess," he replied, "that from the present disposition which now exists through the country, and seeing that the whole course of legislation now is to take away from the few to give to the many, I should consider it a matter of extreme doubt whether any corn-laws can be preserved at all. I do not feel confident." "Do you think it possible," was the next interrogatory, "for any measure, or course of conduct on the part of the government, to put a stop to the agitation of such a question?"—"It is not," he made answer; "except that of repealing the corn-laws altogether. I think that protection to corn is now carried to a greater length than protection to anything else; that the whole course of legislation is to destroy monopoly of every kind, and I do not see what is to resist it."'

The consequences which he contemplates are then stated,—'the farmers would be reduced to very much the same state they were in between 1780 and 1790, when they lived among their servants, and all the habits acquired since that time must be thrown aside.' They 'were justified in living in the style in which they did some years ago; but *their capital has slipped out of their fingers*, and they must submit.'

'A further reduction will take place in their outgoings of all kinds. The farmer must reduce the price of his labour, and all those articles necessary for the cultivation of his farm; he must go lower in his station; many persons who have been farmers have become labourers, or will become so; many have been ruined, and more will be ruined still. *There will be many divested of all income.*'—'*Q.* You think that, if the present law were not kept up, which you think there is but little chance of, agriculture will never rise?'—'*A.* No; not for some time. If you can set fire to a forest, and spread the ashes over the land,—plant that land again, and again in fifty or sixty years you will have a more vigorous forest than ever: *but the original trees are gone. And so it would be with the land-owners of this country.*'

We

We must proceed a little further with this edifying examination:

'*Q.* You have stated the great mischief that you saw produced by the change, partly in the monetary system, partly in the corn-laws, as affecting commerce, manufactures, and agriculture. On reviewing the past, are you of opinion that a steady adherence to the existing law upon that subject is preferable to change as affecting all those three great interests?'—'*A.* I conceive that the subject of the corn-law must again be mooted; it will be mooted again before long; and I think that the land-owners ought, and might very safely make a concession in the scale of duty, without very serious prejudice to themselves.'—'*Q.* Would that give satisfaction?'—'*A.* Yes, *I think it ought.* When wheat is 63*s.* a quarter, it is then subject to a duty of 23*s.* 8*d.* a quarter. I think that is a duty higher than will be maintained under any future discussion of the subject; and I think if the duty were reduced 8*s.* or 10*s.* a quarter, it would perhaps settle the public mind upon the subject, and very little interfere with the protection the farmer now has. If I had what I wished, with regard to the existing corn-law, (for I think it is one with which the public will not be satisfied,) I would make concessions.'—'*Q.* In making the change, you would yield rather to clamour than to reason?'—'*A. Yes; but I think it ought to be made.*'—'*Q.* Do you think that would be final?'—'*A. No; possibly not.*'*

To this, then, we are come! There are well-informed men whose opinion it is that concession ought to be made to popular clamour, though they do not themselves suppose that by any such concession the clamourers will be satisfied! 'Ask, and ye shall have—knock, and it shall be opened,' has indeed been the text of all practical political discourses since the first fatal concession by which the great bulwark of the great constitution was thrown down. Ask,—but let your petition be couched in the menacing terms of a demand, and accompanied with a display of physical force! Knock,—but have sledge hammers and brickbats in readiness to force an entrance through doors and windows! Popular clamour has often been mistaken for public opinion; and the one, indeed, is not more easily raised at any time, than the other is, in this age of delusion, easily deluded.

The difference of temper and of feeling with which this question is treated, by persons agreeing upon it in their views, is strikingly exhibited in the evidence before the Committee on Manufactures, Commerce, and Shipping. The great capitalist delivers a calm opinion that 'the effect of the corn-laws is to restrict our export trade, from the want of any returns being made in articles that we can consume, the great article of consumption, namely, food, being debarred from importation. Our manufactures,' he says, 'are exported in larger quantities than what can be returned readily, and the want of returns is a great obstruction to the ex-

* pp. 222, 3, 4.

port of our manufactures.' * A partner in a cotton-spinning and hand-loom calico concern, who states that there are 200,000 hand-loom cotton-weavers, with half a million persons depending on them for subsistence, and who says that the increased trade which has taken place in the last six or seven years is no indication of an increase of comforts to those who are engaged in that business, is asked whether he can suggest any means of relieving them, and he replies, 'Yes, I can suggest a very material relief by a repeal of the corn-laws.'

'You think that will materially relieve the distresses of those people?—Unquestionably.—When you speak of the repeal of the corn-laws, do you extend that remark to an entire abolition of the duty, or do you conceive that relief can be afforded by a change in the present law, altering it from the varying scale which the law at present enacts to a fixed and moderate duty?—Not unless that duty was a very small one.—What would you take to be a moderate duty?—I cannot say; but I am prepared to say, that, if it was wholly repealed, it would better the circumstances of the hand-loom weavers.—Do you think that a fixed duty of 8*s.* or 10*s.* would be better for them than the present state of the law?—I conceive it would be an improvement upon the present state of the law.—Would not the abolition of the corn-laws benefit them much more?—Yes; we want nothing else.—Would not that destroy your home demand?—No; I think we could almost keep the farmers and all, if the corn-laws were repealed.'—pp. 567, 8.

Mr. Sefton, an inhabitant of Stockport, and a person of no common ability, who, by his own account, writes more private letters for all the lower classes of the people than any one in that part of the kingdom, who 'regularly contributes to a portion of the periodical press,' and whose favourite pursuit it has been 'to look into the state of society,' is asked what is the feeling among the people as to the state of the corn-laws?

'"Decidedly adverse to it," he says. "Throwing open the trade in corn, they think, would cause a complete revolution in wages and profits, an unbounded extension of manufactures, a great extension of outlay in trade, and higher wages, and place the labourers on a more independent footing. As much or more dissatisfaction towards the legislature prevails in consequence of this law, than upon any other question."'—Yet he tells us, that "If a person was to advocate the free trade system (*as applied to manufactures*) among the operatives in Macclesfield, it would *almost endanger his life!*"' †

So well founded was Mr. Huskisson's assertion, that 'almost every honourable member or manufacturer was an advocate for free trade in every commodity or manufacture, except that in which he had an individual interest.' And not less true was the remark of Mr. Robinson, in the same debate in which this passage

* p. 164. † p. 628.

was

was quoted by Mr. Poulett Thomson, 'that the tendency of free trade was still further to impoverish those who were already poor; still further to enrich those who were already wealthy, and to produce a complete separation and alteration between both those classes.' On this text we shall presently enlarge.

Mr. Milne, who is engaged in cotton-spinning and manufacturing by power, and employs about seven hundred and seventy hands in four mills, 'considers the corn-law as most unjust and impolitic; and as one of the greatest sources of the evils under which the labouring classes, and in fact all classes, are suffering.' He says, 'I most decidedly should recommend the total abolition of the duty on malt and hops, and the assessed taxes; and to substitute in place of them a tax on property and income. I should, however, *suggest at the same time, that the total amount of taxation should be reduced at least one-half, if the present state of the currency was to continue.* I think *those measures*, if carried into effect, would relieve the country, and I think *nothing else will.*' He thinks that if the small notes were re-issued, it might have the same effect in relieving the people as a reduction of taxes; though, of the two ways for restoring our prosperity, 'by cutting down the burdens to a level with the monetary means, or by lifting up the monetary means to a level with the burdens,' he should prefer the former, 'because, by an extensive issue of paper-money, we are liable to a recurrence of such panics as that which occurred in 1825 and 1826.' The fundholder, when he received 50*l.* instead of 100*l.*, would not, in his opinion, sustain 'near so much hardship as the manufacturer and the farmer have already sustained.' When he is asked, whether he does not think that the cutting down the burdens of the country would be attended, for a time, with very great additional distress? he replies,

'"I think that, in any alterations of that kind, if they are very partial, some one party is suffering during the alteration; and I think it is necessary that all the alteration should go on at once, as I think that would immediately lessen the suffering that now prevails."'

And as for any danger to the social fabric by reducing the national debt one-half, and the taxes one-half, he is

'"Rather disposed to think that if the legislature was seriously to set about remedying the evils under which the country suffers, so far from its causing any fear or panic, the public would have much more confidence in the legislature than they now have."' *

James Fleming and James Orr, two Paisley weavers, express the pretty general opinion of their fellow operatives in that place, that 'we might have a better foreign trade, were we allowed to

* pp. 654-6-7

exchange

exchange our manufactures for foreign produce,' that is, 'if the corn were free.'* Mr. Rathbone Grey, a great cotton-spinner and manufacturer, thinks there is no doubt that a change of the corn-laws would be beneficial to the master-manufacturers and the work-people dependent upon them; that '*we must ultimately* come to a repeal of these laws; and that an assimilation of the prices of the necessaries of life in this country, as compared with the prices in foreign countries, must take place, in order'—in order to what?—'in order to secure the permanency of *the cotton manufacture.*'† Is then the continuance of this new staple trade so desirable, considering its influence upon the health and happiness, the morals, and the well-being of those employed in it, that it is worth while, for its sake, to bring down the price of food in this country, till it is on a level with that of the cheapest countries in Europe—levelling thereby, in like manner, as must needs be done, the condition of those who are engaged in producing it?—Oh yes! The hand-loom weavers, whom Mr. Rathbone Grey has seen, were remarkable for healthy appearance, to a degree which he would not have believed possible, considering the heavy looms they worked. 'One girl,' he says, 'who said she had been working fifteen hours a-day, was the very picture of health; *she might have sat for a picture of the goddess of health!*' The difference of intelligence between the mill-workmen and the surrounding agriculturists is astonishing. The education of factory children is decidedly superior to that of children in the country. Working them twelve hours a-day for five days in the week, and nine hours on the Saturdays,—for in the mills they have always 'gone to the utmost limits that the law allowed,'—he finds that they are disposed to come to school after those hours of work, and are able to benefit by that school. 'We have found no instance to the contrary;' these are his words: 'we have always found that the children are a great deal more fatigued and unwilling to go to school after a holyday, than after the regular working days.'—It is 'a *matter of course* that they attend the school after the work is over,' otherwise, '*obedience would be enforced.*'—When the hands are employed only four days in the week, during the other two 'some of the girls get washing, some of the men in hay time get hay-making, some find other jobs, or some lie under the hedge, and others get drunk.'—This gentleman entertains no doubt of 'the increased disposition and power of the inhabitants of the globe, taken in the aggregate, to consume an increased quantity of cotton goods;' still, he 'should hesitate about laying out another farthing in the extension of his establishments here:' were it not for domestic reasons, he would prefer transferring his capital

* p. 671. † pp. 678, 687.

to

to a foreign country, and forming establishments there; because other countries

'will have advantages over us, and will be freed from the vexatious interference to which we are subject—vexatious interference from parliament, from Mr. Sadler, Lord Ashley, and other gentlemen of that stamp, unacquainted with manufacturing interests.'*

A Sheffield witness says, 'there is in that city a general feeling in opposition to the corn-laws—an almost universal impression that they are very unjust, as having a tendency to deprive them of obtaining the necessaries of life so cheap as they otherwise might be enabled to obtain them.'†

'It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at,' says the Inquirer into First Principles, 'that the working classes themselves should imagine their situation might be mended if the corn-laws were repealed. Seeing they get so little for their labour, they readily embrace the notion that it is because our manufactures are excluded from the continent of Europe and America, through the operation of the corn-bill, that they are obliged to suffer such privations as our fatal policy has inflicted on them, never remembering that comparatively few goods are sold at home, and that consequently there must be an immense outlet somewhere. The workman seems to forget that he himself produces double the quantity of hand-woven goods that were made by him at the time the corn-laws were altered, and that by means of machinery the quantity of cotton-yarn and printed calicoes has, within these few years, been quadrupled. And what is the reason that so few goods, comparatively speaking, are now consumed in this country, but that only one-half the amount of wages is now paid, although the quantity of goods manufactured is so wonderfully multiplied? Even the operative, who has no machinery to assist him, but only his hands and his industry to rely upon, although he works double time, only receives now half the amount he received a few years ago. And what has led to this but the superabundance of capital or nominal wealth, and thence derived morbid competition? Do such men fancy that wages would be proportionably higher than at present if we had a free trade in corn? From whence, and by what means, do they imagine we should be able to compass the immense materials of silk, cotton, &c., for our gigantic operations as the workshop of the world; or where do they imagine unbounded competition would drag us? Does the weaver foolishly suppose that his wages would not be ground down as heretofore to the lowest ebb, compatible with the supposed interests of the economists?'—pp. 68-9.

There are, however, manufacturers who are equitable enough to perceive, that the old maxim of 'live and let live' carries with it a lesson of sound policy. Mr. H. Houldsworth is asked, whether he does not think that the repeal of the corn-laws would be beneficial

* pp. 676, 681-4-6. † p. 694.

to

to the manufacturing interest of the country in general? He replies, 'I do not know that it would; it might be, probably, so far as regards our foreign trade; but though it might increase our foreign trade, still, I should rather fear that it would reduce, to a serious degree, the means of purchasing amongst the agricultural classes: and if it did so, it would probably affect the manufacturers in a degree equal to any advantage they could get from the foreign trade. This reasonable answer is far from contenting one of the political economists on the committee; the further question is proposed, 'Would not such reduction of the means of purchase of the agricultural classes be more than compensated by a general increase in the means of consumption, which would be left in the hands of the community at large, who would buy the agricultural produce cheaper?' Mr. Houldsworth answers, 'I should think the interest of the agricultural part of the country is so immense, and such a great proportion of the community consists of that class, that anything that would depreciate that class would very seriously depreciate all other classes, in a way that I do not think could be compensated by any advantage whatever to arise from that circumstance, although I admit that we would be able to manufacture cheaper, and to meet competition much more readily, than we can do now.' Still the meta-political advocate presses his point, and asks, 'Would it not tend to determine a greater portion of the productive energies of the country into the production of the necessaries of life, instead of the production of luxuries?' —'That,' said Mr. Houldsworth, 'is going rather too deep for me.' (p. 317.) He might have said, too deep in the mud!

A more determined opinion, in the same straightforward view of common sense, was given by a Lancashire weaver, when a member of the old school said to him, 'Then you think it is a bad principle of political economy, to break down wages for the purpose of selling goods cheap abroad; and you think it is better to lift up wages so as to secure a great and certain market for our manufactures and agricultural produce at home?' The weaver replied,

'*It is my opinion, and it is the opinion of the most intelligent and virtuous part of the weavers in Lancashire; and it is the general opinion that the other is the most mischievous doctrine that ever insulted the human understanding.*'—p. 712.

It is to be hoped that this, which was the joint declaration of two men, not likely to be disavowed by the persons whose interests they represent not less ably than faithfully, will be remembered in the House of Commons, when petitions for the repeal of the corn-laws, procured by means of associations, and of a system of agitation, are poured in by the deceivers and the deceived.

Let

Let us now examine the question, as it appears to those who, having no connexion with either of the contending interests to bias their judgment, no party to serve, and no theory to mystify or mislead them, look only for truth, and desire nothing but the general good. The political economists, the greater part of the great manufacturers, and that portion of their workmen who are deluded by revolutionary journals and itinerant sowers of sedition, call for low prices. The workmen do not consider that low prices would bring to them the sure consequences of low wages; the great masters look only to the increase of their own enormous gains; and the political economists regard nothing but their theory. 'What is the life of a man to an experiment?' was the favourite expression of a once celebrated experimentalist, in the wane of his faculties; and what, in the view of an experimental politician, is the ruin of numerous classes, and of one whole order in the state, to a principle of political economy? The farmers, they tell us, are already ruined: '*their capital has slipped out of their fingers, and they must submit.*' The land-owners must share the same fate. The forest is to be consumed that the ashes may be spread over the land,—and that, some fifty or sixty years hence, larch plantations may flourish in the place of old English oaks. This mode of culture is more intelligible, indeed, than Mr. Poulett Thomson's system of pocket fructification; but England is not a new country to which it might be applicable; nor shall we be so barbarous as to apply it to the garden of civilized society, unless, indeed, the ruin of this nation, beyond redemption, is ordained as the proper consequence and just punishment of its manifold sins, and therefore our rulers are still further to be demented and their hearts still to be hardened more and more.

The advantages proposed, as resulting from the free admission of foreign corn to the further depression of our own agriculture, are, an increased demand for British goods in the foreign markets, and the consequent increase of manufactures at home. Is the first a sure consequence? Is the second a desirable one? We will dispose of both these questions before we inquire into the effects of low prices.

And here the first consideration that presents itself is this: Will foreign nations be as well disposed to purchase our goods, as we shall be eager to dispose of them? Mr. Kirkman Finlay informs the committee, that when he first knew the cotton manufacture in this country, which was in the year 1787, and when he first entered into business extensively in 1792, 'there was no manufacture of cotton of any importance in any part out of Great Britain.'

'There were, perhaps,' he says, 'some domestic cotton manufactures carried

carried on abroad, but there were no finer fabrics of any kind. I believe my house was amongst the first that ever exported cotton manufactures of fine fabrics generally to the continent of Europe, to Germany, to Italy, to France, and to Switzerland. In those times there was no cotton manufacture in France at all; none in Switzerland worth speaking of; none in any part of Germany. Then the practice came to export cotton twist; and I think it was about the year 1794 or 1795, that we first began to export a good deal of cotton twist. At that time there was no cotton twist spun in any part of Germany. *Now there is not a single country in which there is not a great manufacture of cotton carried on.* There is a very extensive spinning carried on in Switzerland; there is a very extensive spinning carried on in Austria, and a large cotton manufacture carried on there. By the recent accounts, it appears that the government has relaxed a little the prohibition against cotton twist, and that it may be introduced in future on the payment of a moderate duty. Their manufactures have in my recollection entirely grown up. The French manufacture, which did not exist at all at the period I first spoke of, in 1792, and which was very inconsiderable at the conclusion of the peace in 1814, when I was in France and saw it, has become of late very formidable; and by the means that are taken, as I understand, by the regulation of the drawback, by which the manufacturer receives more amount of drawback than he pays of duty, there is a very formidable advantage given to the French manufacturer by that fixed regulation.'—p. 37.

Mr. Rathbone Grey is asked what he had observed concerning the condition of cotton-spinning upon the continent:—

'About a year or two ago,' he replies, 'I spent a considerable time upon the continent, and visited many of the cotton-spinning districts, and received minute information from some of my fellow travellers respecting others which I did not personally visit. I examined several in Austria and Hungary. *I looked upon them with a somewhat uncomfortable eye. They had all the newest inventions. Even in the remotest parts of Germany they obtain them as soon as we do in England.* I should not say their construction of machinery is quite equal to ours; that is to say, that they will not last as long; but they do their work equally well, they have all the advantages of the newest improvements, and they have the faculty of making the old machinery do the work almost as well as the new. In one of the largest establishments on the continent, on the frontiers of Hungary and Austria, belonging to different Austrian noblemen, among others to Prince Esterhazy, and managed by an individual who learnt the spinning trade in England, and commenced business at the same time with some of our larger and wealthiest manufacturers, they had 50,000 spindles. Almost all their preparation was of the oldest kind, and yet they obtained from it almost the same * quantity of work that we

* This witness was asked how he accounted for their being able to work the old machinery

we do in England. With respect to the new machinery, I can state a remarkable fact; that a new machine lately came from America, known by the name of Darnforth's Throstle, which, when I left England, was only just beginning to be known, and I do not suppose twenty of them had been put up in England; and when I saw the mill of Baron Bouton, almost forty miles from Vienna, there was that machine actually going there, and I brought home some of the yarn it made, which was nearly equal to our own; and he made it, not from having seen the machine, but from having heard of the principle. *This shows that they are not much to be despised in the race of competition.*'—p. 678.

The condition of the people employed in these continental mills this gentleman considers to be 'fully as comfortable as that of the operatives in this country,' and he looks upon that of 'the persons employed in cotton manufactures in England as superior to other classes in this country.' This is the same gentleman who discovered a model for Hygeia or Hebe, in a girl who had been working fifteen hours a day at the loom! The manufacture of cotton, he says, is extending on the continent 'very rapidly in many places—in France, in Switzerland, in the Tyrol, in Austria, in Saxony, and in Prussia.' From the year 1812 to 1826 the ratio of increase in France was 310 per cent., and in England only 270: France, therefore, has increased 40 per cent. more rapidly than England during these fourteen years. The concern is 'very profitable in that country:' a French spinner lately told him that 'they were quite overwhelmed with orders at the very highest prices, and that they had a most splendid trade before them.'—p. 679.

The continental spinners are gradually superseding the supplies which they used to get from this country, and supplying themselves; and they are 'raising in number the yarn which they are spinning.' 'Formerly,' says Mr. W. Graham, 'we used to supply them with all yarn above twenties; latterly they have got up to forties; and now I believe they are spinning seventies in Switzerland.' (p. 321.) The Americans already purchase some cotton goods in Germany, which come in competition with the English, cotton hosiery being one leading article. (p. 119.) Our cotton yarn has been met at Bombay by yarn spun in Egypt at some mills erected by the Pasha, and it was thought that the Egyptian speculation would succeed.—p. 653.

It appears that all the improvements of great importance, which have been recently made in the manufacture of cotton, are of

machinery with advantage in that manner, and he explained it thus: 'In that particular instance the individual was an excellent manager; and then the wages are so extremely low there, that it is often more profitable to have an additional hand to a particular machine, than to replace it by a new one which requires less manual labour.'—p. 678.

American

American invention. It follows, Mr. Kirkman Finlay says, that if the Americans are in possession of an important improvement, unless the British manufacturer 'not only gets hold of that improvement, but works it also in a manner at least equal, or perhaps superior,' the advantage which the Americans possess in the lower price of the raw material must (for some kind of goods) be 'of a perfectly overwhelming character.' (p. 37.) This witness having expressed an opinion that 'if the tariff were to establish a moderate duty, the cotton manufacture in America would feel very severely the removal of the duty upon British cottons,' was asked whether, 'looking at the present state of things in that country,' he did not apprehend that we might feel 'considerable safety from additional competition in that quarter?'

'If the duties were removed,' he replied, 'the American manufacture would receive a very severe blow; but if I am to judge by what I have seen take place in the cotton manufacture of this country, I may say, that *the blow will just call forth new energies*, and that there are so many advantages inherent in America, if I am rightly informed with regard to the population, that *nothing in the world can prevent their establishing in that country a very formidable cotton manufacture.*—They have vessels going daily to all parts of the world, especially to all parts of South America; and if those vessels do not carry something, of course the freight is lost. They are very adventurous persons, enterprising beyond any in that species of commerce that I know in the world,—*infinitely beyond this country.* Sometimes they gain and sometimes they lose; but they are most active and industrious in sending their commodities to all quarters, and *they will get a very considerable sale.*'—p. 42-3.

Another witness asserts that the American cotton manufacturer never asked for the tariff,—'never required that extensive protection embodied in it. It has been a sort of compromise,' he says, 'between various parties in the state,—the agricultural and the manufacturing; and, the popular opinion for a time going in favour of what was called the American system, they got up the tariff.....But the manufacturers of large capital, particularly of cotton goods, never asked that protection; and they do not require even the protection of the present duty in America...They could maintain the manufacture of common goods without it; though whether they might not be overwhelmed by the immense capital which is employed by the manufacturers here, is a question..... The English manufacturer would send out his goods, and sell them at a loss, with no other object than to ruin the American manufacturer, with a view of breaking up the system of manufacturing in America.' This gentleman was asked if he thought it likely that the English manufacturers would sell their goods in America for

less than they cost? 'To effect a certain object,' he replied, 'I think they would, if they were to have a certain surplus of goods: if they make a sacrifice, they would prefer to do it where it would do the most mischief to their competitors.' The honourable member who proposed the question, and who seems little to have understood the internecine spirit of manufacturing ambition, asked farther, if this would be 'a combined operation on the part of the English manufacturers?' He was answered, that it would be in part combined, and in part the effect of an ordinary cause,—that is, to get rid of a surplus stock.

'Would they ship the surplus stock to the United States with the prospect of a certain loss?—I believe they would. I am sure that frequently goods are brought to us, upon which money is required to be advanced, going to America, where the parties expect to sustain a loss: for example, all those goods the fashion of which will go by this year. They have got a certain quantity on hand, and must sell them.'—p. 52.

This gentleman (Mr. Bates) doubted whether manufactures in the United States would increase much for a long time to come; because he thought a popular form of government is not 'favourable to any business or manufacture that requires legislative protection against foreign competition.' (p. 54.) A protective system 'affords a subject for popular declamation; the people are made to think it is injurious to them, and of course it is changed.' (p. 58.) We are told, however, by an American witness, that it is the object of Congress to continue a sufficient degree of protecting duty, and that public opinion is strongly in favour of it. * 'There is a new power created, and a new feeling throughout the country.' † 'We find the competition of the Americans,' says Mr. Graham, 'increasing upon us everywhere. They have exported to Mexico for the last five or six years largely; to Brazil considerably; Buenos Ayres and Cape Horn (?) also considerably; and at Valparaiso, I think, their imports of the stouter manufacture are larger than ours; and in Manilla and in Singapore, they have also made their appearance. Also, from St. Domingo, where we have done considerable business, we have lately had letters expressing great surprise that the Americans should be competing with us.' ‡ 'We have done little in the Mediterranean for some years; at one time we had complaints from Malta that the American manufacturers had interfered with our sales.' § 'They find a demand at Smyrna and Constantinople.' ‖

The Americans, Mr. Bates says, 'got an advantage for a time, in making what they term domestic cottons; they employed the best material, and it was found that their goods were very durable.

* p. 172. † p. 54. ‡ p. 325. § p. 326. ‖ p. 120.

The

The Manchester manufacturers made theirs with less of the raw material, and perhaps not so good, by which they got into some disrepute with the consumers of coarse goods.' This gentleman thinks that the Americans got a price out of proportion to the real difference in value, and that if 'the Manchester people would make an imitation nearly as good, they would take the market from them.' * The American witnesses say that they have an advantage over the English in the foreign markets which they jointly supply, because the people 'know that the American goods are better than the English.'† — 'They are much more durable, which gives them a preference.' ‡ The British manufacturers, it seems, are imitating these American goods; but whether the imitation extends to the quality, or is only in appearance, is not explained by the evidence. Complaint, however, was made that 'in consequence of American fabrics coming into the market, our sales have been stopped, and our prices lowered;' § nor will this appear surprising to those who peruse the following part of the Minutes:—

'Have you heard any complaints of there being adulterations of the English goods by earthy matter being mixed up with them, so as to create a delusive appearance?—Yes; I am aware that English goods of that description have been sent abroad with a filling of paste and clay, or other material.

'Do not you conceive that an unfavourable impression would be created by that with regard to English goods generally?—No; it is known at once by the look of the goods; and in some markets they prefer them with a little of this filling.

'Then you do not think that that filling up can have been productive of any deception to the purchaser?—No, not in those grey goods; *but in white bleached goods it has been abused to a great extent.*

'Has it been productive of an unfavourable impression with regard to the English manufacturer generally among foreign purchasers?—It has enabled them to sell a showy article very cheap, and the foreigners liked it; but *after a while they have discovered that it was a fallacious appearance;* and in some markets they have rejected those filled goods. They would be glad to have goods with cotton instead of clay; but they wish to give you the same price as they gave for the goods with the clay, and they prefer giving you a lower price for the filled goods, than a higher price for the other, so that the system of filling goods is still pursued.

'Is it upon the increase?—I have no doubt it is increasing with the increase of trade; we fill a great many of our goods.

'What was the cause of resorting to it?—It was to make a piece of goods that they could sell at a low price, look better.

'Has not that deception been found out?—In some markets they

* p. 58. † p. 170. ‡ p. 126. § p. 326.

have

have rejected it, and in others they continue to receive those goods regularly. It cannot be called a deception, because they are perfectly aware of the filling being in the goods when they buy them.

'Was it so in the first instance?'—(The reply to this question leaves it unanswered.) The witness merely says,—'In Scotland we did not begin it till 1820, and it was not much practised till 1825.'

'What is the object of the people doing it?—To please the foreign customers.

'Does it please the foreign customers when the practice has been discovered?—They have *always known* that there is this filling: *there has discovery been made*: it is not concealed.

'Do the Americans make use of this clay matter?—*I think not!*

'Are the goods preferred on that account?—No, because we make the same goods; and in the goods that the Americans make, we do *not* put this filling—*at least we finish a great quantity of those goods without any filling.* In the description of goods that approximate to the American, we are not in the habit of putting clay *generally!*'—pp. 326-7.

Another witness, to the question whether foreigners are not 'much more particular now than they used to be, especially with regard to woollens, as to the length and breadth and weight?' answers—'*I should suppose they might be!*' (p. 46.)

The woollen manufacture, it appears, has increased greatly in Catalonia within the last few years (p. 81). In the Netherlands 'it is in a very prosperous state. They are progressing there.' They compete with the British woollen manufacturers in the foreign markets, particularly in the Grecian Archipelago: 'the whole of that trade is at present getting into the hands of the Netherlands manufacturers.'

'I have reviewed,' says a witness, 'the manufactures of that country with greater dread than any other on the continent of Europe, with regard to our own, because they have labour cheaper, and they have wonderful means of manufacture. Latterly they have got almost all our machinery; through the great facility of getting into our manufactories in England, they are sure to get and carry off our improvements.... They have considerably competed with our kerseymere manufacture of late years. Twenty years ago they did not know how to make a kerseymere at Verviers, or in any part of France: they could not twill it; and then the trade of the continent was supplied entirely from England. But since the peace, they have learned the art of making good kerseymere as well as we do.'—pp. 66, 69.

Such are the facts which have been stated before the late Committee on Manufactures, Commerce, and Shipping; and there appears in the report no contrariant evidence to contradict them. Now, that our manufacturers will use every exertion to meet the competition in the foreign markets, is certain: it is for the sake of being

being better able to meet it that they require the repeal of the corn-laws; and there can be no doubt that all that can be effected by ingenuity and enterprise, and enormous capital, directed by commensurate cupidity, will be done. It is not long since some lead-mines were opened by an American company in the United States; lead was immediately exported thither from this country, and sold at a loss, for the purpose of ruining the undertaking. To frustrate this device, the government at Washington laid a duty on imported lead; the parties in England discovered that, owing to an oversight in the act, bullets might be imported duty free; they bought up all the lead within reach of their operations, and children were employed night and day over the fire in casting it into bullets, at wages as miserable as the employment was—to use the mildest epithet—severe!

Manœuvres of this kind will always be practised against the fiscal regulations of other countries, and of our own, until the moral principle becomes stronger among the majority of mankind than the love of lucre; that is, it may be feared, till the Greek kalends; and it is to the efforts which have been made in this spirit, for the injury and sometimes for the ruin of foreign establishments, that the dislike with which England is regarded by other nations may, in great part, be ascribed; a dislike not arising from mere envy, but from a resentful sense of injury inflicted by what may be called commercial invasion,—by a spirit which, whether it displays itself in avarice or in ambition, in the love of conquest or the lust of gain, in a cotton-king or a military emperor, is a manifestation of the same principle.

The more perseveringly it may be attempted to force our manufactures upon foreigners, to the ruin of their own, and the more decidedly such a design may be favoured by the English government, the less will that design be likely to succeed. It will have something more formidable than commercial rivalry to contend with: national jealousy will be roused by it, and national policy opposed to it, upon just grounds. International commerce is beneficial when commodities are interchanged to the *mutual* benefit of two countries, and to the promotion of industry *in both;* it is injurious when it renders one country dependent upon another for the conveniences of life—and in the last degree ruinous if it induce a dependence for the necessaries. A commonwealth must be ill-constituted and insecure, unless it be self-sufficient in all things needful for the subsistence and well-being of the community; and this it cannot be, unless it produces for itself all such things as nature or habit have rendered so far indispensable, that the use of them cannot be foregone without great and general distress. Inasmuch as manufactures are directed to the supply of these natural

ral or habitual wants, in that degree they are essential to the welfare of the state. Even when producing articles of expense and luxury,—mere superfluities of civilized and refined society,—they contribute to its health and wealth;—provided always, that neither in the production nor consumption of such articles, evil, whether physical or moral, be unavoidably produced. Trade thrives when agriculture is thriving, and agriculture suffers when trade is depressed. There is no continental government that is not well convinced of this plain truth, and that does not, as far as its means have hitherto permitted, encourage those manufactures which can be carried on by its subjects with any probable advantage. It has already been shown with what success this obvious policy has been attended; that the woollen manufactures of the Netherlands, their mother-country, are successfully competing with ours; and that the cotton manufacture,—that boast of the present generation, which to the misfortune, not to say the curse, of this and of the coming generation, has become *the staple trade* of Great Britain,—if any *trade* may be so called,—that manufacture is thriving in France, in Germany, and even in the United States.

If the British government were either so far misled or intimidated, that it should consent to sacrifice the real interests of the agriculturists to the unstable interests of the manufacturers, other governments most certainly will not allow their manufacturers to be ruined. They are not so stultified that we should expect this from their policy; are we so stultified that we should expect it from their friendship? Among all foreign nations, where has England at this time a friend? From their policy, indeed, it might be expected, if they were bent upon effecting the ruin of this country; for what Buonaparte vainly attempted in the plenitude of his power, by closing the continent against British goods, they might accomplish by opening it without restriction—and falling in with our liberal system of free trade, till that system, in its working, had rendered us dependent upon the foreign customer for trade, and upon the foreign farmer for bread. Then, upon the first dispute—for which the party that felt its own power would never want a pretext—an interdict on their part would be more formidable in reality than the papal interdict ever was in imagination. But the continental governments have no such inveterate enmity against us, that they should make a temporary sacrifice of their own manufactures for the sake of accomplishing the degradation and irremediable ruin of England. The French are the only people who would desire it;—because they alone have an hereditary feeling of rooted hostility, embittered by so many signal defeats;—and because they alone could expect to rise upon our overthrow, and succeed to that dominion of the seas, which, in our hands,

has been rendered, under Providence, one great means of preserving other nations from their yoke. The Belgians have, just at this time, exempted from impost-duties any machinery or instruments designed for the improvement of manufactures, and are inviting manufacturers to transfer their establishments thither. Prussia is steadily pursuing the great and patriotic object of promoting the manufacturing and commercial interests of Germany, and will not be diverted from that just object by any sinister or short-sighted views. So little is France disposed to what is called the reciprocity system, (a system of which she reaps the whole benefit as long as she keeps out of it,) that the correspondent of the Times newspaper recommends 'the most restrictive duties on the productions of France, amounting even to a total prohibition of its wines, as advisable; this,' he says, 'would soon raise such a general outcry there as to bring the monopolists, and those who legislate for their interest alone, to their senses.' We may be assured, then, that if the British government, intimidated by the three orders of incendiaries—those of the press—those of the public meetings—and those of the corn-stacks and homestead—should try the fatal experiment of sacrificing British agriculture by the free admission of foreign corn, the continental markets would not be open to our goods without such protective duties as would defeat the hopes of our eager adventurers and our insatiable capitalists. They *would* not take from us the surplus produce of our overgrown manufactures; and they *could* not supply us with grain to compensate for the deficient produce of our deserted fields. Upon their own heads be the guilt of those who deny the Providence in which we live, and move, and have our being; but let us, as a nation, beware how we tempt what these men defy!

Look at the consequences of the policy in which the Fitzwilliamites and the Swingites—(an operative orator at the Crown and Anchor * called Swing the greatest philosopher of the age; and when he declared, on the authority of that philosopher, that nothing but an immediate abolition of the corn-laws would do, he was cheered by the auditors!)—look at the consequences in which the theorists, the revolutionists, the free-traders, and the free-booters—the deceivers and the deceived—would involve us. In 1816, preceding the bad harvest of that year, this country had six months' consumption in store,—recently it has not had more than one; and were we to have another such deficient harvest, the deficiency could not be supplied from all the world. Four weeks' supply has been the average deficiency since 1814, when agriculture received its first great shock: if, owing to bad weather, it should be deficient one-tenth more, 'there would then be such a deficiency

* 'Times,' Saturday, Feb. 1.

as all the world could not easily supply at any price.' These are Mr. Jacob's words, whose opinion upon the subject ought to carry with it more weight than that of any other person. 'Generally speaking,' he adds,—and this, too, is matter of the gravest consideration,—'when there is a failing crop here, there is also a failure in the rest of Europe.'

But were the immediate prospect as hopeful as it is alarming, and could we calculate upon a succession of benignant seasons, even then the consequences of throwing inferior land out of cultivation would be most calamitous.

'If,' says Mr. Jacob, 'a great part of our necessary supply should be wanting from foreign countries, there is no probability that it could be furnished, without such an advance of prices as would be enormously heavy. We must look to our own supplies, if not quite exclusively, at least chiefly. It is on the assiduity, and skill, and economy in cultivation of our own agricultural fellow-subjects, that we must depend, for all other dependence would fail us, in the day of necessity,—whenever that day shall arrive. It can only be by due and real protection that the British farmer can be enabled to supply the wants of the community; and if, for want of such protection, he should fail considerably in his annual produce, the void cannot be filled up, except at a cost very far beyond what such protection, expended on the domestic cultivators, would amount to.'—*Tracts on Corn*, p. 112.

Mr. Jacob says, lower down:

'The preference to articles of the first necessity of domestic growth is natural and almost universal. The chief articles of subsistence in each country are almost wholly of home produce; and in a country with a great density of population may be only procured in sufficient quantity to supply the demand of the inhabitants at a considerable cost. In such a case, a foreign interference, which would lower the home price, so as to check interior production, might, in a few years, cause that domestic industry and application of capital, which are the chief sources of supply, so far to decline, as to afford a less quantity, and thus elevate the price to the consumers higher than it would be raised by trusting to, and by duly fostering and protecting its home growth.

'*It is on this ground, and this alone, that the protection, as it is called, to agriculture, will admit of defence. It is to protect the consumer against a price too high, which would take place if a portion, by no means a large portion, of our supply depended on foreign growers of wheat, that any restriction on the trade in grain can be justified. If it cannot be grown with profit at home, the home supply will diminish to an extent that no foreign supply can replace, without a sacrifice of more money than would have ensured a sufficiency from our own soil.* It becomes, in this view, simply a question whether it be better to yield some benefit to the home grower, at the expense of the consumer at first, rather than leave the latter to rely for such a

portion of his supply from foreign countries as must reach him at, ultimately, higher prices, whenever a slight diminution in the fruitfulness of a season may compel him to require a demand a little beyond what he usually wants. If the producers are to be protected, it should be chiefly with a view to the protection of the consumers. They form he far larger part of the community in this country, and theirs is the paramount interest in society. It has been estimated, that if our own growth of wheat were so reduced as to compel us to depend on foreign countries for a constant supply of one-eighth part of our consumption, such a quantity would be furnished, if it could be furnished at all, (which is very doubtful,) at a greater expense than any sum which it would have cost in protecting our own growers so as to encourage them to raise enough to make it unnecessary.

'A season of scarcity may be looked for at some, perhaps no very distant period. It may extend, as it usually has done, to the countries which commonly export corn hither. In the occurrence of such seasons formerly, there was always a reserve stock in store, distributed amongst dealers, mealmen, bakers, and in small quantities among a variety of other traders. It is not too much to reckon that the store in the hands of the three great trades, taken one with the other, amounted to one month of each of their sales. To say nothing of the growers,—who, from their more prosperous circumstances, formerly held a larger portion of their growth than they have lately done,—there must have been constantly food for three months' consumption in reserve against unpropitious harvests. At present, when the speculative trade in corn is nearly extinct—when the millers and bakers have on hand not more than half their former quantity—a harvest slightly deficient, coming on us with so short a reserve, would be felt with great severity. The difference of the whole, or nearly the whole, of the usual stock of the speculators, and half that of the mealmen and bakers, is a quantity far beyond what we could ever draw from all the world by the attraction of the highest prices that were ever offered, and at a time when much corn had been pent up by the operation of the laws of England and France in the continental depôts. *At the present time* (1828), *had the harvest of* 1827 *required it, it is doubtful if ten days' consumption of wheat could have been drawn from the whole continent, even at one hundred per cent. advance on the prices of that period.*'

Mr. Barton, in his very able pamphlet, says,

'It has been argued, that we should be no more dependent on foreigners, if a great part of our annual supply of corn came from abroad, than they upon us. That the inconvenience resulting to them from our ceasing to buy would be as great as the inconvenience to us from their ceasing to sell. This, I confess, I do not understand. It seems to me that the obtaining an adequate supply of food is not matter of convenience, but of necessity. The cessation or great diminution of foreign importations, supposing any considerable proportion of our people to depend on such importations, would be equivalent to

to a sentence of death against many thousands of the poor. To such disasters we should be continually exposed, if the trade were thrown open. Without supposing any hostile design towards ourselves on the part of foreign governments, the duty of providing first for the wants of their own population, would compel them to lay restrictions on the export of corn, in the event of a general failure of the harvest; and even if those governments should feel indisposed themselves to resort to such a measure, they would probably be compelled to adopt it by a fear of popular tumult. Nor is there any reason to doubt tha they would gladly avail themselves of our necessities to enrich their own exchequers, even in times when the scarcity might not be so great as to compel them to prohibit exportation altogether. *During the extreme scarcity which prevailed in this country in the years* 1800 *and* 1801, *a duty, amounting to about* 10*s. per quarter, was laid on the export of corn from the Prussian dominions; and it was expressly declared that the continuance or removal of this tax would depend altogether upon the continuance or cessation of the wants of this kingdom.*'*

A case, which is precisely in point, occurred in 1831, when it was in contemplation to reduce the duty upon Baltic timber: 'the foreign producers were so ready to raise their prices, that contracts were either made, or proposed to be made, at such a price if the law remained as it was, and at so much higher if that act had passed the British Parliament.' This was stated by Mr. Powles,† whose clear and forcible evidence before the Committee might well make the framers of the reciprocity act pause in their insane career. That gentleman instanced another case, still more directly applicable:

'I remember,' said he, 'urgent application to the government to repeal the duty on foreign rape-seed, which amounted to about 200,000*l.* per annum; and the government did repeal the duty. They were told beforehand, "If you do, in the course of a few years the whole of that duty will find its way into the hands of the foreign grower." In the course of six or seven years, the English grower of rape-seed was driven wholly out of the market, and the price of the article itself got up to what it was before the duty was taken off; and the whole of that 200,000*l.* went to the foreign growers of that article.'

Being, upon this, asked if he was of opinion that abstract principles of improvement do not always work, in operation, in the manner contemplated by the projectors, he replied: 'I really see so little harmony between abstract principles and the practical business of life, that I have the greatest possible distrust of them as a man of business.'‡ There is further proof of this, in another point, inferior in importance only to the corn-laws.

'The effect of the reciprocity act,' says Mr. Powles, 'in throwing

* Inquiry into the Restrictions on the Importation of Foreign Corn, p. 36-38.
† Report on Manufactures, p. 385. ‡ Ib. p. 389.

a larger

a larger proportion of the trade into the hands of the foreign ship-owner, was distinctly pointed out, before it took place, to the then President of the Board of Trade, and I myself was present when it was so stated to him. The consequences which have taken place were, in the most distinct manner, pointed out as inevitable, by practical persons, who spoke from practical knowledge. The answer of the then President of the Board of Trade was in these words: "You have nothing to be alarmed at; the superior intelligence and activity of the British ship-owner will always enable him to defy that competition;" whereas I find, in the case of Prussia, that the Prussian ship-owner gets now an infinitely larger proportion of the trade and sale every year—and will every year, I am persuaded, get more and more of it.'*

In fact, it appears, by the Parliamentary Returns, that in 1792, of the whole number of ships coming to this country, one out of nine were foreign ships; but from the countries now *under reciprocity*, upon the average of sixteen years, it is 103 per cent.† And as the foreigner increases his number, he displaces the British. Nor is this either the only or the worst effect. Cheap ships are constructed, as a natural and necessary consequence of the liberal system. 'A great deal more economy is now practised by the ship-builders and ship-owners; the vessels are worse built, worse found, and worse manned than ever they were before; and the reduction of the crew increases the sailor's labour, while he derives no compensation in the advance of his wages. One consequence of this is that *our losses at sea are threefold to what they were;* during the war they did not exceed one and a half per day, and now they average about three and a quarter per day per annum.'‡ This has been the consequence of cheap ship-building,—as if we had forgotten the old proverb, that they who are penny-wise are likely to find themselves in the end pound-foolish!

When Mr. Powles was asked whether any advantage that could be derived from the cheapness of articles imported from foreign countries, as compared with the importation of them from our own colonies, might not be more than counterbalanced by the indirect disadvantage of employing foreign capital and foreign tonnage, instead of our own? he replied, 'I doubt exceedingly the fact of any such cheapness resulting; but if it was clear that it would result, I should say that the sacrifice at which it would be gained would be infinitely too great for the country to afford to make.'§ This, which is a most momentous consideration, as relating to the maritime strength of the nation, becomes a vital one when its subsistence is in question! *I buoni mercatanti per guadagnare l' assai, aventurano il poco, ma non l' assai per guadagnar il poco.* The

* Ib. p. 376. † Ib. p. 464. ‡ Ib. p. 459. § Ib. p. 390.

possible

possible advantage bears no proportion to the risk, were it risk alone that would be incurred, and not the certainty of dearth, the probability of famine, and the imminent danger of a servile war. 'Beware,' says Ben Jonson, 'of dealing with the Belly; the Belly will not be talked to, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon *Venter*.' Still less is there any venturing upon him when he is empty! There is cause enough, God knows, for anxiety in our dependence upon the seasons,—cause enough, God knows, for ominous apprehensions and for fearful prayer, when we consider the ways of Providence, and call to mind our national sins. Under the merciful dispensations of that Providence, the progress of society had rendered this country as secure against famine as good husbandry, national industry, and a settled order of things can render any nation in the ordinary course of nature. Let us beware how we incur a needless, a voluntary, a wilful danger, for the delusive hope of rendering bread cheap, and of extending our manufacturing system,—doubly delusive, because neither object could be attained, and each, if attained, would be an evil.

The assertion that low prices are, in this country, an evil, will not be deemed paradoxical by those who peruse Mr. Barton's pamphlet. That gentleman introduces a most curious and important inquiry into the effects of prices upon the rate of mortality, with these remarks:—

'It is generally assumed by the advocates for unrestricted importation, that every decline in the price of corn contributes directly to the welfare of the labouring classes, by enabling them to obtain a larger supply of the comforts and conveniences of life. This would indeed be the case, if we could consider the amount of a labourer's earnings as a fixed quantity, uninfluenced by the state of demand for labour. But, in fact, the rate of wages is affected in a very sensible degree by the price of corn, and the collective income of the whole of the labouring classes in a still greater degree. Persons residing in agricultural districts, and having daily opportunities of observing the condition of the poor about them, can testify, that in times when the price of corn has been lowest, not only have the occupiers of land been reduced to difficulties, but the labourers in their employ severely distressed by the difficulty of obtaining work. It would not, indeed, be easy for the most careful and impartial inquirer to discover by direct observation the amount of distress inflicted by any given fall in the price of corn on the body of agricultural labourers; still less to determine how far the same reduction of price may occasion a corresponding improvement in the condition of the manufacturing labourer, such as to compensate, at least in degree, the sufferings of the agriculturists. Fortunately, however, we have a criterion of the comparative pressure of poverty at different times,—a criterion of great accuracy as well as sensibility,

sensibility, if employed with proper precautions,—in the varying rate of mortality. Not that the mortality of any single year, or even of a small number of years, would afford any such criterion; for undoubtedly the health and longevity of the people are affected by a variety of causes unconnected with the price of corn;—by the severity or mildness of the seasons, by commercial prosperity or distress, and by other causes, more, perhaps, than it would be easy to enumerate. But in proportion as we extend the number of years from which our average is drawn, the influence of these perturbing causes is progressively diminished; and by an application of some of the simplest methods of the *Calculus of Probabilities*, we can even determine with great nicety how far the effect of such extraneous causes is excluded in any given case. I determined, therefore, to examine whether any sensible connexion can be traced between the price of corn and the rate of mortality in different years.'—*Inquiry*, pp. 1-3.

Comparing, by a series of cautious calculations, the number of deaths and marriages with the price of wheat, during the forty years from 1780 to 1820, Mr. Barton comes—by the surest data and the clearest deductions—to the following conclusions:—

'That the extremes of high and low price are both unfavourable to the comfort and health of the labouring classes. That of the intermediate prices, that is most favourable which approaches to the higher extreme. That the extreme of low price is chiefly fatal in agricultural districts. That, even in manufacturing districts, the extreme of low price is unfavourable to human life, though to a much less extent than in agricultural districts. That the number of marriages increases regularly and progressively as the price of corn declines; excepting at the extreme of low price, when it again slightly diminishes. And, as the general result of the whole of the preceding facts,—that *steadiness of price* is the great desideratum. A vast difference takes place in the total mortality of a given series of years, whether the price oscillates within narrow limits above and below the mean; or, on the contrary, touches occasionally on the lower; though the average price of the whole period may be the same in both cases. A middle price is most contributive to the welfare of the poor, or a price rather approaching to the higher limit.'—pp. 22, 3.

He shows that nearly seventy thousand lives are destroyed, on an average, within the limits of this island, in one year, by a reduction of the price of wheat from 100*s.* to 50*s.* per quarter. These are not theoretical opinions; they are strict deductions from official returns, the most ample, the most elaborate, and the most accurate that have ever been produced in any country.*

'At

* Yet M. Adolphe Quetelêt, director of the Brussels Observatory, was asked before the select committee on parochial registration, if he did not think that we in England 'are in a state of great destitution of much important political and economical knowledge.' And to this choicely worded question, M. Adolphe Quetelêt replied, 'Lately at the philosophical meeting at Cambridge, it was the subject of discussion; I heard from several

'At the extreme of low prices, the mortality of the agricultural districts is greater by 17 per cent. than that of the manufacturing. At a middle price, they become nearly equal. At the extreme of high price, the mortality of the manufacturing districts is greater than that of the agricultural by 16 per cent.' (p.11.) All these proportions rise and fall with almost exact regularity through all the gradations of price upon which the results have been calculated. But low prices produce also in manufacturing districts an increase of mortality, increased drunkenness being then the apparent cause, during those years when the manufacturers were in good employ, and provisions cheap.

These consequences are shown by experience to have resulted from the low price of agricultural produce, without taking into the account the effect produced upon the poor-rates, and the commensurate growth of discontent, insubordination, and incendiarism. The consequence of the further reduction expected from those measures which the political economists and the 'anti-bread-tax societies' are endeavouring to force upon the government, would be to throw much of our inferior land out of cultivation. Observe the consequences! A Wiltshire steward and land-surveyor was asked by the Committee—

'Could you raise sheep for any useful purpose, or for any profit, if you had not at the same time a remunerating profit for your corn?—*A.* Certainly not.—*Q.* So that—if by any circumstance the corn land was thrown out of cultivation, in consequence of any supply being received from abroad, or by any other means—could the farmers possibly produce meat for the markets of the towns, unless they had encouragement which enabled them to cultivate the corn lands?—*A.* Certainly not. Wiltshire is a breeding county; the great object of keeping sheep is for manure; and there is more corn grown in Wiltshire than in any other county, according to the extent of the county, in consequence of the immense quantity of sheep that is kept; and they are bred to be grazed in other counties. The graziers in many other counties come into Wiltshire and Hampshire, for sheep to be grazed for the London markets; and if corn gets to a ruinously low price, not only must that land go out of cultivation, but the sheep stock will be very

several distinguished persons, that there was a general complaint of the imperfection of the elementary population documents of this country, and that their imperfection led strangers who wrote on England into great mistakes. It is, indeed, a subject of wonder to every intelligent stranger, that, in a country so intelligent as England, with so many illustrious persons occupied in statistical inquiries, and where the state of the population is the constant subject of public interest, the very basis on which all good legislation must be grounded has been never prepared. Foreigners can hardly believe that such a state of things could exist in a country so wealthy, wise, and great.' —p. 121. M. Adolphe Quetelet was 'examined through the interpretation of Dr. Bowring,' and as his knowledge of the English language may, therefore, be little or none, was probably entirely ignorant of what had been done in this branch of statistics, when he delivered this modest opinion.

much

much reduced.—*Q.* Does not the raising of sheep depend upon the alteration of their crops, upon their turnips, upon their seeds, and all those crops that accompany the cultivation of the soil in raising corn? —*A.* The moment the farmer loses his capital, he cannot sow any of his artificial grasses or turnips for the sheep stock. The stock of sheep is only kept a proportion of the year upon down pasture, but (the rest of it) upon artificial food.'—*Agricult. Rep.* p. 68.

In these days, then, the deficiency in food caused by the decay of tillage could not be supplied by converting the arable land into pasture, even if men were to be ejected to make room for sheep, as in the merciless age of the Reformation. But look at the effect of this decay upon the agricultural population!

'I cannot,' says another witness, 'contemplate the poor lands of the country going out of cultivation, without the most fearful anticipations. *Any measure having that effect would throw the mass of the labouring population out of employment.* If, in land of this character, which, while it yields little rent to the owner, is made to bear crops only by extra labour, manure, &c.—if the population be now redundant, more than can be employed; how must it be if the lands principally employing them be thrown out of cultivation? Those lands cannot support an idle population; and the payers and receivers of rates would together be thrown upon the richer districts, which could not support the additional weight. The result is most appalling, but I think quite inevitable. Cultivation of this land, though it may not be profitable, if it can be cultivated without loss, it is important to the employment of its population. Looking at its being left uncultivated, is looking upon certain ruin to all classes indiscriminately. No difference of rent, or reduction of prices, could prevent the catastrophe.—*Q.* Then you think that the effect of a fixed duty of 8*s.* upon wheat would be to throw land out of cultivation?—*A.* I think so; and that the effect of throwing the poor land out of cultivation, however it might be produced, would have the effect of swallowing up the profit, first upon those lands, and ultimately upon all others. There is no doubt but such a duty would produce a ruinous effect upon all the lands of the country.—*Q.* What do you think of free trade?—*A.* It is in my view too appalling to think of at all!'—*Ibid.* p. 584.

If a ninth part of the land now cultivated for corn were thrown out of cultivation, this, it has been calculated, (p. 165,) would throw out of employ between nine hundred thousand and a million persons, dependent upon agriculture for their present means of subsistence.

'This,' says Mr. Barton, 'is admitted by the advocates of free trade; and is, indeed, represented by them as a national benefit. "Whereas," they say, "it costs a year's labour of three men to raise a given quantity of corn on our inferior soils, we might purchase an equal quantity of foreign corn for manufactured goods with the labour of two men,—thus, one-third of the cost might be saved."

'That

'That is, I reply, supposing the same hands now employed in raising corn can be employed in producing manufactured goods. For if we are obliged to maintain the three hands formerly engaged in tilling the poor land, and two manufacturers into the bargain, it seems to me that we have made an unprofitable change. Is it supposed, then, that the ploughmen no longer wanted in Sussex might travel to Manchester, and there find employment as cotton-spinners? Surely such a proposition is too absurd to require serious refutation. The slightest attention to facts might show that a district overburdened with population is scarcely ever relieved, unless by the cruel process of extermination. Not one in a thousand of the inhabitants of the agricultural districts would migrate to the manufacturing counties—nor probably one in a hundred of their grand-children, or great grand-children. "Of all commodities," observes Adam Smith, "the most difficult of transport is man." And, I may add, that of all men, the most difficult of transport is an agricultural labourer. Nor would the increased pressure of poverty tend, in a sensible degree, to check the growth of population in the ruined parishes. On the contrary, a state of hopeless wretchedness renders men almost as careless of making provision for their future offspring as the beasts themselves.

'The practical result, then, of the adoption of a system of free trade would be, that, instead of saving the maintenance of one labourer in three, we should have to maintain two additional hands without any addition to our annual produce.'—*Inquiry*, p. 28-30.

Of all the evils which press upon this kingdom, the increase of pauperism is, at this time, the most urgent; and that whatever tends to depress the price of agricultural produce must have the effect of throwing more land out of cultivation, and more hands out of employ, must be plain to every man's understanding. The labourers who are deprived of employment must be supported as paupers; and heavy as the burden of supporting that class at present is, how or by whom is it to be borne, if hundreds of thousands be added, as they thus inevitably would be, to its already formidable numbers?

'In the event of the removal of the existing restrictions on the importation of corn,' says Mr. Barton, 'it is evident, then, that the support of the agricultural labourers thrown out of employment by the change must fall on the community; but it may be doubted what part of the community would be compelled to bear the burden. If any property capable of taxation remained in the parish in which these labourers happened to be settled, that property, as far as it goes, would of course be rated for this purpose; but when it is considered that, in many of the poorer parishes, the rates already exceed 20*s.* on the pound, it is evident that such a resource would prove quite inadequate. The unfortunate people of these parishes, reduced to despair, and with the prospect of dying of hunger before them, would, in such circumstances, probably join together in bands to pillage the neighbouring country.

country. The advocates of free trade might then compute the amount of such devastations, and inquire how far it is compensated by that "economy of labour," resulting from the purchase of cheap corn from abroad with manufactured goods.'—*Inquiry*, pp. 31, 32.

Mr. Barton once supposed that universal freedom of trade was identical with true wisdom and liberality, and that universal cheapness was identical with plenty and prosperity. Observation and inquiry have convinced him that his first impressions were erroneous; and he has pursued that inquiry in a manner which ought to undeceive others as well as himself, and convince them that the prosperity of the landed proprietor, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the labourer, are so intimately connected, that a system of policy which seeks to enrich any one of these classes at the expense of the rest, is likely to terminate in the impoverishment of all.

'It has been said,' says this judicious writer, 'that to restrict the exportation of corn from one country to another, is as absurd as it would be to restrict the carriage of corn from one province to another of the same kingdom. But there is in fact no similarity between the two cases. Parliament would never suffer the people of Essex or of Norfolk to starve the people of London, by laying a prohibition on the transport of corn from their own district; but Parliament has no power to prevent the government of Holland or of Prussia from imposing such a prohibition. The people of London may depend upon going shares upon equal terms with the people of Ireland, whatever be the extent of scarcity there; but they have no security that they would be allowed to go shares with the Dutch or Prussians in such circumstances. Nor is the obstruction of the supplies of foreign corn the only danger to be apprehended under a system of free trade. It is more than probable that the channels of commercial industry, at all times liable to the most capricious and inexplicable changes, will one day desert us; and this whole kingdom would then become one great decayed manufactory. Of the deplorable consequences of such an event, we may form some slight and imperfect notion, from observing the state of those parts of the kingdom where flourishing manufactures once existed. But in these cases the pressure has been greatly alleviated by the overflowing prosperity and liberal benevolence of the neighbouring districts. Imagine what would be the state of Spitalfields if deprived of external relief; and then suppose the whole of our manufacturing districts to become like Spitalfields. There are, indeed, reasons assigned by the political economists why England must and will continue, in all forthcoming time, to maintain her present manufacturing superiority; but when I observe how very frequently the predictions of these writers have proved fallacious in other cases, I confess I cannot place the smallest confidence in such assurances.

"'Thus it appears that so far from the repeal of the existing restrictions on the importation of foreign corn contributing to increase national

national wealth, that repeal would entail upon us a loss in various ways. First, We should pay to foreigners a higher price than at present for our supplies in ordinary years. Secondly, We should pay still more exorbitantly for our supplies in years of scarcity; if, indeed, we were not deprived of those supplies altogether. Thirdly, We should have to maintain the whole of the agricultural poor thrown out of employment by the change, without deriving in return any benefit from their labour.

'Even, then, as respects pecuniary profit and loss, the adoption of a system of free trade would be contrary to sound policy. But how much stronger does this conclusion become, when we contemplate the question with reference, not to national *wealth*, but to national *happiness!* Unrestricted importation would, no doubt, lower the price of bread to the consumer in ordinary years; but this advantage would be greatly over-balanced, so far as relates to the agricultural population, by the increased difficulty of procuring employment. Thousands of farm labourers would be reduced to the last extremity of distress; while the corn which should have gone to satisfy their children's hunger would be distilled into gin, to gratify the vicious appetites of the manufacturers. The people of the south would die of hunger, in order that the people of the north might die of the diseases induced by habitual intemperance. But the triumph of the north would not be of long continuance—for upon the first general failure of the harvest, the sufferings which they had inflicted on their agricultural fellow-subjects would recoil on themselves with terrible retribution. They would find, when too late, that for the sake of a little momentary gain, they had subjected themselves to the last extremity of want. A famine such as no man in this favoured country has ever seen, or can perhaps easily imagine, would mow down our population by hundreds of thousands, when the foreign supplies on which we had depended were suddenly cut off.'—*Inquiry*, pp. 42-45.

And for what contingent advantage is it that these certain consequences are to be encountered, and this imminent risk of interminable evil and irretrievable ruin to be incurred? It is that our manufactures may be increased and multiplied. Are these, then, in so healthy a state that this should be desired, either for the sake of the persons employed in them, or of the nation?

'To what circumstance,' Mr. Kirkman Finlay was asked, 'do you attribute the low state of profit in the cotton trade?—Certainly not to any want of demand, if we compare the demand now, with the demand at any former period; but to an extremely extensive production with reference to the demand, arising out of a great competition, doubtless caused by the high rate of profit in former times, which, by attracting a large amount of capital to the business, has necessarily led to the low rate of profit we now see. If there is anything unhealthy, it arises from a practice which has greatly prevailed of late years, of the manufacturer making large consignments to foreign countries, and receiving

receiving bills in advance, and discounting those bills with monied persons, which has led to a greater extension of the trade than would otherwise have taken place. I do not think the profits have held out any inducement to extend of late; but with reference to the question of there being anything unhealthy in the state of trade, I place the whole unhealthy character of the trade upon that branch of it.'*

It need not be remarked that the word *unhealthy* is used here entirely in reference to profit and loss.

'The manufacturers in England,' says Mr. Shaw, 'are obliged to operate upon a very large scale; they have a regular demand for two-thirds or three-fourths of what they make; and the rest they ship; and their reason for shipping it is, that they do not choose to depreciate their own article, and they do not choose to compete with their customers. They can only sell a certain quantity at a fit price, and the rest they export. That trade has increased: the scale upon which the manufacturers operate, I understand, is increasing, and consequently the surplus is likely to increase also. Suppose that a manufacturer makes 100,000 pieces of calico; he has only a regular demand for 75,000; but he finds that, with a little additional expense, he makes the other 25,000; that arises from the scale upon which he operates. I can state an illustration of the economy arising from an extended scale of operation. A person in the iron business, a few years ago, wanted money; his friends advanced him 20,000*l.*: he found that, operating with this, he could only make 6 per cent.; but he showed clearly, that if he had 40,000*l.* instead of 20,000*l.*, he could introduce such savings into his business as would yield him a profit of 9 per cent. It is those savings which induce the cotton-manufacturer to operate upon the large scale that he does, and which is the cause of this excess. It is not a sacrifice that he makes, because, if he sells those goods at an apparent considerable loss, as compared with the goods he sells to his customers, still the general result is profitable to him, on account of those savings. Suppose I make 100,000 pieces of goods, and make 10 per cent. upon 75,000; this is a positive gain: then I export the residue, and incur a small loss: I am fully compensated for that loss by the profits I realize upon the three-fourths. I produce the whole cheaper. Our cotton manufactures are very much upon the increase; the excess is likely to be greater every year. The manufacturer must export, or he must depart from the system of operating upon a large scale.'†

It is stated before the committee, that the labour of the hand-loom weavers is incessant; and in consequence of this excessive labour, these people produce a fourth more goods than they would otherwise do if they got better wages!‡ They are obliged to work longer hours.

'How do you account for their condition being worse with this increase

* Report on Manufactures, p. 35. † Ibid. pp. 93-4-5. ‡ Ibid. p. 296.

of

of production?—Because the production of their article has been beyond the demand for it.—What has caused that over-production?—The natural increase of the manufacturing population, with the improvements of machinery acting together.—Has not the increased quantity produced caused the markets to be glutted, and the prices to fall?—No doubt of it.—Then how do you reconcile that with your opinion of the advantage derived from this increase?—Because capital, though not returning large profits, has always been, I believe, profitably employed upon the whole.—Though the capital has done better by this increase, how has it affected the persons engaged in making the articles?—I believe the natural consequence of mercantile or manufacturing prosperity is to concentrate the wealth into a few hands.—Is that beneficial to the community?—That is a question of political economy.—Is that consistent with your former opinion, that the working classes are not worse off than they were before?—The working classes have not the same chance of rising now from their situation that they had some years ago; but I spoke of their comforts.—Do you call that a better or a worse state of society?—It is the course of nature, and legislation would rather add to the evil than improve it.—Do not you think that an advance of wages, so as to enable the working men in this country to procure more of the articles they produce, would operate more beneficially to society as a whole, than to reduce their wages in order to enable us to compete with foreigners?—Nobody would wish to reduce their wages; but it is better that there should be a small reduction of their wages, than that they should get no employment at all.—Why should their employment cease in consequence of their having higher wages?—Because we have a foreign competition; we make a great deal more goods than we can consume, and, therefore, we must have a foreign market.—If those who have produced those goods received higher wages, would not they be able to consume more, and would not that lessen the necessity for their export?—They cannot consume the surplus quantity of our manufactures; they could not give us a return for them.—Why could they not consume, provided they possessed the means?—I should be glad to answer these questions; but it appears to me so utterly impossible that the people of this country can consume all the manufactures of the country, and that we should raise their wages that they may have money to do it, that *I cannot understand the argument.*'—*Report*, p. 333.

There is, however, one argument which *every one can understand;* if the agricultural labourers are in great numbers thrown out of employ, and the rest badly paid,—if the farmers are ruined, and the landholders reduced to distress,—the home market for our manufactured goods must be injured to a greater extent than any increase of demand in the foreign market could compensate. The agricultural classes constitute nearly a third part of our whole population; the number of trades and occupations mainly dependent upon them is very considerable; and no commonwealth can flourish

flourish if its agriculture falls to decay. The decay is then in the root, and heart of oak itself cannot resist the rot which commences there. This also is intelligible, that when agricultural produce is lowered beneath a remunerating price, the farmer has no means of indemnifying himself, though he were to work his horses and his men sixteen hours per day, or without intermission through the night as well as the day, in order to increase the quantity of his produce.

Factories, we are told, are increasing;—the manufacturers are extending their business—they desire to work night and day—they must make a profit, or they must be ruined: if the profit be small, they will make as many goods as they can—the very depression of prices compels them to greater exertions for stimulating their trade. (p. 301.) To the evil of over-production, that of excessive competition is added. A witness from Birmingham says,—

'The small manufacturers undersell the great; and then the greater, in the course of a few months, undersell them. The small ones have every disadvantage; in purchasing in small quantities they purchase at a higher price; and in manufacturing in small quantities, they manufacture with less economy, and they cannot resort to the division of labour, nor to the same convenient machinery. . . . . In Birmingham, when a large manufactory is broken up, the tools generally go to the brokers, and are sold at such a very low price, that a mere trifle buys them; and sometimes a dealer will give a little workman money to buy the tools he wants. They do their business thus: they go to a merchant, and he gives them an order for metal somewhere, taking first of all the profit upon it, and then he gives them a little money to go on with, and then they bring their goods in just at what prices he pleases. So that a merchant purchases lower in this way than he can of a large manufacturer; but the large manufacturer very often comes down to that price, and thus there is a continual degradation of both parties.'—*Report*, p. 281.

This person was speaking more particularly of the brass-foundry. In the year 1773, there were but six brass-founders in that town; in 1830, there were a hundred and thirty-six. 'There are now no profits,' said he, 'in our trade, upon industry,—if there is any profit remaining, it is upon capital, not upon industry.' Being asked his meaning, he explained it thus:—'If I purchase for ready money, the advantage I get by that, or by selling for credit, I call that a profit upon capital. For instance, if I, with capital, find an industrious man that has made goods ready to sell, very eager to get money, and I make a hard bargain with him; on the other hand, if I am selling, and I find a needy man who wants to buy, and I make a hard bargain with him, that is a profit upon capital; but if I exert my industry by employing men to manufacture goods, I get no profit upon that.'

Here, indeed, it is that the evil lies, and not in this branch alone

alone, but in others of far greater extent; the profit is not upon industry, but upon capital. Overgrown wealth and neediness produce the same effect in grinding down the wages of the workman. The great capitalist may be satisfied with small profits, because he draws a large income from the large capital that he employs; the needy manufacturer must be satisfied with any profit that he can get. The Bolton delegates were asked what, in their opinion, was the cause of the continued fall, for the last thirty years, in the wages of the hand-loom weavers? One of them replied,—

'There are a deal of pretended causes. One person will say that it was the war; and another the peace and the orders in council; and they will tell you that it was Buonaparte's decrees; and there are people that will say it is the tithe that has caused the wages to come down; and another will say it is the national debt; and another will say it is taxation;—my own opinion is, that it is internal competition and rivalship; one man underselling another through poverty. The small manufacturers go to merchants three times a-week, to sell their goods; and if they cannot sell them in the morning, they will sell them in the evening at any price; and then they reduce wages.'—(*Report*, p. 705.) . . . . . 'We have long,' said a witness of the same class from Glasgow, 'considered that part of our grievance was caused by the steam-looms, and by the competition of foreign manufacturers; but we consider that a very trifling matter in comparison with the home competition that exists among our masters, and till there is some remedy for that we shall never be better. Some people will say that, if our provisions were cheaper, we should be better off; but our masters would take advantage of that cheapness, and reduce a penny an ell off a weaver that will work twenty-five or thirty ells, which would amount to 2*s.* or 2*s.* 6*d.*; and the cheapness of his two pecks of oatmeal would be, perhaps, 6*d.* or 8*d.*'

This, then, is the sum. Government is called upon to withdraw, either at once or by rapid gradations, all legislative protection from our own agriculture, in order that, by purchasing corn from foreigners, we may enable and induce those foreigners to purchase in return an additional quantity of our manufactured goods. They can supply us with so much corn, that tens of thousands of acres would immediately be thrown out of tillage, and hundreds of thousands of labourers out of employ. The landholders must then pay to these labourers in poor-rates what they now pay in wages; and not the landholders only, but all who are assessed to the poor-tax, will speedily find that they pay a dear price for cheap bread. But will bread continue cheap? It is not one of those commodities for which we can wait till the price falls, or which we can refuse to buy if the price be fixed (and who can doubt that it would be?) with relation, not to the cost of pro-

duction, but to our necessity for buying it. No sooner shall we have made ourselves dependent upon the foreign grower, than he will tax us for his own benefit; and his government, through him, will tax us also. This, if peace continued *with* the continent and *on* the continent, would take place as surely as the generality of men act upon their own views of their own advantage; and bread would very shortly be thus rendered at least as dear as it is now, while the increase of pauperism, caused by our insane experiment, would be so great as to threaten a servile war. This is what must be expected, supposing the continuance of peace and of favourable seasons. As for peace, Great Britain would be, in fact, *bound over* to keep it, under whatever provocation, on pain of having an embargo laid upon corn, and a prohibition of its manufactures, when a large and continual importation of the one, and exportation of the other, have been rendered necessary for the subsistence of the people and the tranquillity of the state. The continuance of peace, therefore, may be calculated on, as far as pacific counsels in our cabinet could preserve it, for what other counsel could be taken under the sense of dependence, the consciousness of weakness, and the dread of insurrection and rebellion? But then comes a year of dearth; the ungenial weather which injures our own harvest, generally extends to those very countries from which we must look for our supplies. Bad harvests are in the order of the seasons; that they must often occur, we know—we know not how often or how soon. It is one of the first objects of sound policy to provide against them, and under the old order of things this was, in a great degree, effected. Under that order we had frequently a surplus for exportation; and when the new harvest came round, there was commonly a stock on hand sufficient for the consumption of from three to six months. Now an old stock of wheat is no where to be found among us; and it is affirmed by one, who of all men has the fullest information upon the subject, having for many years been called upon officially to consider it in all its bearings, and in all its details, at home and abroad—it is affirmed by that competent witness,* that there has been for the last twenty years an average deficiency of four weeks' consumption; and that if, owing to bad weather, it should be deficient one-tenth more, all the world could not easily supply that deficiency at any price! If the cry for cheap bread is to prevail against the certainty of such consequences, God has indeed demented this nation, and heavier judgments are in store for it than pestilence, which, when it produces the effect of warning, is a dispensation of mercy.

We have heard, in our days, too much of the rights of man and

* See Evidence of Mr. Jacob, in Report of the Committee of 1823.

too

too little of his duties. But it is the excellent author of the 'Christian Life' who says, that 'the great design of our society being to help and assist one another, every man has a right to be aided and assisted by every one with whom he hath any dealing or intercourse; to have some share of the benefit of all the exchange, traffic, and commerce, that passes between him and others; and, therefore, for any man, in his dealings with others, to take advantage, from their necessity or ignorance, to oppress or overreach them, or to deal so hardly by them as either not to allow them any share of the profit which accrues from their dealings, or not a sufficient share for them to subsist or live by, is an injurious invasion of that natural right which the very end and design of society gives them.' It is to our manufacturers we must now look, if we would see in its full effect

'The monstrous faith of many made for one!'

'The question of machinery,' says one of the pamphlets before us, 'has but to be stated for it to be admitted at once as an auxiliary to aid man, not to injure him, though, like poor-rates or any similar agent, it is capable of being perverted. The very propounding of the question must suggest that one of two things *ought* to have resulted from its use—that men should have *laboured less*, or that they should have *had more comforts*. Unfortunately neither of those things has happened. Men's comforts have been lessened since the introduction of machinery; they have had to work double time, and the labour of children has been called in to aid them, and even to work for their own daily bread. Without strength to endure such disproportionate toil—without instruction to guide their future life—they have been thrown into a situation morally and physically polluted. The Jewish historian has remarked upon the overthrow of Jerusalem by Titus, that it was no wonder it should have been destroyed with such a signal destruction, when *one* mother sacrificed her offspring to satisfy the cravings of absolute hunger; and may not we fear the retributive arm of an avenging Providence!'*—*Public Economy Concentrated*, p. 66.

* The author of 'The Judgment of the Flood,' in the eleventh book of that poem, has these lines:—

'Meanwhile the child was tasked from earliest morn
To latest eve, watching the processes
Of wheels and chains ingenious, so to earn
A pittance for its parents, urged to toil
Excessive by the force of blows, and dying
Even hour by hour, as standing at its work—
A constant martyrdom, but soon to end;
Since, age mature of man or womanhood
Seldom attained, the grave quick closed on grief,
And shut the murthered infant safely up
From the oppressor in the house of hope.'

We have received this performance too late to allow of our noticing it at length in the present Number of this Journal. The author, with many prodigious defects, possesses, obviously, talents and learning, which entitle his elaborate work to our deliberate examination.

Let not the great manufacturers, our millionaires and machine-kings, deceive themselves! The system upon which their prosperity is erected cannot stand; nor will it require forty years of such exertions as were used against colonial slavery to overthrow it. The energy of another Clarkson, and the eloquence of another Wilberforce, (if another age should produce two such men!) are not necessary here. Of this they may be assured, that the spirit of reform will at last, and that at no distant day, take its proper direction, and act with full force upon the real evils of society.

The observant author of the Carlisle pamphlet, in which questions of political economy are regarded, as they always ought to be, in their moral bearings, says, 'that to his certain knowledge most common fabrics of cotton manufacture have fallen fully one half in value since the peace; and, as this reduced value has principally been effected by subtracting wages, of one kind or other, the consequence has been that the labourers employed on those fabrics, and the lower orders generally, have ceased to be consumers of the article altogether, although their increased necessities have compelled them to produce double the quantity.' This writer inquires into the tendency of the present system to concentrate wealth in a few hands, more fearlessly than the witness before the Committee, who contented himself with saying it was 'in the course of Nature!'—

'While manufactures were a profitable concern to the generality of persons engaged therein, it need not be observed, there was room for every one. From various causes which have been treated of, the pursuit became either unprofitable altogether, or partially so. Perpetually recurring reductions of wages and increased quantities very soon brought matters to a crisis, and numbers, at a very early period of this foolish system, were ruined. Such as withstood the shock, or rather the succession of shocks, increased their establishments by employing those workmen who had recently been sent adrift—a measure the more necessary, owing to the reduced and precarious profits now accustomed to be received. In fact, the doctrine already began to be trumpeted forth—and certainly a more absurd one never was proclaimed—that, owing to the extreme lowness of profits, it was necessary the quantity should be increased! The consequence of all which philosophical proceedings, as might be expected from so *auspicious* a beginning, was, that, eventually, the whole race of monied manufacturers were driven, from sheer necessity, to start upon the principle of private monopolies!

'Nothing whatever can prop up prices, not even an increase of the currency, if the *demand* for those manufactures is not sustained; nothing can depress them, if that powerful agent be in a state of activity. This, I believe, may be set down as an undisputed axiom.

Now,

Now, what was it which brought our manufactures to that point which rendered them unprofitable? The answer has been given already—it was the circumstance of the demand not being equal to the supply. To improve the matter, wages were pulled down, (what a logical resolve!) the quantity was necessarily increased, and, of course, the evil which required correcting was thence rendered infinitely greater. It is true, the more business an individual can *safely* do, the more his profits are multiplied; *but how can a whole nation pursue this system?* And yet this is precisely what has been attempted by our manufacturers. In fact, they will tell you, one and all, that *profits being next to nothing, more goods must be made.* If these increased quantities of goods are to be given away, or *lent* by our capitalists abroad, we may understand the measure; but if they are to be *sold* at home, and the makers reimbursed, *the thing is utterly impossible, i. e.,* looking at the subject as we have done all along, in a national point of view.'

This vigorous writer adds—

'In the good old times, when "live and let live" was the general motto, every man was contented with one avocation. In the cotton trade there were weavers, cotton-spinners, bleachers, dyers, and several other independent branches, all living upon the profits of their respective trades, and all, as might be expected, contented and happy. By-and-by, however, when the downward course of trade had proceeded to some extent, first one branch was adopted by the capitalist, and then another, till, in time, the whole of these people were ousted and thrown upon the market of labour, to find out a livelihood in the best manner they could! Thus, although no charter secures to these men the right to be cotton-spinners, manufacturers, printers, finishers, &c., yet the course of events has invested them with a monopoly of all, and as many more branches may be added as their cupidity or their love of power may lead them to undertake. They have become jacks-of-all-trades, and, as far as the country is concerned in the business, it is to be feared, they are masters of none, from their having acted upon wrong principles—principles that will be found inoperative, as regards their own eventual welfare, however they may seem for a while to forward the views of the capitalist, or of the reputed capitalist.'—*Public Economy Concentrated,* pp. 54-6.

Wide as the subject is to which these considerations would lead us, we must draw to a conclusion. We have shown that foreigners *could* not supply that deficiency of food which a free trade in corn must inevitably cause, and that they *would* not purchase from us an increased quantity of those manufactured goods, which are already produced in such excess as to be exported to them at a loss. And yet government is called upon to speed the spinning jenny instead of the plough! It is called upon for a measure which would throw out of cultivation a great proportion of our fields, and a greater proportion of our peasantry out of employ!

employ! This for the sake of multiplying those factories, the system of which, when brought to light by the Report of the House of Commons, and of its Commissioners, thrilled all readers with astonishment and horror!—those factories, compared to which the sugar plantation was as the Garden of Eden!

A correspondent of the Times newspaper, who inveighs against 'the nefarious combination entered into by the landed interest for raising the price of the poor man's loaf,' calls the corn-laws 'an enormous tax, horrible from its positive inhumanity, and offensive from its iniquitous partiality;' and asks, 'why, in God's name, is the whole country not up?'* Heaven knows we need no additional excitements in these days to sturdy petitioners, tumults, arson, insurrection, and a servile war! Have those persons who raise or join in this groundless accusation against the landowners, the gentry, and the yeomanry of England—have they asked themselves whether there is no positive inhumanity in the child-working system?—whether the human part of the machinery in our manufactories, be it man, woman, or child, is always so well remunerated for its time and toil, that there is no appearance of iniquity there,—no semblance of injustice,—nothing offensive to the instinctive sense of right and wrong?

Mr. Cobbett spoke wisely when he cautioned parliament against inferring that the state of trade was flourishing because a few knots of persons throughout the country were accumulating great capital; he warned it against taking their prosperity for a proof of the general weal. The manufacturing system has indeed raised up an aristocracy of trade, more wealthy, and now more powerful, than the old nobility of the realm; but it has raised up, at the same time, its legions, who are embodied in open and in secret confederacies, some really as well as ostensibly for objects that are both lawful and just,—others for the most iniquitous, the most desperate, and the most dangerous designs. These men know, feelingly, that their condition is worse than it ought to be, worse than it need be;—they are miserably mistaken in all their views for bettering it; and they do not ask themselves how greatly its evils are aggravated by their own imprudence and their own vices. But if the progress of good feelings and sane opinions,—if the religious principles of the British people (for, notwithstanding the unchecked efforts which are continually made by the propagandists of anarchy and atheism, we are still a religious people)—if policy, humanity, piety, the sense of duty towards God and man, should be found

* The same cry is the uniform burden of innumerable articles on this subject in the 'Morning Chronicle.' Its active correspondent 'H. B. T.' has just published his letters in a separate form, and he is known to be a gentleman holding an important office under government—viz. Mr. *Hume* of the *Board of Trade!*

too

too feeble for effecting such a reform in the manufacturing system as that it can be carried on consistently with the well-being of the persons employed in it,—with health and good morals,—with wholesome intervals for rest and recreation, as well as for schooling,—with the rights of human nature, the most indubitable and sacred of all rights;—if such a reform be not effected in the manufacturing system, the system itself will be destroyed by its own inbred evils. It carries in itself the sure cause of its own terrible destruction. That physical force which it has brought together as an instrument of lucration—a part of its machinery—will one day explode under high pressure; and the words of the poet will then have a new and appalling interpretation—

'*Labor omnia vincit*
Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.'

It is only by bettering the condition of the labouring classes, physically and morally, that such a catastrophe can be averted. But as regards agriculture at this time, to abstain from doing evil will be doing good; and this we may hope for, even from this ministry.

Since the foregoing observations were drawn up, the question of the corn-laws has been brought distinctly before the House of Commons, on the 6th of March, by a motion of Mr. Joseph Hume. On the morning of that day, the public mind was very much excited by a declaration of ministers, that it was to be considered as an *open question*—that is, one on which his Majesty's government, *as such*, took no part, but left the several members of the administration to follow their own individual opinions. Such a declaration produced great surprise and considerable alarm—surprise that a government professing the principles on which the present ministry is founded, should venture to call any question an *open* or a *close* one—alarm that this momentous topic should have been selected for so unconstitutional an experiment. In defence of the ministers, on the first point, we were reminded that a 'Tory' cabinet had consented to leave catholic emancipation an open question—why not, then, the corn-laws?' But the cases are by no means parallel. The distinctions and differences are numerous and essential. We shall, however, notice only two—but two which are quite as powerful as two thousand. First, the (so-called) 'Tory cabinet,' was *formed on that avowed principle.* We doubted then, and we now more than doubt, whether such an arrangement was constitutional in principle, or safe in practice; but it was done openly and avowedly, before any man had accepted office

office, and indeed after it had been proved, by a long and alarming abeyance of the powers of government, that, without this previous condition, no government could, in that great crisis of the affairs of the world, have been constituted. That is the first difference—a difference in the *facts* of the case. The second is a difference of *principle*, not less decisive. The Reform Bill had not then passed. The great object of *that* bill was to destroy the system of *virtual* representation which gave to the members of the House of Commons, both in theory and practice, a right of *individual* judgment paramount to, and in some degree independent of, the opinions of particular constituencies. But the reformed House of Commons professes to be an *actual* representation of its constituents. There are no longer any close boroughs to which a public man may retire—as Mr. Wilberforce did from Yorkshire—or Mr. Canning from Liverpool—or Sir Robert Peel from Oxford—in order to be at greater liberty to forward what the individual statesman considers to be the general weal of the country, unfettered by the prejudices, passions, or local interests to which large constituencies are liable. The Reform Bill affects to afford a full, and real, and *bonâ fide* representation of the people. How, then, can those who framed that bill—those who derive their their seats, their places, and their power from it, and it alone—how can they have the effrontery to talk of *close* or *open* questions? Can *any* question be close? Is not *every* question open? Are not *all* the regenerated representatives of the people at full liberty to follow, in their parliamentary conduct, the instructions of their constituents? or, where those wishes may not have been expressed, the unbiassed dictates of their own judgment and conscience?

An *open question!* Have, then, all the other great questions of this session and the last been *close?* Have we now an avowal that there is—as used to be said of the Throne—a *power behind the* PEOPLE, GREATER *than the people itself*—a mysterious but irresistible power, which shall proclaim to the real, the *bonâ fide* representatives of The Nation, 'On every question in the whole vast circumference of public affairs you shall say *ay* at my signal, and *no* at my nod; but if there should happen to be a solitary point on which I cannot make up my own mind,—or *dare not avow the mind I have made up*,—or find it convenient to create anxiety and doubt—on that one question I allow you to have an opinion—on that I consent to your exercising your judgments—On one day in every two years, I graciously permit you to have a conscience?' Such, in common sense and plain language, is the real interpretation of the term—*open question;* and we will venture to assert, that the recent use by the Minister of that expression was, under all the circumstances of the case, an instance—not of early

inconsistency—that is too poor a term—but of effrontery and profligacy, unparalleled in our political annals. No wonder, then, that it excited surprise. But it also created a painful alarm. It was reasonably supposed that the Reform Ministry would not so early and so audaciously throw away its mask without some great and urgent motive; and it was apprehended, that what is for convenience called the agricultural interest, but which is, as we have shown, in the largest and truest sense of the term, the interest of the whole nation—the interest not of the land alone, but of trade, of commerce, of arts, of manufactures—of good order—of the constitution—nay, of the very animal existence of the people,—it was apprehended, we say, that this universal interest was about to be abandoned to the ignorant and the insane—to the demagogue and the theorist—to the proselytes of that ridiculous but perilous paradox, that it is possible at the same time to raise the price of labour and lower the price of food. Every rational man, who looked at the *practical* state of the country, foresaw that what is called a free trade in corn, would, by shaking the great basis of national wealth, disturb the surest supply of public sustenance, and risk the great principles of public order. Those who looked further into *moral* consequences trembled at the effect of a general disappointment of the lower classes, and at the risk which might ensue to the very vitals of society, when it should turn out that the change had produced, as assuredly it would, lower wages and less food,—pauperism and famine.

Such were the apprehensions excited by the idea that the Government meant to abandon the present system of corn-laws; but fortunately the debate and the division proved them to be, *for the moment*, unfounded. These Ministers are never *bonâ fide:* whether they flatter or menace, whether they consent or decline, whether they seem conservative or destructive,—all is 'false and hollow'—all trick and juggle—all vacillating, inconsistent, fictitious, and deceptious. 'Twas a false alarm. The unanimous cabinet—the great body of the office-holders—the dense mass of their adherents—were steady in their resistance to Mr. Hume; and, on the division, it appeared that this *farce* of an *open question* had been announced for the *joint benefit* of Mr. Edward Ellice and Mr. Poulett Thomson, who were thereby accommodated with an opportunity of giving a popular vote, to conciliate their anti-corn-law friends at Coventry and Manchester, and to facilitate their re-election, if it should happen that, by a change of their present offices for something higher, these great Statesmen should have to undergo the unpleasant ordeal of the hustings!

And was it for this shabby and contemptible object that the ministry was so rash as to alarm the country on so vital an interest—

and so indiscreet as to broach, to a Reformed Parliament, the awful mysteries of *questions close* and *questions open?* We verily believe it was. They dropped their awful mask for this mean and silly purpose! and though the debate was protracted to a second night, the discovery of this poor juggle, and its poorer object, so paralyzed all feeling, that the question which on Thursday morning had created the most intense anxiety on all sides, was disposed of on Friday night with less interest than any other question of the session.

In the debate, however, two things were remarkable: Lord Darlington stated, and was not contradicted, that while the government professed neutrality, it was secretly but zealously endeavouring to swell the majority against Mr. Hume; yet, of the half-dozen officemen who voted in the minority, we find the son, the son-in-law, the brother-in-law, and the nephew of the Prime Minister. Lord Grey, it seems, fancied this corn question was so perilous a quagmire, that, while he insisted on dragging the οἱ πολλοὶ of his followers through it, he, with parental tenderness, allowed his own family to escape. The other remarkable incident was the conduct of the First Lord of the Admiralty: Sir James Graham had, a few nights before, distinguished himself by the high honour and consistency of his conduct in the affair of Mr. Baron Smith, in which, 'amongst the faithless only faithful found,' he adhered to what had been the first resolve of the government, and vindicated—even amidst the tergiversation of his colleagues—the wisdom and justice of the original determination of the cabinet. On the corn question, again, the Right Honourable Baronet came forward with equal dignity and more powerful talent; his speech was one of the ablest ever delivered on such a subject—clear in its arrangement, strong in its facts, irresistible in its arguments—and pronounced with such appropriate eloquence and such evident sincerity, as to obtain and deserve the applause and confidence of an immense majority of the House.

The danger of any sudden change of system is therefore over—*for the present*—perhaps even for *the session;* though we confess that the visible conduct of the Grey family—what we have heard and believe of the feelings of a considerable party in the cabinet on this occasion—and indeed our general impression as to all the 'sayings and doings' of a government which, like a pendulum-clock, is kept going only by oscillation—must necessarily excite considerable uneasiness as to the future. Sir James Graham's speech has already done much good in the country, and will do more as it is more maturely considered; and we have some hopes that it may tend to render *real* and effective, the *apparent* unanimity of the cabinet. As to the *people*, we

we know how hard it is to persuade mankind to look to consequences—to postpone a seeming present advantage to a more solid but remote benefit; but we still hope that the unanswerable arguments which have been adduced against any hasty and inconsiderate alteration of the present system of corn-laws, and the utter discomfiture of Mr. Poulett Thomson in the late debate, may create in all sober minds, even of the lower classes, a salutary suspicion that what is called *cheap bread* may only be the first step to *no bread* at all. We have already expressed our fear that the fable of Menenius would have now little effect with a popular assembly: perhaps it might be more struck with the shorter and livelier instance given by Montesquieu of the *savages*, who, to get more easily at the *bread-fruit*, cut down the tree on which it grows!

NOTE

On the Article in No. C. *on the 'Journal of a West India Proprietor.'*

We are extremely sorry for having inserted in this Article, without due inquiry, an extract from a manuscript diary, conveying an unpleasant, and, as must now be evident, a wholly unjust reflection on the character of Mr. Lewis (father to the author of 'The Monk'). We have since received a letter from that gentleman's son-in-law, Sir Henry Lushington, in which he says—'I do not believe there ever existed a more honourable or generous man than the one who has been accused of reducing his son's income one moiety, because that son had not forgotten his duty to his mother. I am fully convinced that Mr. Lewis did not reduce his son's income from any such motive; nor is it likely, that the man of whom Mr. G. Lewis speaks (in a passage quoted by the "Quarterly Review" itself), "as one of the most generous persons that ever existed," could have been influenced by such sentiments. The fact is, Mr. Lewis reduced his son's allowance because his own means were so diminished as to compel him to alter every part of his establishment, even to letting his house, and laying down his carriage: and I can, moreover, state from my personal knowledge, that the allowance Mr. Lewis continued to his son, was actually more than one-half of his own English income.' We feel sincerely obliged to Sir H. Lushington for giving us the means of thus correcting the effect of our rash citation.

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Letters and Essays, in Prose and Verse.* London, 1834. 12mo. pp. 268.

THE author of these pages tells us that they 'were written during a few short intervals of leisure, which he has employed rather in deriving instruction and amusement from the works of others, than in attempting to afford either by his own.' He adds, that 'some of his *letters* had already been published without his knowledge; and that others of them might probably appear hereafter, when he could no longer correct them.' There needed no apology for publishing any part of this volume. With the greater number of the pieces *in verse* which it includes we have for years been familiar; but the form in which these were originally printed must have prevented their circulation from equalling their merits. The new poems are not unworthy of the author's taste; and his prose, to us entirely new, is certainly honourable to him in every respect. We have seldom seen so much wisdom, wit, knowledge of the world, and sound criticism, comprised in so small a space, or expressed in a more nervous and graceful style. The moral tone is throughout delightful: we have constantly before us a pure and generous nature—the warm sympathies, and the calm happiness, of a heart and mind that have come unwithered and unshrunk through the passions of youth and the cares of manhood. As the writer has dated several of his pieces from *Fredley Farm*, he cannot mean to conceal his name; and in mentioning that of Mr. Richard Sharp, we do enough to excite the curiosity of all who have known anything of the most distinguished society of this metropolis during the last half century. Old enough to have been the friend of Burke and Johnson, may he long continue to be the instructor and ornament of this our third generation,—for we cannot but think of the great bard's introduction of Nestor—

> Τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδή.
> Τῷ δ' ἤδη δύο μὲν γενεαὶ μεροπων ἀνθρώπων
> Ἐφθίαθ' οἵ οἱ ἅμα τρέφεν ἠδ' ἐγένοντο
> Ἐν Πύλῳ ἠγαθέῃ—ΜΕΤΑ ΔΕ ΤΡΙΤΑ ΤΟΙΣΙΝ ΑΝΑΣΣΕΝ.

It is impossible to close this volume without regretting—though not perhaps on account of its author himself—that, with so strong

a passion for letters, habits of reflection and composition so early formed, and so many opportunities of observation, he should have published so little as he has done. No one can doubt that but for the possession of external advantages and allurements, Mr. Sharp might have long ere now earned a name and place in English literature hardly inferior to what have been achieved by any of his friends. As it is, however, he has done enough to secure himself with posterity against the fate of so many distinguished table-talkers. When dozens and dozens of persons who have put forth books upon books, and been puffed by themselves or their gossips into contemporary notoriety, shall be as entirely forgotten as the lowest heroes of the Dunciad would have been by this time, had they not attracted the killing but preserving touch of Pope's caustic—these 'Letters and Essays' will survive in the station to which their modest author has limited his ambition.

With a book of this kind—for the prose part, that is, much the greater part of it, belongs in fact to the class of *ana*—reviewers have little choice as to their manner of dealing. We affect no more than to justify our general recommendation by a few extracts, selecting, of course, passages in which the traces of the author's peculiar caste of thought or expression seem to us to be especially marked.

Among the earliest *Letters*, we find the following, addressed to Henderson, the actor, on a remarkable occasion—the *début* of John Kemble on the London boards. Who can read it without being astonished at the precision with which this gifted observer prophesied, at first sight, the outline of our great tragedian's whole career?

'*London*, 1785.—I went, as I promised, to see the new "HAMLET," whose provincial fame had excited your curiosity as well as mine. There has not been such a first appearance since yours: yet Nature, though she has been bountiful to him in figure and feature, has denied him a voice—of course he could not exemplify his own direction for the players to "*speak the speech trippingly on the tongue*," and now and then he was as deliberate in his delivery as if he had been reading prayers, and had waited for the response. He is a very handsome man, almost tall and almost large, with features of a sensible, but fixed and tragic caste; his action is graceful, though somewhat formal—which you will find it hard to believe, yet it is true. Very careful study appears in all he says and all he does; but there is more singularity and ingenuity than simplicity and fire. Upon the whole, he strikes me rather as a finished French performer, than as a varied and vigorous English actor; and it is plain he will succeed better in heroic than in natural and passionate tragedy. Excepting in serious parts, I suppose he will never put on the sock.

'You have been so long without a "brother near the throne," that it will

will perhaps be serviceable to you to be obliged to bestir yourself in Hamlet, Macbeth, Lord Townley, and Maskwell; but in Lear, Richard, Falstaff, and Benedict, you have nothing to fear, notwithstanding the known fickleness of the public, and its love of novelty. I think I have heard you remark (what I myself have observed in the History of the Stage) that periodical changes have taken place in the taste of the audience, or at least in the manner of the great performers. Sometimes the natural and spirited mode has prevailed, and then the dignified and declamatory. Betterton, eminent both in comedy and tragedy, appears to have been an instance of the first. Then came Booth and Quin, who were admired for the last. Garrick followed, restoring or re-inventing the best manner, which you have also adopted so fortunately and successfully. Mr. Kemble will be compelled, by the hoarse monotony of his voice, to rely upon the conventional stateliness that distinguished Garrick's predecessors, which is now carried to inimitable perfection by his accomplished sister.'—pp. 16-18.

We have only to observe, that Mrs. Siddons outgrew, though John Kemble never did, this 'conventional stateliness,' and was, as we recollect her, the most natural and passionate, as well as the most majestic of performers. Kean's ambition, of course, was, in adherence to the law of change mentioned by our author, to play Garrick to Kemble's Quin; and, probably, our next great tragedian will affect the Roman grandeur again. The *interregnum* has now lasted so long, that many people have given up all hope—but we cannot even yet part with the pleasing dream of seeing Macbeth and Hamlet again before we die. But enough of the stage—let us come to the real business of life.

From a very interesting and affectionate series of letters 'to a young friend,' dated in 1806-1809, we must take several specimens. The first is part of a letter to the young man when at Cambridge: we doubt if many *young men* will listen to the doctrine it sets out with; but we are quite sure no old man will refuse his *hear!*—

'Luckily you have not to overcome the disadvantage of expecting to inherit from your father an income equal to your reasonable desires; for though it may have the air of a paradox, yet it is truly a serious disadvantage when a young man, going to the bar, is sufficiently provided for. "Vitam facit beatiorem
Res non parta, sed relicta,"
says Martial, but not wisely; and no young man should believe him. The Lord Chief Justice Kenyon once said to a rich friend asking his opinion as to the probable success of a son, "*Sir, let your son forthwith spend his fortune; marry, and spend his wife's; and then he may be expected to apply with energy to his profession.*" In your case I have no doubts but such as arise from my having observed

that, perhaps, you sometimes may have relied rather too much on the quickness of your talents, and too little on diligent study. Pardon me for owning this, and attribute my frankness to my regard. It is unfortunate when a man's intellectual and his moral character are not suited to each other. The horses in a carriage should go the same pace and draw in the same direction, or the motion will be neither pleasant nor safe.

'Buonaparte has remarked of one of his marshals, "that he had a military genius, but had not intrepidity enough in the field to execute his own plans;" and of another he said, "He is as brave as his sword, but he wants judgment and resources: neither," he added, "is to be trusted with a great command." This want of harmony between the talents and the temperament is often found in private life; and wherever found, it is the fruitful source of faults and sufferings. *Perhaps there are few less happy than those who are ambitious without industry; who pant for the prize, but will not run the race.* Now, this defect, whether arising from indolence or from timidity, is far from being incurable. It may, at least in part, be remedied by frequently reflecting on the endless encouragements to exertion held out by our own experience and by example.

"C'est des difficultés que naissent les miracles."

'It is not every calamity that is a curse, and *early* adversity especially is often a blessing. Perhaps Madame de Maintenon would never have mounted a throne had not her cradle been rocked in a prison. Surmounted obstacles not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles; for virtue must be learnt, though unfortunately some of the vices come, as it were, by inspiration. The austerities of our northern climate are thought to be the cause of our abundant comforts; as our wintry nights and our stormy seas have given us a race of seamen, perhaps unequalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any in the world.

'"Mother," said a Spartan lad going to battle, "my sword is too short." "Add a step to it," she replied: but it must be owned that this was advice to be given only to a Spartan boy. They should not be thrown into the water who cannot swim: I know your buoyancy, and I have no fears of your being drowned.'—pp. 24-27.

Again he writes to the same favoured person:—

'There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire and an unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and the feeble. *If we do but go on, some unseen path will open among the hills.* We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacles to be encountered. Nothing good nor great is to be obtained without courage and industry; *but courage and industry must have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the*

the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favourite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says Bishop Cumberland. "*There will be time enough for repose in the grave*," said Nicole to Pascal.

'As a young man, you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defeats. *An Italian sonnet justly, as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river and is lost in the sea.* The toils as well as risks of an active life are commonly overrated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike it till "it is made hot." Herschel, the great astronomer, declares that ninety or one hundred hours, clear enough for observations, cannot be called an unproductive year.

'*The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course.* They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence. *I trust that my young friend will never attempt to reconcile them.*'—pp. 28-30.

We are afraid a great many of Mr. Sharp's 'young friends' have, to his sorrow, and the curse of their country, made the attempt he here denounces. Posterity will note with admiration the audacious and successful ambition of our shallow and voluptuous states-boys and states-dandies. What insects have been allowed to eat away the heart of oak!

To a 'law-student,' smitten with a premature ambition for a seat in parliament, Mr. Sharp writes as follows, in 1817:—

'The House of Commons is so different a body in its construction and in its purposes from any, either ancient or modern, that its idioms, both of thought and of language, must be caught before a man can talk in such a manner as to be liked, or even understood. It is a place of serious business; and all ostentation, *if perceptible*, is ridiculous. Perhaps one or two individuals may be tolerated, and allowed to amuse, merely by ornament or by wit and humour; but an attempt to succeed in this way is ruinous to a new member. It is unfortunately necessary to have something to say, and facts or striking arguments the House will always listen to, though delivered in any

any terms, however homely, or with any accent, however provincial. Speeches also for constituents are heard with indulgence, if not too frequent nor too long; but debate, real debate, is the characteristical eloquence of the House; and be assured, that the India-house, a vestry, a committee, and other meetings of business, are far better preparatory schools for parliament than debating societies are. In these latter, self-possession and fluency may be learnt; but vicious habits of declamation, and of hunting for applause, are too often formed. I remember being told, that in the first meetings of a society at a public school, two or three evenings were consumed in debating whether the floor should be covered with a sail-cloth or a carpet; and I have no doubt that better practice was gained in these important discussions than in those that soon followed on liberty, slavery, passive obedience, and tyrannicide. It has been truly said, that *nothing is so unlike a battle as a review.*

'As an illustration of this spirit of serious business, I must mention a quality which, presupposing great talents and great knowledge, must always be uncommon, but which makes an irresistible impression on a public assembly of educated men—I mean the merit of stating the question in debate *fairly;* and I mean it as an oratorical, and not merely as a moral, superiority. Any audience, but especially an educated and impatient audience, listens with a totally different kind and degree of attention to a speaker of this character, and to one who, tempted by the dangerous facility of a feebler practice, either alters, or weakens, or exaggerates the language and sentiments of his adversary.

'Mr. Fox was an illustrious example of this honestest, best, and bravest manner: nay, sometimes he stated the arguments of his opponents so advantageously, that his friends have been alarmed lest he should fail to answer them. His great rival formerly, and another accomplished orator now living, have seldom ventured on this hazardous candour. In truth, the last-mentioned possesses too many talents; for, *betrayed by his singular powers of declamation and of sarcasm, he often produces more admiration than conviction, and rarely delivers an important speech without making an enemy for life.* Had he been a less man, he would be a greater speaker and a better leader in a popular assembly.'—pp. 43-46.

Mr. Sharp's criticism on the late Mr. Canning was as just, at that period of his career, as it is tersely expressed. Mr. Canning, at a subsequent stage, the happiest one of his political life, had overcome in great measure the propensity here alluded to; but it returned on him, with more than even juvenile violence, during the two or three seasons of jealousy, suspicion, and, on his part, we fear, of unworthy intrigues, that preceded the breaking up of Lord Liverpool's cabinet—and would have, of itself, been enough to turn into gall and wormwood the few tempestuous months of Mr. Canning's own premiership. Mr. Pitt is reported to have said

said of Mr. Canning, at a very early period of their acquaintance, 'That young man might do anything, if he would but go straight to his mark;' and this was not less true of him as an orator than as a politician. He was a man of rare genius—and he possessed many amiable and even noble feelings; but there was, we are sorry to say, one great and incurable defect in his mind: he had not that high instinctive integrity without which no talents however brilliant, no impulses however generous, can win entire respect. It was said of him, with bitter spleen, but not without something like truth, by one who lived to 'stick his knees in his back,'—'Canning can never be a gentleman for more than three hours at a time.' From Mr. Sharp's opinion as to that infinitely greater man, Pitt himself, we must dissent. We venture to say, that every real argument that ever was advanced by the anti-national party during his government may be found fairly and honestly stated, as well as completely answered and refuted, in his parliamentary speeches, even as we now have them. But to return to our text:—

'It is not without some misgiving that I perceive with how much more interest you talk of parliament than of chancery. It is very usual and very natural to prefer the former. Let me entreat you to consider well. I have heard one of the ablest and most efficient men in this country (actually at the time the chosen leader of the opposition, enjoying the fame of such a station, and looking forwards, doubtless, to high office) own, more than once, with much emotion, that he had made a fatal mistake in preferring parliament to the bar. At the bar he well knew that he must have risen to opulence and to rank, and he bitterly regretted having forsaken his lawful wife, the profession, for that fascinating but impoverishing harlot, politics.

'If you should abandon your Penelope and your home for Calypso, remember that I told you of the advice given, in my hearing, at different times to a young lawyer, by Mr. Windham, and by Mr. Horne Tooke—not to look for a seat till he had pretensions to be made solicitor-general.'—pp. 46, 47.

The last rule must now be modified. The aspiring lawyer must henceforth be admonished not to look for the solicitor-generalship until he has more than pretensions to a seat.

From another letter to the same 'law-student' we transcribe some paragraphs:—

'Satirical writers and talkers are not half so clever as they think themselves, nor as they are thought to be. They do winnow the corn, 'tis true, but 'tis to feed upon the chaff. I am sorry to add, that they who are always speaking ill of others, are also very apt to be doing ill to them. It requires some talent and some generosity to find out talent and generosity in others; though nothing but self-conceit and malice are needed to discover or to imagine faults.—It is

is much easier for an ill-natured than for a good-natured man to be smart and witty—

" S'il n'eut mal parlé de personne,
On n'eut jamais parlé de lui."

'The most gifted men that I have known have been the least addicted to depreciate either friends or foes.—Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Fox were always more inclined to overrate them. Your shrewd, sly, evil-speaking fellow is generally a shallow personage, and frequently he is as venomous and as false when he flatters, as when he reviles—he seldom praises John but to vex Thomas.

'Do not, pray do not! "sit in the seat of the scorner," whose nature it is to sneer at everything but impudent vice and successful crime. By these he is generally awed and silenced. Are these poor heartless creatures to be envied? Can you think that the Duc de Richelieu was a happier man than Fenelon?—or Dean Swift than Bishop Berkeley?'—pp. 53-55.

These are wise words—most of them. There is, we believe, no human being of real capacity whose opinions of his fellow-creatures, both of their moral qualities and their intellectual powers, do not grow more and more favourable as he advances in life. But we cannot think Mr. Sharp was entitled to speak of Swift as he here does. The dean was not certainly a man 'to be envied'—he had in him from his birth the seeds of the insanity in which, as he himself foresaw and foretold, he was to end; but a 'heartless creature' he was not. He was a morbid genius; and he resented injuries, and lashed quackery, with a demoniacal zeal; but he was a warm and stedfast friend, a most kind and generous master, and in his native character as pure and dignified as either Fenelon or Berkeley—whose talents put together and doubled would not have made the tithe of his. Rioting in his own wit, in such pieces as Gulliver, he appears to have no sympathy with mankind—but consider the facts of his life, or read his inimitable letters, the best in our language, and you will do justice to the inborn manliness and steady benevolence of Swift. That terrible epitaph of his on himself is flanked in St. Patrick's by a most touching one to the memory of an old servant! They who spend their lives in trying to make themselves appear worse, must at least be preferred to those who are always passing themselves off for better, than they are. Mr. Sharp well says, at p. 61—

'Oh! it is very easy to cherish, like Sterne, the sensibilities that lead to no sacrifices and to no inconvenience. Most of those that are so vain of their fine feelings are persons loving themselves very dearly, and having a violent regard for their fellow-creatures in general, though caring little or nothing for the individuals about them. Of sighs and tears they are profuse, but niggardly of their money and their time. Montaigne speaks of a man as extraordinary "Qui ait

ait des opinions supercélestes, sans avoir des mœurs souterreines."'—pp. 59-61.

Another letter to the same young gentleman begins as follows:—

'If your low spirits arise from bodily illness (as is often the case), you must consult Dr. Baillie. I can do nothing for you. Perhaps you should fast a little, and walk and ride. But if they are caused by disappointment, by impatience, or by calamity, you can do much for yourself. The well-known worn-out topics of consolation and of encouragement are become trite, *because they are reasonable;* and you will soon be cured, if you steadily persevere in a course of moral alteratives. You have no right to be dispirited, possessing as you do all that one of the greatest as well as oldest sages has declared to be the only requisites for happiness—a sound mind, a sound body, and a competence.

'An anxious, restless temper, that runs to meet care on its way, that regrets lost opportunities too much, and that is over-painstaking in contrivances for happiness, is foolish, and should not be indulged.

"On doit être heureux sans trop penser à l'être."

'If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another; and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humour are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, yet *the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.* I cannot help seeing that you are dissatisfied with your occupation, and that you think yourself unlucky in having been destined to take it up, before you were old enough to choose for yourself. Do not be too sure that you would have chosen well. I somewhere met with an observation, which, being true, is important—*that in a masquerade, where people assume what characters they like, "how ill they often play them!"* Many parts are probably preferred for the sake of the dress; and do not many young men enter into the navy or army, that they may wear a sword and a handsome uniform, and be acceptable partners at a ball? Vanity is hard-hearted, and insists upon wealth, rank, and admiration. Even so great a man as Prince Eugene owned (after gaining a useless victory) that "on travaille trop pour la Gazette." Such objects or pursuits are losing their value every day, and you must have observed that *rank gives now but little precedence, except in a procession.*

'But I am really ashamed even to hint at such endless and obvious commonplaces, and I shall only repeat the remark, which seems to have struck you—that in all the professions, *high stations seem to come down to us, rather than that we have got up to them.* But you, forsooth, are too sensible to be ambitious; and you are, perhaps, only disheartened by some unforeseen obstacles to reasonable desires. Be it so! but this will not justify, nor even excuse, dejection. Untoward

Untoward accidents will sometimes happen; but, after many, many years of thoughtful experience, I can truly say, that nearly all those who began life with me have succeeded or failed, as they deserved. "Faber quisque fortunæ propriæ." Ill fortune at your age is often good for us, both in teaching and in bracing the mind; and even in our later days it may be often turned to advantage, or overcome. Besides—*trifling precautions will often prevent great mischiefs; as a slight turn of the wrist parries a mortal thrust.*'—pp. 48-50.

In the foregoing passage there is much that deserves reflection. Mr. Sharp, however, wrote this letter in 1817, and then assuredly there was no approach to truth in Mr. Sharp's dictum that 'rank now gives little precedence except in a procession!' When that is the case, the hour of processions (except those of the Unionists) will be very near its close. Far down beyond 1817 *rank* has continued to be of enormous importance in our country; so much so, that, without it, it has been the most difficult thing in the world for any one to do much serious mischief in any department of public life. And it is exactly this cant of the day, into which Mr. Sharp has for once given, about the nothingness of *rank*, that has so turned the heads of many of Mr. Sharp's 'young friends,' and made them, taking the homage paid to their rank for the honest tribute to their talents, indulge such egregious self-esteem and self-confidence, and convert their own *rank* into the lever for upturning the whole system to which that rank belongs. The men of no rank may now abide their time; they may now indeed possess their souls in patience, well knowing that the great blow has been struck—that the felled tree may put out buds and leaves for a spring or so, but will make no more timber; and that even at this hour, had the reformed constituencies sent one single young plebeian, of desperate fortunes, genius, and courage, into parliament, Lord John Russell would no more have thought of taking precedence of *him* in a procession, than of Mr. Gully in a prize-ring, or of Mr. Ducrow, who will, we hope, be the next member for Lambeth, in a circus.

Another passage in our last quotation is not quite so clear as we could have wished. 'In all the professions,' says Mr. Sharp, 'high stations seem to come down to us, rather than that we have got up to them.' We think we could point out instances in which persons have mounted into very lofty stations by means of very long and very dirty ladders, and afterwards, indeed, made these high stations *come down*—not to, but *with them.*

In one of his Essays we find Mr. Sharp returning to the subject of *rank*—the Essay bears *no date*, and may therefore be of 1834:—

'In De Rulhiere's Anecdotes of the Revolution in Russia, there is a short

a short story exemplifying that decay of the ancient respect for rank, and that growth of a regard for wealth, so observable of late in most parts of the world. Odart, a Piedmontese conspirator for Catherine, used to say, " I see there is no regard for anything but money, and money I will have. I would go this night and set fire to the palace for money; and when I had got enough, I would retire to my own country, and there live like an honest man." More than once the empress offered him a title: " No, madam, I thank you," said Odart; " money, money, if you please." He did get money, went to Nice, and there he is said to have lived as became a gentleman.'

We really cannot see much reason to wonder at a Piedmontese adventurer's preferring Russian gold to such a nothing as a Russian title; but Mr. Sharp evidently means to strike *home*, and giving him all credit for sincerity, we must humbly observe, that as far as we have seen, the persons in this country who talk the most contemptuously of rank are often those who would be the most apt to leap over the table for the least rag of it for themselves. He will perhaps answer, that this is the case simply because rank hitherto has commanded among us ' money or money's worth '— that the fire-new coronet has had its price on Cornhill, &c. &c. This is a controversy into which we shall not at present enter. As to the high respect of our time for *wealth* itself, there can be no doubt. Wherever it appears, it has Flattery kissing the dust before it, and—(though Mr. Sharp may fancy that the revolutionary spirit of the age aims only at *rank*)—Envy whetting the knife behind. He proceeds in this tone—which we fancy will amuse posterity in a volume published in the year 1834.

' Since this over-estimate of wealth is almost universal, it can be no wonder that the rich are so vain and the poor so envious. I know that it is only repeating the tritest of commonplaces to observe that both exaggerate its advantages.

" Je lis au front de ceux qu'un vain faste environne,
Que la Fortune vend ce qu'on croit qu'elle donne."

' It must, however, be owned, that the greatest are willing enough to consider the humblest as their fellow-creatures, when they stand in need of their help. A prince in danger of being drowned would not wonder at being saved by the *humanity* of a common sailor; and a general, before a battle, addresses his " brave *fellow-soldiers*." Indeed many persons do the poor the honour of expecting them to be spotless. *Too often is it deemed a good excuse for refusing them alms, that they have failings like our own.*

' There are many advantages in this variety of conditions, one of which is boasted of by a divine, who rejoices that, between both classes, " all the holidays of the church are properly kept; since the rich observe the feasts, and the poor observe the fasts." To be more serious—it is fortunate for the Christian world that our public worship tends at once to abase the proud, and to uplift the dejected; while a similar

similar effect results in a free country from its elections, where the haughtiest are obliged to go hat in hand begging favours from the lowest. Nor should the lofty be ashamed, for it has so happened that the best benefactors of the human race have been poor men: such as Socrates and Epaminondas; such as many of the most illustrious Romans—and the inspired founders of our faith.'—pp. 73-75.

We confess that we have extracted these sentences with some feeling of doubt and wonder. They are not from a letter to some nameless stripling, but from an Essay to the English public. Can Mr. Sharp seriously think it necessary to remind bearded men that poverty has often been found in companionship with the highest genius and the purest virtue? This is an academic flourish, surely. It might have been a fair stroke, if Mr. Sharp had stood for reformed Calne, to spout from the hustings, that if Socrates and St. Peter had lived in our day, they would have owed their elective franchise to Lord Durham; but some Unionist would have been ready to answer, that Diogenes could never have taken rank as a ten-pounder.

We forget the name of the ingenious Frenchman who wrote a clever and amusing book to prove that no change in any man's external circumstances (barring the case of absolute indigence) can alter the individual's essential feelings of comfort and happiness *for more than three months;* but that little volume, read many years ago, made an impression on ourselves, which can never be obliterated, and which all subsequent experience has confirmed and deepened. Mr. Sharp, as it seems to us, considers the whole of this matter too much *en millionaire*—he thinks only of the very rich and the very poor. He enters into none of the delicate pains and struggles of the classes between. He passes abruptly from his own domestic luxury to the beggar crawling by his window. There is, however, truth and good feeling in the passage we are about to quote: it will remind many of our readers of what Robert Burns said as to the misery of a poor father's death-bed.

'When a child is taken from an opulent mother, she comforts herself by saying, "I thank God that all that could be done has been done to save it;" but the grief of a poor woman is heightened into agony by the belief that a physician and proper attendance might have preserved her little one. Such thoughts are the harder to bear, because the social affections of the needy are necessarily cherished by the habit of doing those humble services to each other which are rendered to the rich by their menials; and perhaps this necessity alone may counteract the inevitable, and, therefore, pardonable selfishness arising from scanty subsistence.'—pp. 77, 78.

We must, however, take leave to observe here, that in London and in all our great towns, thanks to the high and generous tone of

of feeling hitherto characteristic of the medical profession in this kingdom, the poorest have easy access to the best medical advice as well as surgical assistance—*gratis*. No man of eminence in any walk of the profession, but admits, for a certain part of every day, patients from whom no remuneration can be expected: no operation but what is daily performed with consummate skill on our paupers. This is, perhaps, the only advantage that the poor of towns have over those of the country—but it is a great one.*

The

* We cannot resist the temptation to quote a short passage from an excellent pamphlet lately published on 'The Medical Profession in England.' We recommend it to the candid attention of *Lord Durham* and *Mr. Warburton*:—

'Let it be supposed, according to the cry of the present day, or, to express it more justly, according to the leading feeling in the minds of many, that there should be free trade in everything; free trade in the sale of the products of mind as well as of bodily labour. Now if this doctrine be applied to the profession of physic, the argument may be familiarly illustrated in the following manner. The first difficulty that presents itself is, that the purchasers of the article are no judges of it; they must buy upon confidence therefore; and confidence is an ingredient that always enhances the price of a commodity,—as is observed in trade, where a dealer in good articles must have a remuneration for their worth, proportionate to the character he bears for supplying no bad materials. Experience has taught mankind, that it is safer and cheaper to deal with such persons in all articles of which purchasers are not perfect judges, than to go to those who profess to sell cheap. The common reason of the world teaches, that, where honesty in tradesmen is equal, cheap articles must be inferior; the proverb that *cheap fish stinks* is universally applicable. Now, suppose that the practice of physic be reduced to a mere trade for lucre, and it is not difficult to conceive this; nay, it is the inevitable consequence of bringing all the present denominations of practitioners under one head, and giving them all equal rank. If the man who has studied several years in an university, and qualified himself with every accomplishment which the best education this country affords, is to be upon the level of a five-years apprenticed apothecary, who has lived behind a shop-board, mixed up and dispensed medicines according to the order of his master, attended as many lectures as may enable him to pass an examination, and to be licensed as soon as he has attained the limited age; why, then, in a few years there will be none but the lower order of practitioners. No man will either pass through the labour, or be at the expense, of a better education, if he is neither to have superior station nor superior emolument. Conceive, then, the condition of *gentlemen* in the profession to be at an end, and the business of physic to have become a mere trade, in which there is a competition of tradesmen to supply the article of advice (and, let it be remembered, in the most anxious and dangerous conditions of life) at the cheapest rate. Bear in mind also, that the article sold to you is one of which you are no judge: what happens? The informed and educated man, if such remain in existence, having become a mere trader, at once makes the best market of his article that he can, and having no longer any feeling of professional character, deals with his patients as he would do upon a bargain of TIMBER or of COALS. Fears, anxieties, distressed feelings of relations, the miseries of sickness to the sufferer, are ample opportunities for making great bargains with individuals. A person of reputation for the cure of diseases under this free-trade system would not only have no scruples, but would think he did not do himself justice if he forbore to take advantage of such opportunities; *as he who dealt in* TIMBER *or in* COALS *would avail himself of the rise in the market, to sell his goods.* This is but a short hint at the evils of such a change—add to them another. *The charitable assistance which is afforded by all branches of the profession to the poor, or to persons in indifferent circumstances, would at once be stopped. For that high character for benevolence which has been cultivated in the profession of physic from the commencement of the institution of* THE COLLEGE, and has, *by the example afforded,* been *diffused to all branches of medical practitioners, and raised the whole of the profession to a higher state*

and

The passages we are next to quote occur in another of Mr. Sharp's Essays, undated, but entitled 'On Political Agitations.' We conceive there can be little doubt that this is a very recent production: how it may be received at Brookes's is another question.

'A French gentleman said to Monsieur Colbert—"You found the state-carriage overturned on one side, and you have overturned it on the other." This was probably untrue, but it must be confessed that there is always some danger of destroying institutions by unskilful or violent changes. A conflagration may be extinguished without a deluge. It is not only hard to distinguish between too little and too much, but between the good and evil intentions of the different reformers. *One man calls out "Fire!" that he may save the house; another, that he may run away with the furniture.* I am inclined to believe, that in revolutions more harm is done by hurry and self-conceit than by mischievous purposes. Very few indeed should presume to lay their hands on the Ark, but—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" and unluckily, "A down-hill reformation rolls apace." When honest men infer from their desire to do good, that they have the knowledge and talents requisite to govern wisely, it is incalculable what evil-doers they may innocently become! What an eternal shock of purposes where each man pursues his own crude schemes, with all the obstinacy of self-satisfied integrity!'

'Gradual improvements are not only safer but better than sudden ones, and more, much more, may be learnt from their example, when well recorded; but history is addicted to dwell on the latter, and rarely investigates the former. Their effects, also, are more permanent and more extensive; *anarchy being only the stakeholder for tyranny.* There is, besides, something more terrible to the imagination in the disorderly violences of the multitude, than in the organized oppressions of a despot; something more hideous in myriads of reptiles, than in a gigantic beast of prey. If there were no alternative but either the absolute government of St. Giles's or of St. James's, who, in his senses, could hesitate a moment which to prefer?"

If the author had affixed a *date* to his Essay, we should have been enabled to guess whether what follows was or was not meant as a *per contra* to the foregoing:—

'Besides its other innumerable benefits, *a really representative* government has the advantage of exempting individual persons from the necessity of becoming political agitators; and, by increasing the competition while it diminishes the rewards, it lessens the numbers of those

and condition in England than in any other country in Europe,—will be lost. Each individual will consider that his advice and medicine is his stock in trade against such competition as will not allow him to dispose of any of it in charity, lest he lose his daily bread. *The probable result of such a state of things, or of any change approaching to it, would be that the lowest orders of society would be worse off than at present, the middle and upper ranks imposed upon, and obtain assistance in their calamities at an exorbitant price.*

who

who can be advanced in reputation or in fortune by office. The young people of this country, in every rank, from a peer's son to a street-sweeper's, are drawn aside from a praiseworthy exertion in honest callings, by having their eyes directed to the public treasure. The rewards of persevering industry are too slow for them, too small, and too insipid. They fondly trust to the great lottery, although the wheel contains so many blanks and so few prizes; hoping that their ticket may be drawn a place, a pension, or a contract—a living, or a stall—a ship, or a regiment—a seat on the bench, or the great seal. It is, indeed, most humiliating to witness the indecent scramble that is always going on for these prizes, the highest born and best educated rolling in the dirt, to pick them up, just as the lowest of the mob do for the shillings or the pence thrown among them by a successful candidate at a contested election.'—pp. 90-93.

Are we to understand, by 'a really representative government,' the government of this country as likely to be carried on under the operation of the Durham and Russell Reform Bill? The cutting insinuations of a preceding extract about the 'mischief' done by 'hurry and self-conceit,' and 'fools that rush in where angels fear to tread,' make us slow to think so; but, if such is the meaning, we must say, Mr. Sharp had not looked far about him, when he hailed in the new system a diminution in the muster of political adventurers. On the contrary, we think it must already be obvious to every impartial observer, that the existing government, having done away with a system which had for one of its instruments the influence of ministerial patronage, are busily employed in the endeavour to replace it, by one in which there shall be no other element of influence whatever except that of patronage. We should be only too happy to anticipate their success in this plan, if we thought that by so succeeding they might secure the eventual quiet of the country which they have disorganized; but we fear their *new courts*, and *central boards*, and endless *commissions*, will be seen through, just as those of the Long Parliament were—and that, unless they also make theirs a *long parliament*, we shall presently hear of other things, even from Whig chroniclers, than the obstinacy of their '*integrity!*'

As a considerable part of this volume is occupied with 'Letters and Essays in *Verse*,' we must give at least one specimen of our author's rhymes. It will be seen that his lines flow, in general, easily and gracefully—and that every now and then there comes a couplet of true terseness and energy; but that in verse, on the whole, Mr. Sharp cannot claim the title of a master. He has not always condensed and polished to the extent demanded in the style and measure he attempts. His second hemistichs and second lines are sometimes merely expletive. Nevertheless, he is of a good old school; and we prefer him, with all his deficiencies,

ficiencies, to a whole squadron of the mouthing sentimentalists now in vogue. We take the following from an Essay *on Marriage*, in which he is very severe upon a set of gentlemen with whose modes of life and conversation he must be tolerably familiar—the comfortable bachelors of May-Fair.

'Haply he seeks in mercenary arms
Love's modest pleasures and mysterious charms;
Presumes to hope its transports can be sold,
Trusting the weak omnipotence of gold.
But these Wealth cannot buy; Vice cannot know;
Pure are the countless sources whence they flow;
From faith long tried, from lives that blend in one;
From many a soft word spoken, kind deed done;
Too small, perhaps, for each to have a name,
Too oft recurring much regard to claim:
As in fair constellations may combine
The stars that, singly, undistinguish'd shine.
Love, too, is proud, and will not be controll'd;
Timid, and must be rather guess'd than told;
Would be divined, but then by only one,
And fain the notice of all else would shun:
It stays not to forgive—it cannot see
The failings from which none, alas! are free:
Blind but to faults, quick-sighted to descry
Merit oft hid from a less searching eye:
Ever less prone to doubt than to believe;
Ever more glad to give than to receive:
Constant as kind, though changing nature, name;
Many, yet one; another, yet the same:
'Tis Friendship, Pity, Joy, Grief, Hope, nay Fear,
Not the least tender when in form severe.
It dwells with every rank, in every clime,
And sets at nought the malice e'en of Time:
In youth more rapturous, but in age more sure,
Chief blessing of the rich, sole comfort of the poor.'

After a gloomy picture of the solitary death-bed of an old bachelor, he thus proceeds:—

'Start from thy trance, thou fool! awake in time!
Snatch the short pleasures of thy fleeting prime!
While yet youth's healthful fever warms the blood,
And the pulse throbs in vigour's rapid flood;
While love invites, whose spells possess the power
Ages of bliss to crowd into an hour;
Though to fond memory each blest hour appears
Rich with the transports of eventful years;
To love alone such magic can belong:
The present still so short! the past so long!

'But

'But youth is on the wing, and will not stay;
Fair morn too oft of a foul wint'ry day!
A warm but watery gleam, extinguish'd soon
In storm or vapour, gathering o'er its noon:
And should the unwearied Sun shine on, till night
Quench his hot ray and cloud his cheerful light,
How fast the shadow o'er the dial flies!
While to himself fond man a debtor dies,
Trusting to-morrow still, or misemploy'd,
He leaves the world unknown, and unenjoy'd.
'*Haste, then, as nature dictates dare to live;*
Ask of thy youth the pleasures youth should give:
So shall thy manhood and thy age confess
That of the past the present learns to bless;
And thou shalt boast, with mingling joy and pride,
The wife, the mother, dearer than the bride,
And own, as on thy knees thy children grow,
That home becomes an early heaven below.
'*There still an angel hovers o'er the fence,*
To drive with flaming sword all evil thence:
There, in a little grove of kindred, rise
Those tender plants, the human charities,
Which, in the world's cold soil and boisterous air,
Withhold their blossoms and refuse to bear,
Or all unsheltered from the blaze of day,
Their golden fruit falls premature away.
'Hail, holy marriage! hail, indulgent law!
Whose kind restraints in closer union draw
Consenting hearts and minds:—By thee confined,
Instinct 's ennobled, and desire refined.
Man is a savage else, condemned to roam
Without companion, and without a home:
And helpless woman, as alone she strays,
With sighs and tears her new-born babe surveys;
But choosing, chosen, never more to part,
New joys, new duties blending in her heart—
Endow'd alike to charm him and to mend—
Man gains at once a mistress and a friend:
In one fair form obtaining from above
An angel's virtues and a woman's love:
Then guarded, cherish'd, and confest her worth,
She scorns the pangs that give his offspring birth,
Lifts for the father's kiss the laughing boy,
And sees and shares his triumph and his joy.'—pp. 184-9.

We have reserved to the last what may be called the critical department of this volume. The letter which we are about to quote was addressed in 1784 to Mr. John Fell, then engaged with his English Grammar, and who, like Mr. Sharp, regarded

with alarm and regret the pompous stiffness and grandiloquent affectations by which, in those days, so many inferior writers were caricaturing the early style of Johnson.

'In the lighter kinds of writing this affectation is particularly disagreeable; and I am convinced that in the gravest—aye—and in the sublimest passages, the simple terms and the idioms of our language often add a grace beyond the reach of scholarship, increasing, rather than diminishing, the elegance as well as the spirit of the diction. "Utinam et verba in usu quotidiano posita minùs timeremus." "He that would write well," says Roger Ascham, "must follow the advice of Aristotle, to speak as the common people speak, and to think as the wise think." In support of this opinion, many of the examples cited by you are amusing, as well as convincing. The following from a great author may be added:—"Is there a God to swear by, and is there none to believe in, none to trust to?" What becomes of the force and simplicity of this short sentence, when turned into the clumsy English which schoolmasters indite, and which little boys can construe?—"Is there a God by whom to swear, and is there none in whom to believe, none to whom to pray?" The Doctor is a great writer, and is deservedly admired, but he should not be imitated. His gigantic strength may perhaps require a vocabulary that would encumber feebler thoughts: but it is very comical to see Mr. B. and Dr. P. strutting about in Johnson's bulky clothes; as if a couple of Lilliputians had bought their great coats at a rag-fair in Brobdignag. Cowley, Dryden, Congreve, and Addison, are our best examples; for Middleton is not free from Gallicisms. Mr. Burke's speeches and pamphlets (although the style is too undisciplined for a model) abound with phrases in which homeliness sets off elegance, and ease adds grace to strength. How your neighbour, the "dilectus Iapis," will smile to hear Milton's practice appealed to! Yet what can he say to the following specimens, taken at random while I am now writing?

"Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
In every street? Do they not say how well
Are come upon him his deserts?"

"Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread."

"Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
At distance I forgive thee—go with that."

"Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost."

"I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death."

"So! farewell hope; but with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:
Evil be thou my good."

'Shakspeare I need not quote, for he never writes ill, excepting when

when he means to be very fine and very learned. Fortunately our admirable translation of the Scriptures abounds with these native terms of expression; and it is admitted to be almost as pure an authority for English as for doctrine.'—pp. 2-4.

Mr. Sharp returns to the same subject, in a preface which he drew up a little while after for his friend's *Grammar*. It must be owned that there was some boldness in publishing what follows, during the life of the great lexicographer.

'Our elegant and idiomatic satirist ridicules that

——— "easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while."

.... 'Some men, whose writings do honour to their country and to mankind, have, it must be confessed, written in a style that no Englishman will own: a sort of Anglicized Latin, and chiefly distinguished from it by a trifling difference of termination; yet so excellent are these works, in other respects, that a man might deserve well of the public who would take the trouble of translating them into English. As I do not notice these alterations in our language in order to commend them, I shall not produce any particular instances. I shall content myself with supporting the fact by the evidence of a truly respectable critic, now living. In the preface to his excellent dictionary, he says, "So far have I been from any care to grace my page with modern decorations, that I have studiously endeavoured to collect my examples and authorities from the writers before the Restoration, whose works I regard as the *wells of English undefiled;* as the pure sources of genuine diction. Our language, for almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its ancient Teutonic character, and deviating towards a Gallic structure and phraseology, *from which it ought to be our endeavour to recall it*, by making our ancient volumes the groundwork of our style, admitting among the additions of later times only such as may supply real deficiencies; such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idioms."

'In his preface to the works of Shakspeare, we also find the following very applicable sentiments:—"I believe there is in every nation a style that never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered. The polite are always catching modish innovations; and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hopes of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction, *forsake the vulgar when the vulgar is right;* but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where Shakspeare seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellences deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language."

These passages I have inserted, because such a testimony from this great man will at least be thought *impartial*.'—p. 7-9.

After all, our critic has not quoted the strongest testimony which Johnson might have afforded him. When he put forth his early writings he was a poor scholar, a total stranger to cultivated society; and he framed a purely artificial standard of elegance for himself. In after days, when his genius had raised him to universal honour, and he moved habitually among men and women of the world, Burke, Reynolds, Mrs. Thrale, &c. &c., he had too much good sense and good taste, (which, indeed, is only one application of good sense,) not to see that his young academical fancy had misled him; and we may easily trace the effects of this in all his later works. Compare, for example, such of the 'Lives of the Poets,' as were written in his years of toil and penury, with those of the same series that bear the date of Streatham. We venture to say that these last are not only, in substance, the most valuable specimens of the combination of biography and criticism ever yet given to the world, but entitled to admiration for the vigour and elasticity of their idiomatic English.

We cannot conclude without expressing our hope that Mr. Sharp may be stimulated to further efforts, by the success which is sure to attend this publication. It is impossible, in particular, to read the names of his correspondents, without thinking what rich materials he must have for a volume of literary and political *Reminiscences*.

ART. II.—*Geschichte der Hohenstaufen und ihrer Zeit; von* Friedrich von Raumer. Six volumes. 8vo. Leipzig. 1825.

THE recent advertisement of a translation of '*Letters from Paris*, illustrative of the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,' seems like a tacit reproach upon our neglect, in not having made known to our readers the important work which established nearly ten years ago their author's (Von Raumer) reputation as an historian. It is not, perhaps, too late; for, except within a small, though, we trust, expanding circle, even the most distinguished names in Germany obtain as yet but a slow and precarious circulation in this country. The commencement of another historical composition from the same able hand, which we may take an early opportunity of introducing to the notice of our readers, warns us to lose no more time in giving some account of a work which fills up an important chasm in the annals of Europe, and embraces a highly interesting

ing period, as yet unoccupied by any author of extensive or lasting popularity. It is, however, of a work like the present—(of which the historical narrative fills four large volumes, and the very valuable collections on the laws, customs, manners, and arts of the period, on the constitutions of the German empire and the Italian cities, two more)—that journalists of our own class find it most difficult to give a fair and satisfactory account. The merit of the work does not lie in detached passages of brilliant eloquence or high-wrought description; but in the general effect of the whole, which impresses the character of the age with remarkable force and clearness upon the mind. Though, as we shall hereafter observe, some subsidiary parts occupy a disproportioned space, it is, in general, remarkable how boldly and yet how harmoniously the main figures stand out from the historic canvass. Few modern histories are so full and copious in their details—yet the interest rarely languishes; the distinctness of the general impression, and the marked features of the more prominent characters, are not lost and shaded away in the minuteness of the narrative. The tone of sentiment which prevails throughout the work is that of a calm and unimpassioned observer, though of one far from deficient in quick and lively sensibility. The author's imagination is by no means dead to the romantic and picturesque effect of which his subject is capable, yet, in his moral judgments, he does not forget that sober philosophy which ought to be expected from a writer in the present day. He at once remembers that he is writing *of* the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but *in* the nineteenth. Nor is he less impartial in his discrimination between the influence of their age upon the leading personages whom he depicts, and that which more strictly belongs to their personal character. He does equal justice to popes and emperors, but permits neither the tiara nor the crown to obscure the individuality of lineament which belongs to each; they are men as well as feudal sovereigns and imperious churchmen. This is high praise; and if we add true *German* diligence in the collection of materials, and a style, if we may presume to judge, more easy and agreeable than that of most German historians, we shall have assigned a distinguished rank to this work among the historical compositions of the day. But in proportion to the merit of the work, is our difficulty in justifying our opinion by the rapid outline of its plan and contents, for which alone we can afford space.

The history of the imperial house of Swabia, the race of the Hohenstaufen, comprehends the termination of the great, and, for a time, decisive contest, between the spiritual and the temporal, the papal and the imperial dominion. As yet, the splendid vision of a vast moral supremacy, to be established by the successors of St. Peter over the principalities and thrones of the world—that vision which

which had dawned upon the mind of the first Gregory, and expanded into a commanding and systematic form under the seventh, the famous Hildebrand—might still impose itself upon men of the most exalted capacities and most generous motives, as a wise scheme for the civilization of barbarous Europe, and for the general religious government of mankind. The crimes, the vices, the injustice, the feuds of kings as well as of people, were to be repressed by an universal sacerdotal dominion, of which Rome, the metropolis of the Christian world, was to be the seat and centre. The pope, by the claim which he had assumed, of investiture to all ecclesiastical dignities, was, in fact, to regulate the appointment of the clergy throughout the western world; a clergy, by the strict law of celibacy, set apart from all the common ties and interests of society; and, by this simultaneous and irresistible agency, to govern the universal mind of man. According to the lofty theory of the papal autocracy, (as, no doubt, in justice as well as in charity, we may suppose it to have presented itself to the high-wrought imagination of its more eminent supporters,) it was to establish on the firmest basis, and extend to the utmost limits, the temporal and religious welfare of mankind. 'I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile:' such were the last words of Gregory VII. As yet, at least, papal ambition was entirely occupied by the advancement of the power and influence of the Roman see. It had neither degenerated into the desire of personal aggrandizement, nor into disgraceful nepotism. It had nothing of sordid individual interest. Though unbounded in its pretensions and unscrupulous as to the means of supporting them, it had ever in view what might, and did no doubt, appear a salutary and sacred end; if it violated justice—as, for example, when it twice arrayed father against son, in its contest with the imperial house which immediately preceded that of Swabia,—still, it was in a bold and open spirit of invasion on the rights of mankind, which were to be sacrificed for a time, under a stern and inevitable necessity, to higher ultimate good. As yet, there was none of the low Machiavellian policy of later times, when the supreme head of Christendom was lost in the petty and intriguing Italian potentate. The Christian world was to become one great theocratic monarchy; and—although such schemes of empire appear altogether repugnant to the character of churchmen, as in direct opposition to the pure religion of Christ—we know not why they may not be advantageously compared with those of the temporal sovereigns who have aspired to universal dominion—the Alexanders, the Charles the Fifths, and the Napoleons, from whose admiration mankind is not yet disenchanted.

At all events those spiritual conquerors might cherish, on better grounds,

grounds, the fond illusion, that they were establishing the salutary despotism of intellectual superiority over brute force; that in advancing their own supremacy they were advancing that of peace and religion, and even of civil liberty. For it must be remembered, that at this time the mass of mankind were crouching in miserable servitude, or groaning in helpless oppression, under the tyranny either of a stern monarchy, or more often of an armed and irresponsible aristocracy. The popes were for a considerable time the allies and protectors of Italian freedom. To them, as to the more noble-minded Italians of all ages, appeared, as the distant but legitimate scope of their earthly ambition, the exclusion of Transalpine influence from the peninsula. We must not, however, allow ourselves to be tempted into the great question, how far, at this period, the Christian church, by assuming the strength and consistency of a monarchical government, might, at least incidentally, greatly contribute to the establishment and preservation of social order, and the best interests of mankind—how far it may have operated as a corrective to the fierce barbarism of the manners, the laws, and the governments of feudal Europe. With the impartiality of our author, we must be neither Guelph nor Ghibelline. We would only impress on our readers this important consideration, that both the policy of the papal government, and still more the characters of the popes themselves, must be carefully distinguished in the various periods of history. The successors of Gregory VII. were men of a very different order from those mere *bishops of Rome* who were raised to the chair of St. Peter by the suffrages of a fierce and turbulent populace, and by their lawless and profligate leaders, the Theodoras and Marozias; and not less so from the worldly and demoralized prince-pontiffs, whose vices as well as spiritual tyranny accelerated the Reformation, when, in the person of Alexander VI., the supreme head of the Christian world appeared as the perfect model of unchristian vice. The prelates who, between these extreme periods of papal weakness and papal wickedness, carried the pretensions and the authority of the Vatican to their height, and waged a successful contest with the Empire, were men, in general, of austere, if not ascetic morals, of high endowments, and of commanding minds.

The chief founder of the spiritual autocracy, Hildebrand, lies beyond the sphere of the present history; we await with eager interest the long-promised life of him by M. Villemain. But among the opponents of the Swabian emperors, rank, perhaps, the ablest as well as the most ambitious of his descendants, Innocent III.; and that extraordinary pontiff, Gregory IX., who, ascending the papal throne when past the age of eighty, for nearly twenty years waged an obstinate and almost incessant strife with the most active,

active, powerful, and daring of the Cæsars of Germany. His successor, Innocent IV., pursued with equal vigour and address, and with better fortune, his hostile policy, until the fatal blow which eventually led to the extinction of the house of Hohenstaufen, or, as out of Germany it is usually styled, of Swabia.

On the other hand, this family, from the time that it emerged from its peaceful valley, and exchanged its rock-hung castle, first for the seat of Prince of the Empire, afterwards for the imperial throne of Charlemagne, gave birth to a succession of princes worthy to cope with their spiritual antagonists in that great contest. Though at length worsted, they fell with dignity. The severe and impartial truth of history cannot but do justice to their high and kingly qualities.

'Victrix causa Deis placuit sed victa Catoni.'

The two Fredericks, Barbarossa, the warlike invader of the liberties of Italy, and the accomplished Frederick II., are among the most remarkable men of the middle ages. Barbarossa was the model of a feudal sovereign. Brave, generous, jealous of his imperial rights, and impatient of any infringement of his supremacy by plebeian and commercial burghers; still, even in the fierce warfare which he waged against the Lombard republics, he displayed the placability no less than the haughtiness of a lofty mind, bearing prosperity without insolence, and discomfiture with dignity. Frederick II. was born at least two centuries too early; forced by the circumstances of the time, and by his own bold and inquiring mind, into a premature discovery of the mysteries of ecclesiastical tyranny, which led only to a vain struggle, and involved himself and his line in ruin—had he fallen on the age of Charles V. by placing himself at the head of the then mature and inevitable reformation, he might, perhaps, have spared Europe a long period of bloodshed and anarchy.

The rise and fall of the house of Swabia are singularly adapted to form a great and harmonious historic composition. The subject offers a distinct and definite whole. As the rise of the Hohenstaufen line was rapid and brilliant, so was its termination abrupt and complete. The history of this kingly family might form a great Shakspearian drama; it has within itself a perfect unity of interest; or rather, it might spread out into a trilogy, a succession of historic dramas, rising in gradual development to the height of interest through the reigns of the two Fredericks—attaining the crisis of its grandeur in the victories of the second—and closing in the deep and tragic catastrophe of the scaffold of Conradin. The papal power might be represented as the divine Nemesis, the stern and inexorable destiny ever hovering over the devoted house, darkening the years of its highest might and splendour, and at length quenching

quenching all its glories in the blood of its last blameless and youthful descendant.——M. von Raumer says:—

'Eastward from Stutgard and Esslingen, the Rems and the Fils form two of the most fertile and charming valleys of Swabia. Along their sides stretches a continuation of the ridge of the rugged Alps, with an interchange of hill and dale; above all these heights appears, rising sheer, in the form of a cone, from the almost level plain, the lofty Hohenstaufen. Only towards the north-east, the beautiful hills called the Rechberge draw towards it, as it were, with brotherly closeness; on every other side there is an almost boundless view over the rich country, with its fields, meadows, and woods. In the more remote distance rises the Staufell, and the graceful pinnacle of the Staufenech which springs from it; beyond may be clearly discerned the parent stem of all these branch mountains, the rugged Alps; and a dark line marks on the other side the Black Forest. A practised eye can discover more than sixty towns or villages in the great circle from this mountain, as far as Elwangen. North-west from the foot of the Hohenstaufen, lies a village called Büren, or Beuern, belonging to a family of the same name, of which the early origin is unknown; until about the middle of the eleventh century, Frederick of Büren migrated from the narrow valley to the Hohenstaufen. The view down from this pinnacle appeared to summon and incite to the assumption and extension of dominion; thenceforth the race of the Hohenstaufen raised itself not only over other families of the same rank, but above all the princely families, and houses of Germany; until, after its dazzling meridian splendour and unparalleled elevation, it became the victim of an awful and unexampled tragic destiny; sunk at once into the darkest night, so as to leave behind it no vestige; and only the faithful allegiance of the historian can attempt to reawaken it to life.'

During the prosperity of the Hohenstaufen, a flattering but ungrounded genealogy closely connected them with the Franconian emperors, and even traced them up to the Carlovingian and Merovingian races; but, according to M. von Raumer, even their less splendid connexion with the Counts of Calw and the Palatines of Tubingen is rather doubtful; nor is it certain that their ancestors had any right to the rank of counts,—only to that of nobles. Nothing is positively known but that Frederick, the founder of the Hohenstaufen, was the son of Frederick of Büren, and of Hildegard, of a Franconian and Alsatian family. He had one sister, Adelaide, and four brothers, of whom Otho became Bishop of Strasburg; Louis, Count Palatine. By his prudence, courage, and activity, Frederick—of whatever rank were his ancestors—rose to be the equal of the noblest counts of Swabia, and was a steady and important partisan of the Emperor Henry IV. in all his difficulties. Henry, who knew by bitter experience the fickleness and the self-interested

interested motives which governed the ancient princely families of the empire, looked with confidence to the greater fidelity of a noble who had so lately risen into distinction under his influence, and could appreciate the value, in such trying exigencies, of a man like Frederick of Hohenstaufen. He summoned him, therefore, to Ratisbon, in the year 1079, and thus addressed him:—'Brave man, whom I have ever found most faithful and valiant, thou knowest how wickedness has obtained the upper hand in the Roman empire; how, by the operation of the devil, rebellious conspiracies pass for holy alliances; while God's commandment—to honour those in authority—is despised and trodden under foot. Even as heretofore, contend thou, henceforth, against this most destructive evil; and as a proof with what gratitude I acknowledge thy former—with what confidence I reckon on thy future—services, I give thee my only daughter Agnes for thy wife, and the dukedom of Swabia for her dowry.' Duke Frederick died in the year 1105: his eldest son, Frederick, succeeded to the dukedom of Swabia; and his fidelity, and that of his brother, Conrad, to the cause of the succeeding Emperor, Henry V., obtained for Conrad the investiture of the dukedom of Franconia, forfeited by the revolt of Erlong, bishop of Wurtzburg.

Such is the opening of our great historic drama. The scene does not immediately change to the imperial palace; for though, on the death of Henry V. without issue, and the extinction of the Franconian race, Frederick of Swabia had all but obtained the crown of Germany—the influence, and still more, the bold and dexterous management of a powerful ecclesiastic, Adelbert, bishop of Mentz, carried the election in favour of Lothaire, the Saxon. Many years elapsed before the Swabian house acknowledged the title of the Saxon; but the family which counterbalanced the dominant and growing influence of the Hohenstaufen, was that in which we have a domestic hereditary interest, the house of Welf or Guelph. Gibbon, in his 'Antiquities of the House of Brunswick,' has traced, with his usual clearness and accuracy, the fortunes of the two branches of this princely house; the Italian—the Dukes of Ferrara—whose title to immortality rests on their connexion with the undying lays of Ariosto and Tasso; the German, who, if they have wanted their divine poets to perpetuate their names, may claim to be the ancestors of the Brunswick kings of England. During the reign of Lothaire, the pretensions of the elder Hohenstaufen, Frederick, to the throne of Germany, seem quietly and amicably to have given place to those of the more popular and enterprising Conrad, the Duke of Franconia: but the union of the two powerful fiefs of Saxony and Bavaria in the person of Henry the Proud, the son of Henry the Black,

Black, had raised a formidable competitor at the approaching election—for Lothaire died without heirs; and the North and South of Germany—the Houses of Swabia and of Guelph—stood opposed to each other for the great prize, the imperial crown. The position of the parties was now changed; the greater power and influence was on the side of Henry the Proud; but the House of Hohenstaufen boldly adopted the same irregular and violent course by which they had been excluded on the former occasion. They did not await the Diet, the great assembly of the whole feudal aristocracy of the empire; for the nomination to the imperial throne had not as yet been appropriated by the electoral princes. The meeting had been summoned at the Feast of Pentecost, in the city of Mentz; but before that day, Frederick and his brother Conrad, with the Archbishops of Treves and Cologne, the Pope's Legate, and a few other magnates, met in Coblentz, and chose Conrad for king, who was crowned in Aix-la-Chapelle by the Pope's Legate, the see of Mentz being then vacant. The civil war which threatened to involve the whole of Germany in desolation was arrested for a time by the prudence of the Archbishop of Treves, and was finally averted by the opportune death of Henry the Proud. His brother, Guelph VI., attempted to maintain possession of the dukedom of Bavaria, against Leopold, Duke of Austria, the half-brother of the Hohenstaufen, (after the death of the Duke of Swabia, his widow, Agnes, the daughter of Henry IV., had married the Margrave of Austria,) and it was in the battle of Weinsberg, for the possession of this territory, that the cry of Welf and Waiblingen (Guelph and Ghibelline), the signal for centuries of deadly faction and remorseless animosity in the empire and in the cities of Italy, was first heard. The Guelph requires no explanation: Waiblingen seems to have been a castle of the Hohenstaufen, upon the banks of the Rems.

The great fault which we should find with the work of M. von Raumer, is the disproportionate space which he has assigned to the history of the Crusades. In many points, however, this most important event in the history of the dark ages is closely connected with his subject; and as we can fully enter into the strength of the temptation offered to a writer far from insensible to the splendid and poetic effect of that which may be considered the romantic period of history, we would be extremely lenient to an error of this nature. The crusades must have contributed in an important degree to the power and authority of the popes. The pontiff had appeared as the acknowledged head of the western world in more than one general assembly of all the temporal as well as ecclesiastical powers of Europe, who were present either in person or by their representatives. The whole assembly had taken arms at his bidding,

ding, and expected that his blessing on an enterprise thus sanctified must ensure the favour of heaven. On this public scene he had been recognised as the visible representative of Christ upon earth—the mediator between Christendom and its divine Master. The crusaders were the army of the pope; and though, with a degree of prudence which is extraordinary, considering the contagious enthusiasm of the age, the solemn assurances of more than one pope, that he would actually place himself at the head of the Army of the Faith, were always decently eluded, or actually prevented by the circumstances of the time, still that opinion upon which all power, but more particularly spiritual power, ultimately rests, must have been greatly strengthened by the position thus assumed by the 'successor of St. Peter.' There can be no doubt that the religious feeling of the age, however strangely different from pure and genuine Christianity, was immeasurably strengthened by the excitement of the crusades; and that religious feeling spread a deeper mist of sanctity and veneration around the person of the pope. The emperors and kings who joined the crusades, fought, as it were, under the banner of the pope: it was an act of obedience not only to Heaven, but to the Roman see; and, in popular estimation, the line between obedience and allegiance, between allegiance and confessed inferiority, is ever faint and indistinct. The 'Servant of the servants of God' rose still higher towards the commanding attitude of a master: those of whom he professed himself the servant, sank still lower into the humble position of liegemen and vassals. In another way the crusades added greatly to the papal influence. An expedition to the Holy Land was a kind of forlorn hope upon which all the more dangerous and refractory of the temporal sovereigns might be employed so as to waste their strength, if not to lose their lives, by the accidents of the journey, or by the sword of the Mahometan. Not to assume the cross was sin and impiety. If they resisted, the fearful ban hung over them, and was ratified by the fears and by the wavering allegiance of their subjects. If they obeyed and returned, as most of them did, with shame and defeat, they returned shorn of their power, lowered in the public estimation, and perhaps still pursued, on account of their ill success, by the inexorable interdict. It was by thus trammelling their opponents with vows which they could not decline, and from which they could not extricate themselves—by thus consuming their wealth and resources on this wild and remote warfare—while themselves were still steadily pursuing the course of aggrandizement, that the popes succeeded in some degree in breaking and wasting away the power and the influence of the Hohenstaufen.

Conrad, the first emperor of the race, betrayed his reluctance to

to desert his imperial duties at a time when Germany was distracted by fierce feuds, and his own claim to the throne was hardly admitted by its turbulent vassals. St. Bernard sternly demanded how he would answer at the great day of judgment for his dereliction of this greater duty? The trembling emperor acknowledged the voice of God, girt on the cross, collected the strength of the empire to leave their whitening bones on the plains and in the defiles of Asia Minor,—disdained to follow, with the miserable remains of his troops, the more prudently conducted army of the French king—and returned at length to Europe discomfited and fallen in the estimation of all Christendom. His successor, Frederick Barbarossa, after reducing Germany to order and obedience, and waging at least a gallant, if not a successful war, in favour of what he considered the rights of the empire in Italy, perished in a remote river in Asia. Frederick II., who probably in his heart, at least in his riper years, disdained the enthusiasm with which the predominant feeling of the time forced him to comply, was excommunicated for not taking the cross—excommunicated for not setting out to the Holy Land—excommunicated for setting out—excommunicated for returning, after having made an advantageous treaty with the Mahometans. During his whole reign he vainly struggled to burst the fetters which were thus wound around him, and riveted not merely by the remorseless hostility of his spiritual antagonists, but by the irresistible spirit of the age. The universal sentiment assisted in more firmly closing the links, and contemplated, with awe-struck satisfaction, the inextricable bondage. On this subject, at least, there was no assumption, no abuse of authority, however extravagant, which was not ratified by the trembling assent of Christendom.

The crusades, therefore, are legitimately connected with the history of the Hohenstaufen—more particularly as our author has proposed also to give a view of their times. Still, the length at which he has related not merely the successive invasions of Asia, but even the whole history of the kingdom of Jerusalem, detains us far too long from the main object of interest:—the porch is too large for the building: the aisles which run parallel to the stately nave, at almost equal height, mar the unity of the design. The proportions would have been much better preserved, if this prefatory and subsidiary matter had been compressed into a narrower relative compass; if M. von Raumer had passed over more rapidly—or left to the very able and elaborate History of the Crusades, by his cotemporary, Wilken—those expeditions to the Holy Land in which the House of Swabia were not immediately engaged.

The real greatness of the Hohenstaufen commenced with Frederick Barbarossa. Nothing is more remarkable than the superiority

riority of this family, in an age of fierce domestic feud, to the base jealousies and personal interests of narrower minds. To the greatness of the house, primogeniture would willingly sacrifice its rights, and even parental affection its attachment to its own offspring. As Frederick, Duke of Swabia, had quietly ceded his pretensions to the imperial throne in favour of his brother Conrad, so Conrad preferred to his own child—as yet, it is true, almost an infant—the more commanding claims of the son of his brother, Frederick Barbarossa. Germany admitted the superiority of Barbarossa by an act of rare occurrence—an unanimous and uncontested election; the only difficulty which arose was from a haughty speech, attributed by rumour to the Duke of Swabia,—'That he would wear the crown, though all the empire should be opposed to his election.' The person and the character of Frederick are thus described by M. von Raumer:—

'Frederick was of middle height and well-formed, his hair light, cropped close and curled only over his forehead, his complexion fair, his cheeks ruddy, his beard of a reddish hue—on which account the Italians called him Barbarossa. He had fine teeth, well-formed lips, blue eyes; his look, calm but piercing, betrayed the conscious strength of character. His step was firm, his voice clear, his demeanour manly and dignified; his dress neither studied nor negligent. He was inferior to none in the chase and in bodily exercises, to none in hilarity at the feast; but his liberality never degenerated into extravagant splendour, nor his convivial merriment into excess. His knowledge at that period, with the turn of his mind to public affairs, could not be very extensive; yet he understood Latin, and read the Roman authors with pleasure and diligence. Notwithstanding his great military talents, he considered war only as the means for a higher object—peace. He showed himself formidable and vigorous to his adversaries, placable towards the repentant, condescending to his own followers; but neither in pleasure nor in distress did he lose his dignity and self-command. His judgment seldom betrayed him—his memory scarcely ever. He listened willingly to counsel; but decided, as becomes a sovereign, for himself. Reverence towards holy places, respect for the clergy as interpreters of the word of God, might be considered as the common qualities of the age: few, however, knew so well to discriminate from these the overweening pretensions of the church, and to oppose *them* with such energy. He considered the impartial administration of the law as the first duty of a king; implicit obedience that of a subject. But what gave the chief strength to his will and to his sway was, that he undertook nothing which was not, in his firm conviction, according to justice and to law; and, what in itself is a proof of ability, he looked back upon the great examples of former times with a profound sense of admiration. He had, in particular, taken and openly declared Charlemagne to be his model: striving to imitate him, he must have endeavoured to fix and

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to establish throughout the whole empire the rights of the church, the welfare of the state, the inviolability of the law. Yet he himself, in later years, when he communicated information concerning his own, by no means undistinguished, career to his worthy relative, the historian Otto of Freisingen, added, in language far superior to the frivolous vanity of little minds, and almost in a melancholy tone,—"In comparison with what was done by those most distinguished men of former times, ours are rather shadows than deeds—(magis dici possunt umbræ quam facta)."

If there appear somewhat of a Ghibelline tinge in this high-drawn character of the emperor, the historian of the Italian republics, not likely to be partially inclined to the great oppressor of Lombard freedom, does, on his side, ample justice to the lofty character of Barbarossa. But in this splendid design of reconstructing the empire of Charlemagne, the German emperor forgot to consider the revolution which centuries had been slowly working in the state of Europe. Charlemagne possessed the power, and condescended to adorn his power with the title, of Emperor of the West. His object was to blend together the sacred reminiscences of the past with the barbaric energy and chivalrous enterprise of his own age. But to the Cæsars of the twelfth century remained proud titles, indefinite pretensions, the shadow, but not the substance, of imperial dignity. In Germany—the elective head of an untractable feudal aristocracy—the Emperor's rights were still more dubious, and his authority still more precarious, over the free cities of Italy;—while, instead of lying a prostrate fugitive at the feet of the master of the West, and imploring his succour against his own domestic enemies, the Pope stood the resistless and invulnerable head of the hostile league, wielding an equal, a superior power, which schism could not weaken, nor discomfiture subdue. In fact, not all the wealth and independence, the bravery or the endurance, of the Italian cities, could have offered a permanent or successful resistance—distracted as they were by civil animosities, and opposed to each other with hatred stronger even than the love of liberty—unless the authority of the church had been allied with the rising freedom of northern Italy. The contest of Barbarossa with the young republics of Lombardy—the pride, the siege, the ruin, the resurrection of Milan from her ashes to still more haughty independence, are so well known to most readers from the eloquent pages of Sismondi, that we shall only observe, that the narrative of Von Raumer, from its spirit, freedom, and perspicuity, still rivets the attention, even with that of the French historian fresh upon the memory.

We shall confine ourselves to a few illustrations of the manner in which the papal power mingled itself in all these transactions, and

and select some circumstances characteristic of the age. The only English Pope, Hadrian IV.—by name Nicholas Breakspeare, the son of a poor ecclesiastic of St. Alban's—was elected to the chair of St. Peter, soon after Frederick's first expedition into Italy. Though Frederick sacrificed the bold reformer and republican, Arnold of Brescia, to the fears of the pope, yet the papal power was obscured for a time before the warlike emperor at the head of his victorious Germans. When Rome submitted to his authority, the sovereignty of the pope was altogether passed over in disdainful silence. To the pretensions of the Roman people to their ancient independence, Frederick haughtily replied by reminding them, that the old Roman virtue, as well as the old Roman power, had passed to himself and his German successors; he condescended to speak of Rome as the capital of his empire, but he called her citizens in explicit terms his vassals, and himself their lord and master. The popes were wise enough to discern the proper seasons for advancing or suppressing in silence their lofty pretensions. Hadrian made no remonstrance, for he stood in need of the imperial protection; and till the return of Frederick to Germany, the pliant pontiff submitted to the momentary superiority assumed by the temporal sovereign. No sooner, however, had he secured an ally in the Norman King of Sicily, than the old question relating to the interference of the temporal power in ecclesiastical appointments, and the investiture of the bishops of Germany, broke out in all its former violence. Frederick had resumed the right, abandoned by his predecessor Lothaire; but the quarrel was brought to a crisis by a whimsical accident, arising out of the employment of classical Latin by the pope's chancery, which was understood according to the barbarous dialect of the age by the rude German nobles. In his remonstrance, Hadrian reminded the emperor of the *benefits* which he had conferred upon him during his residence in Italy. The Germans understood the word *beneficium* according to its feudal meaning—*a fief*, and construed the passage as though the pope had declared the empire a fief of the Roman see. The Diet burst out into indignant uproar. The cardinal Roland, one of the legates, instead of allaying the storm by explaining away the obnoxious term, exclaimed, 'Of whom then does the emperor hold the empire, if not of our lord the pope?' Otto of Wittelsbach, the Palatine of Bavaria, sprung from his seat with his sword drawn, and the legate, but for the interposition of the emperor, would have paid dear for his neglect of the 'wisdom of the serpent.' But from this time the breach was irreparable; however it might be suspended by temporary treaties, or allayed by seeming acts of sincere reconciliation, the incompatible pretensions of the conflicting authorities could only be settled by the final

final triumph of one. Frederick appealed to the ecclesiastical as well as to the temporal princes of the empire. Von Raumer does not give the emphatic clause in his letters by which he repelled this last arrogant claim of the Pontiff—'As by the election of the princes we hold the kingdom, and the empire of God alone; as St. Peter commands all persons to "fear God and honour the king," whoever shall say that we have received the imperial crown of the pope, *pro beneficio*, as a fief or gift, impugns the divine institution, contradicts St. Peter, and is a liar.'

Another of his charges against the pope complained that he had refused to destroy a picture, in which the Emperor Lothaire was represented as kneeling and soliciting the crown from Pope Innocent II. As our author has tried his hand on the monkish doggrel of its inscription, we must follow his example:—

'Rex venit ante fores, jurans primum urbis honores,
Post homo fit papæ, sumit quo dante coronam.'

'The king appeared before the door—
To observe the city's rights he swore—
As liegeman of the pope knelt down,
And as his gift received the crown.'

The elevation of Cardinal Roland, the imprudent legate who had asserted the pope's superiority in the full diet, to the pontificate, was not likely to mitigate the hostility of the contending parties. His election, however, was contested; an anti-pope, of course supported by the imperial faction, for several years divided the kingdoms of the West. But no greater proof can be given of the solid foundations on which the papal dominion rested, than that at this period the frequent schisms seemed not in the least to shake its authority. Alexander III. at length triumphed over his competitor—the Italian cities wrested their freedom from the reluctant emperor—and, at the famous meeting at Venice, the pope and the emperor met in the Place of St. Mark—the pope gave him the kiss of peace—the emperor received the sacrament from the hand of the pope, and held the stirrup as he mounted his palfrey; and mutual respect as well as cheerful intercourse between the spiritual and temporal sovereigns of the West gave the fairest hopes of long and undisturbed peace. It is to this occasion that later annalists have assigned that memorable incident which long passed as an historical fact, and was repeated on one side by the boastful partizans of the papal supremacy, on the other by the indignant denunciations of its adversaries against papal pride. It is said, that when the emperor prostrated himself before the pope, the haughty ecclesiastic set his foot upon his neck, with the words of the 91st Psalm,—'Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the lion and the dragon shalt thou trample

under foot.' The emperor answered, 'Not to you, but to Peter.' The pope rejoined, 'To me and to Peter.' Raumer, with most of the more judicious moderns, rejects this fable: Daru alone, in his History of Venice, attempts to establish its truth on the authority of the Venetian historians, who were neither interested in exaggerating the papal pretensions, nor in the degradation of the empire. The decisive objection appears to be, that it is altogether inconsistent with the characters and with the relative positions of the two parties. Alexander III., if as a cardinal not always under the control of cautious reason, as pope had displayed, throughout the long and trying contest in which he had been engaged, as much discretion as courage; and Frederick, however unsuccessful in his Lombard wars, was still too formidable an antagonist to insult with unnecessary triumph. Frederick, on the other hand, was not a sovereign who would compromise his dignity; the losses he had sustained might make him desirous of peace—his failure in the attempt to maintain the title of an anti-pope might make him sacrifice his personal feelings, but not his pride or his honour, for the sake of reconciliation with the head of the church. Ten years after the peace of Venice, Barbarossa took the cross; in the next, he set out for the holy war; and on the 10th of June, 1190, the most powerful, if not the greatest, of the Swabian emperors was accidentally drowned while crossing the river Calycadnus.

We shall pass over the intermediate act of the Hohenstaufen drama, the reign of the Emperor Henry VI., and enter upon the most interesting and brilliant part of M. von Raumer's history, the Life of Frederick II. The romantic adventures, the personal character of Frederick—the soldier, the poet, the lawgiver—sometimes holding his court in one of the old barbaric and feudal cities of Germany, among the proud and turbulent magnates of the empire; sometimes, on the sunny shores of Naples or Sicily, introducing southern and almost oriental luxury into palaces where Arabian science began to reimpart its mysteries to Christian Europe, where costly menageries collected the wonders of the Asiatic and African forests—where the first rude tones of Italian poetry were heard to breathe in the gay Sicilian dialect; the parentless orphan, left under the tutelage of the papacy, of which hereafter he was to become the most deadly enemy and the most injured victim; the youth, who, at the age of sixteen, boldly descended from the Alps and won the imperial crown; the crusader, who held an amicable intercourse, more so, it was suspected, than was licensed by the courtesies of chivalry, with the accomplished Mussulmen of Syria; the renegade, the apostate, the Mahometan, the Jew, the Atheist, —who was accused of being the author of an impious work, which probably

probably never existed—thus is Frederick described in the black pages of papal hostility:—The bold and daring reasoner, who too soon caught glimpses of pure and genuine Christianity through the thick darkness of his own age; so has he been imagined by the more charitable sentence of some modern historians. The stirring vicissitudes of this eventful life, and the lights and shades of this various character, are developed with singular skill, freedom, and vigour in the history before us. The flowing narrative is still interrupted by somewhat disproportionate digressions on the affairs of the East, and at times there are passages which we would wish to compress into more rapid and pregnant brevity; yet, on the whole, the fulness with which every transaction is related, and the extracts from the documents of the period, which are interwoven with skill and judgment into the general narrative, give remarkable completeness and reality to the picture of the times.

Henry VI., by his marriage with Constance, the heiress of the Norman line, left to his infant son Frederick the inheritance of the Sicilian crown. At his father's death Frederick was but three years old. The next year his mother, Constance, followed her husband to the grave; and she bequeathed the guardianship of the young king to the pope, Innocent III. It was during the minority of Frederick, that Innocent—since Hildebrand, the greatest of the popes, both in the boldness of his pretensions and the ability with which he asserted them—built on more solid foundations the edifice of the papal greatness. In the affairs of all the great kingdoms of Europe Innocent interposed, and never without success; and his interposition in general assumed the tone of high moral dignity. He was the common father of Christendom standing forth as the assertor of the violated laws of God, as the protector of the oppressed; he was the Roman censor, armed with unlimited authority, in defence of public virtue—rather than the dictator, the sole object of whose despotic rule was to further the ambitious designs, and advance the growing power, of the sovereign of the world. However unmeasured his pretensions, they were hallowed and dignified by an apparently high religious purpose. In his contest with Philip Augustus of France, Innocent enlisted on his side the moral sentiment and chivalrous gallantry of the nation; he was the advocate of a blameless and injured wife against an unjust and ungenerous husband. In England he favoured the independent spirit of a bold people against a pusillanimous tyrant. He crushed the refractory violence of the Roman populace, and established the rights of the papacy over 'the patrimony of St. Peter.' In Germany a contested succession weakened the empire, and left the pope with the balance of power in his hands.

Innocent administered his guardianship of the Sicilian king with

fidelity: but the distant sovereigns of France and England were more appalled by the thunders of the Vatican, than the turbulent nobles who disputed the chief power and authority over the states of the young Frederick. Marcuald, a German duke,—Diephold, count of Acerra—the chancellor Walter, and William Capparone, violated alike the dignity of the crown and scorned the interdict of the pope. After the death of the most powerful of these, Marcuald, a seeming reconciliation took place, and both factions submitted to the mediation of Innocent. On a sudden the negociations were interrupted by mutual acts of jealousy and treachery; Diephold fled to raise new tumults in Apulia; the chancellor Walter seized the person of the young king; the citadel of Palermo was besieged by Capparone; at the same time the Genoese and Pisans contested the possession of Syracuse; the Saracen population, which prevailed in great numbers in Sicily, burst from their mountains, and pursued the Christians with fire and sword. M. von Raumer is inclined to vouch for the authenticity of the following curious appeal of Frederick to the sovereigns of Europe, in this crisis of danger and distress. He was at the time between twelve and thirteen years old:—

'To all the kings of the earth, and all the princes of the world, the minor, the innocent King of Sicily—hail in the name of God! Gather, ye people! draw near, ye kings! hasten, ye princes! and see whether any sorrow is like my sorrow. My father died before I saw or knew him; the mother was snatched away from her child, and like a patient lamb I have fallen into slavish dependence on servants of every rank and of all nations, who cast the lot for my kingdom and my goods. I pass from the hand of one into that of another; they even do not take the trouble of providing me with daily bread. In me the freedom of my people is violated,—above all, the name of the church abused; I am less a king than a subject, and implore favours rather than bestow them. And still the people, in its folly, is more disposed to discord than to peace. Ye yourselves, ye princes, are maintaining your own cause, if ye espouse my defence, if ye raise up my fallen crown, and gather into one my scattered people.'

The pope alone listened to this appeal; it was, it is true, as a fief of the papal see that he upheld the kingdom of Sicily, yet his authority was of some weight in restraining the insolence of Frederick's domestic oppressors. Frederick was scarcely sixteen years old, sixteen years passed in these humiliating vicissitudes, when he had to decide the great question, whether he should confine his ambition to his maternal kingdom of Sicily, or stand forth, the heir of the house of Hohenstaufen, as claimant of the imperial crown. After the death of Henry VI., his brother Philip, duke of Swabia, hesitated whether he should advance the pretensions of his infant nephew or his own. He was decided by the circumstances

stances of the time. But his own claims were contested: the Guelphic faction found a head in Otho, the son of Henry the Lion; a double, or rather triple, election (for Frederick was likewise named) took place; yet the influence of Innocent III., and soon afterwards the barbarous murder of Philip, left Otho in possession of the crown. The manners of Otho were haughty and disdainful; and his proud vassals looked back with vain regret on the popular and affable demeanour of the Hohenstaufen, which Philip had displayed in an eminent degree. The Emperor Otho called, 'with familiarity most unbecoming the imperial court, archbishops plain clerks—abbots, monks—noble ladies, good women; and thus he treated all the world, without distinction of rank or condition. An archbishop, he impiously declared, ought not to have more than twelve horses, a bishop six, an abbot three, and all they possess above that number should be taken from them.'

Otho had likewise introduced an arbitrary system of taxation, and in short his despotic pride had alienated many of his most ardent partisans. In consequence of this alienation of the empire from their sovereign, Anselm of Justingen appeared in Palermo, and laid before the youthful King of Sicily the following address, in the name of the discontented nobles of Germany:—

'The assembled princes of the German empire salute the illustrious lord, Frederick, King of Sicily and Duke of Swabia. We, the princes of the German empire, in whom from ancient times is vested the right and the power of electing our king and sovereign, and of placing him on the ancient throne of the Roman Cæsars, have assembled in Nuremberg, to take counsel for the common good, and to elect a new king. We turn our eyes to thee, as him who appears far the most worthy of such an honour; who, though a youth in years, is already grey in knowledge and experience; whom nature has gifted above all men with every generous endowment; the noblest offspring of those magnanimous emperors who spared neither their treasure nor their lives for the extension of the Empire, and the prosperity of their subjects. In consideration of all this, we entreat you to raise yourself above your hereditary throne, and to come to us in Germany, to maintain the throne of that kingdom against the enemy of your house.'

To the remonstrances of his Sicilian counsellors, who represented the dangers and the precarious issue of the contest,—who exhorted their youthful sovereign to rest contented with the fairest kingdom upon earth, which would never consent to become an appendage to the empire,—Frederick replied,

'That the kingdom of Naples, from its beauty, was secure against neglect or disregard of its interest; that as emperor he should be a more efficient protector of its rights and liberties; but that as to the Empire, the loftiest, the most splendid, the most kingly prize on earth, the inheritance of his fathers, that which had been sought by many through

through crime and guilt, nothing should induce him basely to shrink from the assertion of his rights. He would not bury his talent in the earth; he would obey the summons of destiny, trust in the protection of God, nor expose himself, in aftertimes, to late repentance, to the contempt and mockery of posterity.'

To the more tender entreaties of his wife, who urged her own helpless condition, and that of her new-born infant, Frederick replied,

'That he was acting the noblest part of a husband and a father in winning an empire for their dowry and inheritance; his son should never be taunted as the descendant of a degenerate renegade to imperial greatness.'

On the 12th of March he set out from Palermo; he landed at Gaeta, and was received in Rome by the pope, the cardinals, the senate, and the people, with the highest honours. Innocent, though he had supported the Guelphic faction in Germany, and could not look with indifference on the junction of the Neapolitan crown with the empire, was proud, perhaps, of the advancement of his royal ward; at all events, with all his political penetration, he foresaw not the formidable antagonist who was now rising, in the person of Frederick, against the papal power. In May Frederick reached Genoa—escaped with difficulty an attempt of the Milanese to surprise and take him prisoner; crossed the Alps by unknown mountain-paths, and descended near Coire. The emperor Otho was on the other side of the Lake of Constance, with two hundred men-at-arms, and other followers; part of his equipage had already entered Constance. Frederick had but sixty followers, but the Bishop of Constance was persuaded to declare against Otho, the city gates were closed against him, and Frederick was safe. Three hours later the empire had been lost—Frederick had, perhaps, never set his foot in Germany. Like an avalanche bursting from the Alps, he gathered strength as he advanced in his rapid career. All orders crowded to his standard; knights, ecclesiastics, princes,—Bavaria, Swabia, Alsace, received him with open arms. The army of Otho wasted away as his increased. The emperor hardly considered himself safe in his hereditary dominions from the Apulian boy, as he had been scornfully called. At the diets at Frankfort and Mayence, Frederick received the homage of the greater part of the princes of the empire. Otho, from his power in the north of Germany, maintained the contest for three years, but having rashly engaged in a war with Philip Augustus of France, he fled almost without attendants from the battle of Bovines, and hardly escaped from Cologne, in the disguise of a pilgrim, to Brunswick. The blow was decisive: before he had attained his twenty-first year, Frederick was solemnly crowned

at

at Aix-la-Chapelle, in the presence of almost all the princes and powerful ecclesiastics of the empire.

In gratitude to heaven for this unexampled success, the young emperor, on the day of his coronation, took the cross, with many of the German princes and prelates, and bound himself with that fatal vow which clung around him during the whole of his life, fettered the freedom and the vigour of all his measures, and gave his great antagonist an advantage which he could never retrieve even by the late fulfilment of his oath. Innocent III. died the year after the coronation of Frederick, and for the eleven years during which the mild and pacific Honorius III. filled the papal see, there was no open breach between the antagonist powers; Frederick made liberal concessions of the territories bequeathed by the Countess Matilda, and other advantages, to the papacy; and though Honorius murmured at the delay which year after year prevented Frederick from embarking on the crusade, these low sounds of growing hostility were but the prelude to the gathering tempest. Though Honorius acted as mediator between the Lombard cities and the emperor, who had unhappily determined to assert his ill-defined and precarious sovereignty over these proud republics; yet, even his peaceful government would hardly have avoided involving itself in a contest which, if Frederick had succeeded, would have left the emperor and the Ghibelline interest undisputed masters of the whole of Italy. Such was the state of affairs when, more than eighty years old, Gregory IX. was elected (A.D. 1227) to the papal throne. The old man at once threw down the gauntlet: he had in secret murmured against the gentler and more yielding policy of his predecessor: he determined at once to replace the papal authority on its commanding eminence. Gregory retained the vigour, the ambition of youth, united with the unbending obstinacy of old age; he had been employed under Innocent and Honorius in the most important negotiations of the papal see. Frederick himself hailed the appointment, and did justice to the character of Gregory.—'He is a man of spotless reputation, of blameless morals, distinguished for piety, erudition, and eloquence—he shines among the rest like a brilliant star.' The emperor's political astrology had not calculated the fatal influence of this disastrous planet upon his fame and fortunes.

From the hand of Gregory IX. then the Cardinal Hugolino, the young emperor had received the cross. While the first act of the new pope was to call upon Europe for renewed exertions in favour of the sinking cause of Christendom in the East, his summons to the emperor to fulfil his yet unaccomplished vow was more direct, earnest, and vehement. The next address of the pope was of a still more personal character. The severe old man was offended,

not

not perhaps without just grounds, at the luxury, the splendour, the sensuality of Frederick's Sicilian Court. M. von Raumer gives a curious extract from this letter, in which, after eulogizing in high terms the accomplishments, the knowledge, the intellectual endowments, the power, and the lofty situation of the emperor, the Pope exhorts him not to degrade these qualities, which he possesses in common with the angels, nor to sacrifice them to the sensual gratifications which he has in common with the beasts of the earth:—

'If knowledge and love, these twin lights, are extinguished; if these eagles, which should soar victorious, stoop and entangle themselves with earthly pleasures, how canst thou show to thy followers the way of salvation? Far from thee be such calamity! But we, who have loved thee from thy childhood, must engrave, with an iron pen, those principles upon thy heart which may avert the danger of everlasting death, and obtain for thee the mercy of God and of Jesus Christ.'

It would be great injustice to the character of Gregory, and a complete misapprehension of the spirit of the age, altogether to attribute this high-toned moral remonstrance to the unworthy motive of ambition or animosity. It was the zeal, perhaps, of a monk,—but no doubt the honest and religious zeal. How far the state of morals at Frederick's court may have justified the rigid remonstrances of the pope, it is, of course, impossible to estimate with any precision; but we can easily conjecture, that while on one side the notions of Christian morality were those of a cloister,—on the other, the freedom which had burst the bonds of this rigid asceticism would be carried, by the very strength of the recoil, beyond the bounds of rational and Christian liberty. It should seem, from the much larger portion of the later part of his life which was spent in his Italian dominions—however this may be partially accounted for by his contest with the Lombard republics—that the predilections of Frederick were for his native kingdom. The brighter shores, the more polished manners, the more elegant luxuries, the knowledge, the arts, the poetry, the gaiety, the beauty, the romance of the south, were more congenial to his mind than the heavier and more chilly climate, the feudal barbarism, the ruder pomp, the coarser habits of his German liegemen.

Among the profane sayings attributed to Frederick, who probably, from the numerous witticisms of the kind ascribed to him, was by no means guarded or discreet in his gayer conversation, though such speeches may have been caught up or multiplied by the inventive malice of his enemies, is the well-known one preserved by Giannone,—'That God would never have chosen the promised land if he had seen the beautiful and fertile Sicily.' And

no

no doubt the influence of that delicious climate and lovely land, thus fully appreciated by the gay and chivalrous sovereign, was not without its effect on the state and appearance of his court, to which other circumstances contributed to give a peculiar and romantic character. Probably it more resembled that of Granada than any other in Europe, though more rich and picturesque from the variety of manners, usages, and even dresses, which prevailed within it. It was open to the mingled population which at this time filled the southern cities. If anything of Grecian elegance or luxury survived in the West, it was in the cities of Naples and Sicily. The Norman chivalry, without having altogether lost their bold and enterprising bearing, had in some degree yielded to the melting genius of the country: they had become brave and accomplished *Southrons*. The Jews were numerous, enlightened, and wealthy; the Mahometan inhabitants of Sicily were probably neither the least polished, nor, as his enemies asserted, the least welcome at the court of Frederick. It was one of the grave charges made against him at a later period, that Saracen women were seen at his court, who, by their licentiousness, corrupted the morals of his Christian subjects. The answer of Frederick admitted the fact, but asserted the correctness and chastity of his Mahometan dames; nevertheless, to avoid all future scandal, he consented to dismiss them. In those days, it would have been impious in a churchman to suppose that a Mahometan man could possess any virtue, unless, perhaps, that of valour; or a Mahometan female any virtue at all. The manner in which this inclination for the society of 'miscreant' ladies was moulded up with imputations of Mahometan habits, may be seen in the Guelphic character of Frederick in Villani. The Florentine does ample justice to his noble and kingly qualities, to the universality of his genius and knowledge; but adds—'he was dissolute, and abandoned to every kind of luxury. After the manner of the Saracens, he had many concubines, and was attended by Mamelukes; he gave himself up to sensual enjoyments, and led an epicurean life, taking no thought of the world to come; and this was the principal reason of his enmity to the holy church and the clergy, as well as his avarice in usurping the possessions and infringing on the jurisdiction of holy church.'

Frederick himself was a promising pupil of the *gaja scienza;* the emperor and his chancellor, Peter de Vinea—

> 'to the harp
> Framed many an amorous ditty lovely well.'

Among the treasures of the earliest Italian poetry, are several compositions of the monarch and of his poetic rival. One sonnet, indeed, of Peter de Vinea, is perhaps equal to anything of the kind

kind before the time when Petrarch set the common thoughts of all these amorous Platonists in the perfect crystals of his inimitable language. However 'those days of chivalry,' according to the hackneyed quotation from Burke, may have taken away much of its grossness from vice, they were not very favourable at least to one kind of virtue. But if the effect of this poetic state of society appear dubious and questionable to the less severe Christian moralist, how must it have appeared to those who had learned their notions of morals rather from the rules of St. Benedict than from the gospel; in whom human affections were alike proscribed with sensual enjoyments, and in whose religious vocabulary pleasure and sin were synonymous; men who had prayed, and fasted, and scourged out of themselves every lingering sympathy of our common nature,—more especially to one in whom, as in Gregory IX., the frosts of age had flawed around a heart already hardened by all the severest discipline of monkery! It would be impossible to conceive a contrast more strong or more irreconcilable than the aged Gregory, in his conclave of stern ascetics, in his cloister, disfranchised only from imprisonment within the conventual walls, but not less monastic in its views, in its corporate spirit, in its celibacy, in its austere seclusion from the rest of mankind, in its conscientious resolution to enslave, if possible, the whole of mankind to its inviolable unity of faith, and severity of discipline; and the gay and yet youthful Frederick, with his mingled assemblage of knights and ladies, of Christians, Jews, and Mahometans, of poets and men of science, met, as it were, to enjoy and minister to enjoyment; where, if not the restraint of religion, at least the overawing authority of churchmen was examined with freedom, and sometimes ridiculed by sportive wit.

But the period was fast approaching in which the hostile powers of spiritual and temporal dominion were to meet in more deadly collision; both wielded by men of equal enterprise, ambition, and perseverance. Each of these, perhaps, was conscientiously convinced of the righteousness of his cause; each deemed the principles which he enforced those of the real interests of mankind; each looked beyond the establishment of his own superiority and the pride of triumph, to ultimate results—on which depended, on one side, the confirmation of God's eternal law, of justice, morality, and religion; on the other, emancipation from sacerdotal tyranny. The one was armed with the visible strength of fleets and armies, an enterprising chivalry, the willing obedience of a loyal people—the personal qualifications of valour, military skill, and the fame of former victories—the natural jealousy of the more enlightened, the interests of some of the more powerful temporal rulers, in resisting the encroachments of ecclesiastic despotism. On the other side were arrayed

arrayed the superstition of the age, the all-dreaded interdict, which sealed up from the believer the font of baptism, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the very graves of his fathers in the consecrated cemetery; the great body of the priesthood, whether secular or regular, from the lordly archbishop or primate who bearded his sovereign in his own court, to the hardly less influential itinerant Franciscan, who ruled at will the religious passions of the populace. Such was the conflict which was now hastening onward to one of the most decisive issues in the history of Christian Europe.

Frederick had bound himself by the treaty of St. Germano to furnish certain forces, and himself to embark, after a certain interval, on the crusade. This treaty was entered into with Honorius III. If he did not provide the stated number of knights, pay the stipulated sum of money, and embark at the appointed time, he fell at once under the ban of the church; the pope had the acknowledged right to issue the awful interdict. Almost immediately upon his accession, Gregory demanded the fulfilment of the contract, and reminded the emperor of the fearful penalty. At the appointed time Frederick set sail from the coast of Naples: but in three days the royal bark was seen steering back for the shore; the emperor, on account of feigned or real indisposition, retired to the baths of Pozzuoli. The whole expedition, as soon as they heard of Frederick's return, dispersed on all sides. The papal party loudly charge Frederick with a mean evasion of the terms of the compact. The imperialists as strenuously assert that the indisposition of the emperor was real. M. von Raumer's opinion is, that from the first Frederick was in earnest in his design to undertake a crusade, and that he had fully made up his mind, at this period, to fulfil his vow. But Frederick would not undertake a crusade, unless with the power, the resources, the magnificence, which became the emperor, nor without reasonable hopes of a splendid and successful issue. He was disappointed in the number of those who assembled in the havens of Brundusium, and the other ports of his kingdom—still more so in their unwarlike appearance. He had furnished and armed his own quota; but the rest were but a lawless and ill-appointed rabble. Sickness broke out among them, and Frederick, perhaps himself afflicted by some slight malady, took the opportunity of withdrawing from the head of an expedition against which the memory of his ancestors might solemnly warn him, since one had lost his fame, another his life, in the conduct of one of these wild and ill-regulated hosts. Gregory heard at Anagni of the embarkation and return of Frederick. He proceeded at once to utter the edict of excommunication:—

'Three

'Three times,' he declared in his justificatory address, 'has Frederick found impediments to the fulfilment of his vow, and three times, instead of inflicting the proper chastisement, did Honorius, in Beroli, in Ferentino, and in S. Germano, submit to receive new promises, new oaths. Lest we should appear like dumb dogs, and countenance the opinion that we honour men more than God, the interdict is now uttered against the emperor.'

Frederick's vindication was in a tone of indignant recrimination, not likely to conciliate the severe and haughty pontiff. It lamented in solemn language the failure of Christian charity, not in its streams, but in its fountain; not in the branches, but in its stem and root. It recounted the persecutions of the counts of Toulouse; the conduct of Innocent III. in the affairs of England, when he first invited the barons to rebellion against the king, and then, having sucked the fatness of the land, abandoned those very barons to ruin and to death:—

'The Romish church, *as though it were the true church*, calls itself my mother and my nurse, while all its acts are those of a step-mother, and it is the source and the root of all evil:'—

He calls on all the temporal powers to unite against this unexampled tyranny, in this common danger. Gregory had renewed at Rome, in the presence of all the cardinals and ecclesiastics, the interdict against the emperor. Frederick took the daring step of prohibiting the execution of the interdict in his dominions, and of commanding the ecclesiastics to perform the services of the church, in defiance of the ban of the pope. A third time Gregory determined to renew the solemn ceremonial of excommunication; but the Roman populace (whom Frederick had conciliated by some seasonable supplies of corn, during a scarcity), with one of the turbulent nobles, a Frangipani, at their head, interrupted the ceremony, and drove the pope out of Rome. The old man stood undaunted in his exile, brandishing his thunders with unwearied arm. Probably to his surprise, as well as that of the whole of Europe, Frederick on a sudden resumed his preparations for a crusade; and, as if to convince the pope of the injustice of his accusation, embarked in the midst of this fierce strife for the Holy Land. But the implacable excommunication followed him to Palestine; the papal curse pursued and smote him at the foot of the altar, before the Holy Sepulchre itself. The terror of his name, and the fame of his power and warlike ability, induced the sultan to propose terms of peace. In the midst of the negociation arrived two Franciscans, with the sentence of interdict; the Orders of knights, and all the eastern Christians, were solemnly forbidden to assist an excommunicated person, though in a holy war. Frederick, nevertheless, concluded his

his treaty on terms, on the whole, honourable to Christendom. Jerusalem and other cities were surrendered to the emperor: the mosques were to remain undisturbed, and the Mahometans allowed free access, though unarmed, to the temple. The emperor entered the Holy City, but even in its precincts the interdict still hovered over his head. In the morning of his public entrance into the city, in compliance with the advice of his more prudent and religious counsellors, he abstained from attendance on divine worship; later in the day he entered the church, and no churchman venturing to officiate, he took from the altar the crown of the kingdom of Jerusalem, and placed it on his own head. The next day appeared the archbishop of Cæsarea, and laid the city, reconquered by the terror of Frederick's arms, and the Holy Sepulchre itself, so long inaccessible to Christian devotion, under the ban of excommunication.

The return of the emperor was as rapid as his expedition to Palestine; his presence awed the turbulent barons of Apulia, who had risen in insurrection, supported by a body of the papal troops; peace was restored in the dominions of Naples; and the next year witnessed the reconciliation of the pope and the emperor. The admission of Frederick into the bosom of the church showed that even the pope himself had become sensible of the impolicy of driving so formidable an antagonist to desperation: though superior to all personal fears, the aged pontiff could not but discern the danger of his own situation. An exile from Rome, he had only been recalled to that city by the religious terrors of the populace, who attributed a sudden and destructive overflow of the Tiber to the avenging wrath of heaven, on account of their disobedience to their spiritual sovereign. On the other hand, the humiliating terms to which the emperor condescended, in order to be reconciled to the church, his submission as a lowly suppliant to the pope, as well as the restitution of all ecclesiastics in the rights and possessions from which they had been excluded, and the payment of a considerable sum of money, proved, that even his firm and independent mind was either not proof against the superstition which enthralled the rest of Europe, or that he had the wisdom to discover that he was struggling in vain against a tyranny too deeply rooted in the minds of men to be shaken by the most successful assaults. He might hope, at all events, that to the stern old man who now wielded the keys of St. Peter with all the vigour of Hildebrand or Innocent III., might succeed some feebler or some milder pontiff. Already was Gregory drawing towards ninety years old. He, himself, was yet in the strength and ripeness of manhood, nor could he expect that this same aged pontiff would rally again for a contest, more long, more obstinate and,

and, though not concluded during his lifetime, more fatal than the last. To that contest we shall proceed—the turning point in the fortunes of Frederick—the crisis in the fate of the imperial Hohenstaufen, in which our great historical drama assumes at length its darker and more tragic colouring, closing in the defeat, the domestic sorrow, the premature death of Frederick, and eventually leading to the extinction of the house of Swabia.

During the interval of about eight years, 1230-1238, Frederick had full occupation in the re-establishment of order in Germany, disturbed, partly by the unruly spirit of the vassal princes and the kingly ecclesiastics of the empire, and partly by the rebellion of his own son. In the factions and the feuds created by the former, the hostile influence of the pope might plainly be discerned; not so in the latter: though some of his predecessors had been less scrupulous in their ambition, the high moral sentiment of Gregory revolted from that guilty means of enfeebling an adversary, the setting a son in arms against his father. The death of Henry, the elder and the rebellious son of Frederick, allayed this feud. But in the emperor's disputes with the Lombard states, the pope had more legitimate pretensions for interference; and in supporting these flourishing states, he assumed the advantageous position of the sacred defender of liberty, the assertor of Italian independence, when Italy seemed in danger of lying prostrate under one stern and despotic monarchy, which would extend from the German Ocean to the farther shores of Sicily. Frederick had recently endeavoured to obtain the kingdom of Sardinia for his favourite natural son, Enzius; Genoa, Venice, Lombardy, as well as the pope, trembled at his successes, and entered into a league against his growing power.

Eight years after the reconciliation of S. Germano, on Palm Sunday, the pope laid another interdict on Frederick Emperor of Germany and King of Sicily. He gave over his body to Satan for the salvation of his soul, absolved all his subjects from their allegiance, laid every place, in which he might be, under interdict, degraded all ecclesiastics who should perform the services of the church before him, or maintain any connexion with him; and commanded the publication of this sentence to take place with the greatest solemnity and publicity throughout Christendom. The articles of impeachment charged Frederick with exciting the Roman people to rebellion, with many acts of hostility and aggression upon the church, with his favour towards Mahometans, and his throwing impediments in the way of the reconquest of the Holy Land.

At Padua, Peter de Vinea, the chief justice of the kingdom of Naples, delivered a long exculpatory sermon on a text out of Ovid— 'Leniter,

'Leniter, ex merito quicquid patiare, ferendum est;
Quæ venit indigno pœna, dolenda venit.'

Another vindication was issued in the name of the archbishops of Messina and Palermo, and other eminent ecclesiastics. These were comparatively calm and argumentative state papers. But the war of manifestoes became speedily more fierce and personal. The emperor and the pope appealed against each other to the kings of the Christian world, and to all Christendom. In these singular documents, not the least curious or characteristic part is the frequency, and, to our ears, profane misapplication of scriptural language. In his address to all Christian kings, Frederick boldly declares Gregory unworthy of his high office, and appeals to a general council:—

'But ye, O kings and princes of the earth, lament not only for us, but for the church; for her head is sick, her prince like a roaring lion; in the midst of her sits a man of falsehood, a corrupt priest, a frantic prophet.'

To the whole of Christendom he uses these strangely perverted phrases:—

'The Pharisees and Scribes have gathered themselves together, and held a council concerning their lord, the Roman emperor. "What shall we do," say they, "for this man triumphs over all his enemies? If we let him alone, he will subdue all Lombardy; and, after the manner of the emperors, not hesitate, as far as he is able, to drive us from our places and root out our race. He will entrust the vineyard of the Lord to other labourers, and condemn and destroy us without trial. . . . . We must attack this Cæsar, not only with words but with all our no longer to be concealed arrows. We will shoot out these till they strike him, strike him—till they wound, till they wound him—till they overthrow, till they overthrow him." . . . . Thus speak the Pharisees, who in our days sit in the seat of Moses. . . . And this father of all fathers, who calls himself the servant of the servants of God, changes himself into a deaf adder; setting aside judgment and justice, refuses to hear the vindication of the Cæsar; hath cast out, despising all counsel, his malediction into the world, like a stone from a sling; and sternly, and heedless of all consequences, cries aloud,—'What I have written, I have written.'"

Frederick appealed, in better keeping, to the words addressed by our Lord to his apostles after his resurrection: he said not,—'Take arms and shield, bow and sword;' but 'Peace be with you.' He taunts the avarice, the luxury of the pope, and even turns his name against him,—

'Gregorius, gregis disgregator potius.'

The pope, in his reply, was not less prodigal of personal invective and scriptural metaphor:—

'Out

'Out of the sea is a beast arisen, covered with the name of Blasphemy, with the feet of a bear, the jaws of a raging lion, and the rest of his shape like a leopard. He opens his mouth against the name of God, and darts his poisoned arrows against the tabernacle of heaven, and the saints that dwell therein.'

After an elaborate detail of the offences of Frederick, he at length advances the well-known charge,—

'This king of pestilence maintains (we use his own words) that the whole world has been deceived by three impostors—Moses, Mahomet, and Christ; of whom, two died in honour, the third was hanged upon a cross.'

Popular rumour, propagated by the zealous activity of the hostile priesthood, had scattered abroad many other sayings of Frederick, equally revolting to the feeling of his age. He was said to have jested on the immaculate conception,—and the transubstantiation of the mass; the speech concerning the fertility of the Holy Land we have already alluded to. Frederick hastened to repel that awful charge, and to show tha the was at least as well read in the Book of Revelations as the pope—(our readers perhaps may have some wicked reminiscences of old Mause in the Tales of my Landlord):—

'He, in name only a pope, has called us the beast that arises out of the sea, and is named Blasphemy: we again maintain that he is the beast, of which is written—"And there went out another horse that was red; and power was given him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, that the living should kill one another." For, from the time of his accession, hath this father, not of amity but of disunion, not of consolation but of desolation, plunged the whole world in bitterness. And, if we understand rightly his words, he is the great dragon who has deceived the whole world—the Anti-Christ of whom he declares us the forerunner—a second Balaam, hired to curse us for money—the prince of the princes of darkness, who arose out of the abyss, with the cup of bitterness, to waste the land and the sea.'

The emperor disclaims, in the most emphatic terms, the speech about the three impostors—rehearses the part of the Apostle's Creed relating to Christ—expresses most orthodox veneration for Moses—and, according to the feeling of the time, no less orthodox hatred of Mahomet:—

'As to Mahomet, we have always maintained that his body is floating in the air, surrounded by devils, his soul tormented in hell; because his works were works of darkness, and contrary to the laws of the Most High.'

The first thing which strikes us in reading this papal and imperial controversy (which our author has judiciously given at considerable length, since nothing can be more strongly illustrative of the

the character of the times) is the religious dialect in which the whole is couched. Those who have attempted to trace the scriptural expressions and imagery of Dante, have been scarcely aware that such had long been the language of the Christian world. These manifestos, indeed, were sent forth in Latin, but the Ghibelline party, as they were addressed to all orders, would take care that at least their substance should be made known in their popular dialects. The same imagery, and not a little of the heretical tone concerning the pride, the luxury, the pomp of the papal see, were disseminated by the Franciscans, the Methodists of Roman Catholicism. At first, indeed, these popular preachers were so entirely in the papal interest, that Frederick took the bold and decisive measure of expelling them from the kingdom of Naples; but—both as disseminating that which may be called the poetic Christian language, in the vulgar tongue, and as inveighing against the abuses of the papal power, some of the Franciscan preachers may be considered the link between Frederick II. and the Florentine poet. We do not distinctly recollect whether Signor Rosetti, in his ingenious though too refined and systematic attempts to elucidate the mysteries of that great poem, has included these manifestoes of the emperor and the pope, as showing the tendency of the age to adapt the mystic allegories of the Revelations to the events and characters of the day. The rude hymns, the satires, the mysticism of Fra Jacopone di Todi, who was imprisoned by Boniface VIII. for disrespect to the successor of St. Peter, are something in the same strain. There can be no doubt that both of these might contribute a curious chapter to a work not yet adequately executed, the 'Historia Reformationis ante Reformationem;' though, after all, perhaps they might chiefly command public attention now-a-days as throwing some light, however feeble, on the composition of the 'Divina Commedia.' How wonderful the privilege of true genius,—that state papers, which almost arrayed Europe in hostile conflict, which spoke the contending sentiments of factions, that divided every county, every city, every household,—are chiefly interesting as illustrative of a single poem!

The religion of Frederick is, and will ever be, a more inscrutable problem. How far was he beyond his age? how far had he ventured from the thick darkness of his time into the daylight of reason? Had he advanced still farther into the dim thickets of doubt, or plunged into the bottomless abyss of unbelief? His real sentiments can neither be ascertained from the careless speeches which he may have hazarded in his light hours of social revelry, nor from the public confession of faith which was extorted from him by the dangerous accusations of the pope—though in this, at the time, he may have been, or at least thought himself to be,

be, perfectly sincere; nor even from his legislation, which necessarily accommodated itself to the predominant spirit of the age.

M. von Raumer considers the religion of Frederick in something of that psychological point of view in which German philosophy delights to treat such questions. But the metaphysical language of this system is not yet familiar, and could be scarcely intelligible, to the common English ear. We should arrive, in a different way perhaps, at the same conclusion, that 'the inquiring and doubting emperor might be a much better Christian than many a simply superstitious monk.' Frederick himself would probably have found it very difficult strictly to define his own creed. He was in that situation in which the minds of eminent and influential men must be when in advance of their age, clearly seeing that much was wrong, but unable accurately to estimate how much: now driven by the intolerant bigotry of a hostile church to the desperate rejection of the whole system, with which so many manifest abuses were thus intimately associated; now trembling at his own boldness, and recoiling in conscientious apprehension to the foot of the altar. Not merely may he who at one period would be a rational Christian, pass at another, like Frederick, for a Jew, a Mahometan, a Heretic, an Atheist—(charges which, as M. von Raumer justly observes, destroy each other)—but his own language, if of a gay and sportive cast, as the emperor's appears to have been, his conduct and state of mind, may be so uncertain and fluctuating as almost to justify the malicious accusations of his enemies. Yet, nevertheless, the seemingly inconsistent mind may be sincerely ardent for the truth—may be struggling with intense and earnest zeal for conviction—at one time may have aspirations of the loftiest faith, while at another it may be floating unfixed and insecure upon the shifting currents of scepticism.

At first victory crowned the arms of Frederick in every quarter; city after city fell; the papal malediction hovered in vain over his head; heaven ratified not the decree of its vicar upon earth. But the aged pope was still undaunted by personal danger, and unbroken by the defeat of his allies. Though near a hundred years old, he made no submissive offers of reconciliation; when the armies of Frederick gathered like toils around his lair, he shut himself in the city of Rome, and, still confident in the goodness of his cause, defied the terrors of capture and imprisonment. But he did not live to see the reverses of his devoted enemy, nor the deliverance and the triumph of the Roman see. The death of Gregory has been ascribed to chagrin and disappointment at the failure of his schemes; M. von Raumer conceives that the unwholesome air of the crowded city, in which he was forced

forced to take refuge with all his followers during the heat of summer, was the real cause of his death. But a few weeks before his decease Gregory wrote these words:—

'Do not permit yourselves, ye faithful, to be cast down by the unfavourable appearances of the present moment; be neither depressed by misfortune, nor elated by prosperity; put your trust in God, and endure his trials with patience: the bark of Peter is for a time tossed by tempests and dashed against breakers; but soon it emerges unexpectedly from the foaming billows, and sails uninjured over the glassy surface.'

The new pope, Celestine IV., elected under the terror of Frederick's successful arms, died sixteen days after his election: the cardinals, who had suffered every kind of privation, and dreaded the poisonous air of Rome, had taken the opportunity of flight, and nearly two years elapsed before the chair of St. Peter was filled again. Frederick himself was at length obliged to urge on the election. He was still under the ban of excommunication; none but a pope could cancel the anathema of a pope. Whatever advantages he may have derived from the want of a head to the opposite faction—whether, as M. von Raumer debates the question, he may have entertained some design of changing the constitution of the church from a papal monarchy into an aristocracy of the cardinals—the general voice of Christendom demanded, in language which could not be misunderstood and might not be opposed, the election of a new spiritual sovereign. The choice fell on a cardinal, once closely connected with the interests, and supposed to be attached to the person, of Frederick—Sinibald Fiesco, of the Genoese house of Lavagna. He assumed the name of Innocent IV.—a fatal omen that he intended to tread in the steps of Innocent III. Frederick was congratulated on the accession of his declared partisan; he coldly and prophetically answered, 'I fear that in the cardinal I have lost a good friend, and in the pope shall find my worst enemy. *No pope can be a Ghibelline.*'

Negotiations commenced, but in vain. The pope demanded the liberation of the ecclesiastics of the opposite faction, whom Frederick had captured in an encounter by sea; and on all other points his tone was as high and as uncompromising as at the height of the papal power. Frederick, who was now at the summit of his glory—his fame untarnished by discomfiture—Italy prostrate at his feet—his hereditary dominions attached to him by love, the empire by respect and awe (for his rebellious son was by this time dead)—on his part demanded in the first place the repeal of the interdict. But the star of the Hohenstaufen had reached its height; it began to decline, to darken—and

its fall was as rapid and precipitate as its rise had been slow and stately. The first sign of evil omen was the defection of Viterbo to the Guelphic party. Frederick was so enraged at the insulting behaviour of the insurgents that he declared, 'that if he had one foot in Paradise he would turn back to revenge himself on the Viterbans, for their ill-usage of his partisans and the razing of their houses.' But the obstinate and successful resistance of the rebellious town broke the charm by which victory seemed bound to his banners—city after city revolted; and the fatal intelligence arrived, that the pope, who, as long as he was environed by the imperial armies, was obliged to maintain at least some appearance of pacific intentions, had burst his toils and reached the shores of France. The Council of Lyons was speedily summoned; all the old charges against the emperor were renewed and aggravated —he was again, notwithstanding the bold and eloquent defence of his representative, Thaddeus of Suessa, excommunicated, deposed, and his subjects absolved from their allegiance. The solemn ceremonial of the interdict has been often described; never was it uttered against so noble a victim—never followed with more awful consequences:—

'When Innocent, without full investigation, without putting it to the vote, without any apparent participation of the Council of the Church, uttered so severe a sentence against the Emperor, the majority of the assembly were panic-struck; above all, the imperial ambassadors uttered their lamentations, beat their heads and their breasts in sorrow; and Thaddeus of Suessa cried aloud—"This is a day of wrath, of tribulation, and of anguish!—Now will the heretics rejoice, the Charismians prevail, the race of the Moguls urge their irruptions!" "I have done my part," answered the Pope; "God must do the rest, and guide according to his will." Thereupon he began the "We magnify thee, O Lord God,"—and all his partisans lifted up their voices with him. At the end of the hymn followed a deep silence; then Innocent and the prelates held down their burning torches to the ground till they were extinguished,—"So be the glory and the fortune of the emperor extinguished upon earth!"'

The spell of the magician began to work: everywhere was revolt, insurrection, mistrust, defeat, shame, sorrow. Germany elected a new king of the Romans: from one end of Lombardy to the other, the Guelphic faction predominated; the barons of Apulia rose in rebellion—the severest measures were necessary to repress the intrigues of the monks in Sicily itself—the Franciscans and Dominicans were banished the realm—the clergy heavily taxed, and forced, as far as the emperor's power could reach, to perform the services of the church in defiance of the papal interdict. At the fatal battle of Fossalta, his favourite natural son, Enzius, was taken prisoner; and his heart was still

still more deeply wounded by a solemn vow of the Bolognese never to release the prisoner—a vow which they sternly maintained, notwithstanding the menaces and the most prodigal offers of ransom made by the disconsolate father. According to Sismondi, the loss of liberty was afterwards mitigated as far as possible by the attention and respect shown to their captive by the Bolognese nobility; according to M. von Raumer, it was aggravated by many petty vexations. We regret that we have not room for his romantic account of the attempt of Enzius to escape, after twenty years of captivity, when he contrived to conceal himself in a cask, but was betrayed by a lock of hair, too beautiful to belong to any one else but the royal prisoner.

Only six years had elapsed since the flight of Innocent—and the gay and splendid monarch, who at the age of twenty-one had won the imperial crown, and worn it with greater dignity than any former sovereign; the crusader who had recovered the kingdom of Jerusalem by an honourable treaty; the master, but now, of the whole of Italy, whose fortunes had for so long defied even the papal anathema—Frederick II.—lay expiring in the castle of Fiorentino, near Luceria, leaving to his son no more than the crown of Naples, and that endangered by the hostility of the pope. Sorrows even heavier than approaching death loaded the mind of the failing monarch. His favourite son lay pining in hopeless imprisonment. Of his most faithful followers, one, the bold Thaddeus of Suessa, who had maintained his cause with such intrepidity before the council of Lyons, had been cut off by a barbarous death. He had been taken prisoner by the insurgents of Parma. When captured, he was almost expiring from loss of blood; the Parmesans, considering him the adviser of the severe measures which had been put in force against their city, literally hewed him in pieces. The other, Peter of Vinea, his brother poet, who had shared his festive enjoyments in Palermo and Naples—to whose judicial integrity and consummate statesmanship he had intrusted his most secret affairs—his confidential counsellor in all his exigencies—in the touching language of Scripture, 'his dear familiar friend'—had, it seems, taken counsel against him. Much obscurity still hangs over the fate of Peter de Vinea. M. von Raumer does not entirely disbelieve that circumstantial narrative of Matthew Paris, which has been rejected by many writers. According to this account, while Frederick lay ill, the confidential physician of Peter had prescribed for him, and prepared his medicine. The Emperor, who had received a private warning, said,—"My friend, I put my full trustin you. But take care, I entreat you, that poison is not administered to me instead of physic." Peter answered, "Sire, how often has my physician prepared for you wholesome

some medicine! why are you now afraid?" Frederick, with a darkening brow, said to the physician, Drink thou half of it, and give me the rest."'

The physician, conscious of his guilt, pretended to stumble, and spilled the draught. A little remained in the cup, but that little caused death in some malefactors who were forced to drink it.

'When the treason appeared so manifest to the emperor, he was seized with inconceivable and inconsolable anguish of mind; it was heart-rending to see one of such lofty rank on earth, so far advanced in age, and till this time unshaken by calamity, bitterly weeping and wringing his hands, and crying,—"Woe is me! when my nearest friends are thus incensed against me, whom can I trust? Where can I now be secure—how can I ever again be happy?"'

Peter, however, either conscious of the enormous guilt, or desperate because he had no means of proving his innocence, ran, as he was led to prison, with his head against the wall, and died. M. von Raumer thinks, that this story may be true, yet that only the physician, not Peter de Vinea, might be guilty of the design to poison. He is not, however, inclined altogether to acquit the chancellor of tampering in the papal intrigues. It is fair, perhaps, at least it is a temptation we cannot resist, to quote the exculpation of Dante, whom the injured spirit intreats to rescue his memory from disgrace:—

'Comforti la memoria mia, che giace
Ancor del colpo, che' invidia le diede.'

The following is the language attributed by the Ghibelline poet to Peter de Vinea:—

'I' son colui, che tenni ambo le chiavi
Del cuor de Federigo, e che le volsi,
Serrando e disserando si soavi,
Che dal segreto suo quasi ogni uom tolsi;
Fede portai al glorioso ufizio
Tanto ch' i' ne perde le vene è polsi:
La meretrice, che mai dell' ospizio
Di Cesare non torse gli occhi putti,
Morte commune, e delle corte vizio,
Infiammò contra me gli animi tutti,
E gl' infiammati infiammar sì Augusto
Che i lieti onor tornaro in tristi lutti.
L' animo mio, per disdegnoso gusto,
Credendo col morir fuggir disdegno,
Ingiusto fece me contra me giusto.
Per le nuove radici d' esto legno
Vi giuro, che giammai non ruppi fede
Al mio signor, che fu d' onor sì degno.'—

Inferno, xiii. l. 58.

As

As Mr. Cary's version of the passage appears particularly happy, we subjoin it.

'I it was who held
Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turn'd the wards,
Opening and shutting with a skill so sweet,
That besides me into his inmost breast
Scarce any other could admittance find.
The faith I bore to my high charge was such,
It cost me the life-blood that fill'd my veins.
The harlot who ne'er turn'd her gloating eyes
From Cæsar's household, common vice and pest
Of courts, 'gainst me inflamed the minds of all,
And to Augustus they so spread the flame,
That my glad honours changed to bitter woes;
My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought
Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,
Just as I was, unjust towards myself.
By the new roots, which fix this stem, I swear
That never faith I broke to my liege lord,
Who merited such honour.'

Frederick did not long survive. On the 7th of December, 1250, the great antagonist of the papacy died, at the age of fifty-six. He confessed his sins, and received absolution from the archbishop of Palermo. His remains were buried in that city which he had embellished so long with his court; and on the opening of the royal cemetery in 1783, his body was found in perfect preservation, and in imperial attire. Thus, after above five centuries, were two of the calumnies relating to his death refuted, that his body had rotted while he was alive, and that he had, 'dying, put on the weeds' of the Cistercian order. We share in M. von Raumur's indignation, that the remains of this extraordinary man were not treated with respect—two other bodies were thrown into his coffin. Those who would wish to obtain a just opinion of Frederick, in those parts of his distinguished character which we have been unable to notice, particularly as a legislator, a patron of learning, and founder of universities, will do well to consult the volumes of M. von Raumer.

We hasten to the last scene of our tragic drama. At the age of twenty-five died Conrad, the son of Frederick, leaving only the ill-fated Conradin, with no aid, save in the valour and ability of Manfred, the natural son of the emperor, to protect the throne of Naples against the inexorable hostility of the pope. The usurpation of the throne by this very Manfred—the crusade excited against him by the pope—the avarice of Charles VIII.—the fatal battle near Benevento, in which Manfred lost his kingdom and

and his life, rapidly crowd the scene; and Conradin is at length left alone to raise once more the battle-cry of the house of Swabia. In the field of Tagliacozzo that cry was heard, never to be heard again; and we shall adopt the language of M. von Raumer to describe the closing scene, in which the destiny of that house drew her pall over the last remains of the Hohenstaufen, on the scaffold of Conradin.

'Conradin was playing at chess when he received the intelligence of his condemnation; he did not lose his self-command, but, with the companions of his misfortunes, employed the short time that was left him in making his will, and in reconciling himself with God by confession and prayer.

'In the meantime the scaffold was raised, in the utmost silence, right before the city, near what was afterwards called the New Market, and the Church of the Carmelites. It appeared as if this place were chosen in malice, to show to Conradin, yet once more before his death, the splendour and beauty of his kingdom. The waves of the sea, which are here as lovely as they are peaceful, flow in as far as this spot, and before the eyes of the spectator spreads the magic circle of Portici, Castella-Mare, Sorrento, and Massa, which surrounds this noblest of bays, standing out more distinct in the dazzling light of the clear southern atmosphere. On the left the dark and lofty summit of Vesuvius suggests to the thought the awful might of nature; on the right the horizon is bounded by the rugged and broken rocks of the Island of Capua, where Tiberius, a worthy rival of Charles of Anjou, held his orgies.

'On the 29th of October, 1268, two months after the battle of Skurkola, the condemned prisoners were led to the place of judgment, where the executioner, with naked feet and bare arms, already awaited them. After King Charles had taken what was considered a place of honour in the window of a neighbouring castle, Robert of Bari, their iniquitous judge, spoke thus, according to his command:—"Ye assembled people! This Conradin, the son of Conrad, came from Germany, as the misleader of this people, to reap a harvest that others had sowed, and unjustly to attack the legitimate sovereign. At first he obtained an accidental advantage; but by the valour of our king the victor was vanquished, and he who considered himself bound by no laws, was led in bondage before the tribunal of our king, which he had attempted to overthrow. On this account, with the sanction of the church, and by the counsel of the wise and of the learned in the law, sentence of death has been passed upon him and his accomplices, as a robber, a rebel, a disturber of the public peace, and a traitor; and, to prevent all future danger, this sentence must be thus carried into execution in the sight of the whole people."

'As the multitude heard this, to most of them unexpected, sentence, a dull murmur arose, which betrayed the lively emotion of their minds; but terror still predominated, and Robert of Flanders alone,

alone, the king's son-in-law, a man no less comely than noble-minded, sprang forward, and said to Robert of Bari, "How darest thou, audacious and iniquitous villain, condemn to death so valiant and so princely a knight?" and at the same time struck him with his sword with such violence that he was carried away for dead. The king suppressed his wrath, for he saw that the whole French knighthood applauded the action of the count: yet the sentence remained unrepealed.

'Hereupon Conradin requested permission to address the people, and spoke with perfect composure:—"As a sinner before God, I have deserved death, but here I am unjustly condemned. I appeal to all loyal subjects, to whom my ancestors have shown their fatherly care; I appeal to all the sovereigns and princes of the earth, whether he is guilty of a capital crime who protects his own right and that of his people. And even were I guilty, how dare they thus barbarously punish my guiltless followers, who, owing allegiance to no one else, have adhered to me with praiseworthy fidelity!" These words produced emotions of pity in all, but no one would act; and he alone, whose emotions could have had any effect, remained hard as stone, not only against the arguments of justice, but even against those impressions which the rank, the youth, the beauty of the sufferers, made on every one else. Conradin then cast his glove down from the scaffold, to be conveyed to Peter, King of Aragon, as a testimony that he made over to him all his rights upon Apulia and Sicily; the Knight Henry Truchsess, of Waldburg, took up the glove, and fulfilled the last wish of his prince.

'Conradin, bereft of all hope of a change in his unjust doom, embraced his fellow victims, particularly Frederick of Austria, then took off his upper garment, and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, said, "Jesus Christ, Lord of all created beings, King of Glory! since this cup may not pass from me, I commend my spirit to thy hands." Immediately he knelt down, and raising himself once again, he said, "Oh, my mother! what anguish am I causing thee!"'—vol. iv. p. 618.

After these words the death-blow fell. The blood thus mingled with the earth was the last of the house of Swabia, which had given so many emperors to the West. The Sicilian Vespers exacted a dreadful retribution for this most execrable judicial murder that ever disgraced the annals of mankind. Had its chief author been involved in the ruin which was brought upon his subjects, it would be difficult to point out an example in which we might more visibly trace the justice of Divine Providence. But the bloody deeds which reddened the soil of Naples could not revive that noble stem, under the shadow of whose branches the kingdom had so long reposed in glory and peace. Charles VIII. warred even upon the dead. After the horrible butchery of Conradin's

radin's followers, which we have been reluctant to trace, the bodies, a thousand in number, were not interred in consecrated earth—some were hastily buried in the sand of the sea-shore—some, it is believed, in the cemetery of the Jews. The fate of Conradin's own remains is by no means certain.

ART. III.—*Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart.*; per legem terræ *Lord Chandos of Sudeley*, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1834.

THIS is the *third* attempt which the author has made to convey to the world a detailed account of his personal and literary career; but, whether or not nature designed him for a poet, she certainly never meant him to be an historian—and vain will be the efforts of any reader to gather from any one of his autobiographies a definite notion even of the chief external events in this gentleman's now long life. By laying together his *Recollections*, published at Geneva in 1825—his *Autobiographical Memoir*, dated Paris, 1826—and the present more copious, if not more elaborate performance, something like an accurate outline might perhaps be formed; but who will take so much trouble to clear up what one who writes perpetually, and hardly *now* ever writes except about himself, has, by such unheard-of haste and carelessness, contrived to leave still in the dark? His style, however, is always easy, often beautiful: his casual reflections are occasionally admirable; and his own story, in whatever beclouded fragments he doles it out, has some leading features so pregnant with instruction and warning, that we must take this opportunity of shortly inviting our readers', and more especially our young readers', attention to them. Though we can have no hope to acquit ourselves of this task in a manner entirely satisfactory to Sir Egerton Brydges, we shall begin and conclude it with no feelings towards himself personally, except those of admiration for his natural talents and rich attainments, and sincere and respectful pity for the misfortunes that have darkened round the evening of his days.

We know no example to be compared to this, of the comparative worthlessness to a man (and consequently to his country and posterity) of high intellectual gifts, amiable feelings, varied accomplishments, splendid opportunities, and ceaseless *activity*, *all combined*, in the absence of a just appreciation of himself, a rational degree of deference to the judgments of society, *clear* aims, and *orderly* diligence.

Sir Egerton Brydges was born in the ancient manor-house of

of Wootton, near Canterbury, in 1762; the second son of a country gentleman of honourable (if not of illustrious) descent, and the possessor, apparently, of an estate amply sufficient to maintain him in the rank of his ancestors. Our author's mother was a lady of the great family of Egerton; whence his baptismal name, and subsequently a large addition of property to this branch of the house of Brydges. He received, of course, the best education, as far as he was willing to avail himself of the opportunities placed liberally within his reach; spent several years at Cambridge; was called to the bar in 1787; and mingled from early youth in the best society, whether in Kent or in London. Not attaining rapid success at the bar, where few, if any, ever do so, he soon wearied of his profession, retired into a country house in Hampshire, and there devoted himself to belles-lettres and English antiquities, until, by the death of his elder brother, he came into possession of the family estates, when he removed into Kent. His love of the scenery of his native county appears to have been one of the strongest feelings in his breast; and here he continued all through the prime of his life, eternally writing and printing; a catalogue of the productions of his private press at Lee Priory would indeed fill one of our pages. A short period, during which he acted as captain of a troop of fencibles—and another, hardly longer, during which he sat in the House of Commons, but without making any figure there—hardly deserve to be noticed as breaking his course of rural retirement in what ought to be, perhaps, the very happiest of all earthly stations. Habits of careless, lavish expenditure, however, gradually crumbled down the very handsome fortune which he had inherited; and being no longer able to maintain the style of living to which he had been accustomed, and moreover thoroughly disgusted with this country for two specific reasons to be hereafter touched upon, Sir Egerton at length quitted Kent and England; and has, with rare intervals, resided on the continent for the last sixteen years. His innumerable publications of this period bear dates almost as numberless—Florence, Rome, Naples, Paris—and latterly, for the most part, that of Geneva. He is now in the seventy-third year of his age: as indefatigable in composition as ever, with all his faculties entire, and with abundance of *leisure*, at all events, to review calmly a long course of experience.

The result may be thus shortly stated. If we were to judge from isolated passages, no one ever reviewed the life of another with more calmness and fairness than Sir Egerton would seem to have carried over the retrospect of his own. There is not a word, perhaps, which any human being would think it right to say of him, in his literary capacity at least, which he has not said of himself

himself somewhere in the course of these two volumes; and we doubt if there be any criticism honestly due to his course of life as an English landlord, which has not in like manner been anticipated in his own nervous and feeling language. But these things are the *panni;* the main texture of the work is throughout that of complaint and repining—a strain of angry invective against individuals and society at large is constantly resumed; and though he over and over again confesses distinctly his own guilt of every imputation that has been laid to his charge, his own perfect desert especially of the comparative neglect with which his literary efforts have been treated by the generality of his contemporaries, he seems to have these admissions extorted from him in moments of lucid vision, only granted to render more palpable the habitual darkness in which it is his pleasure to wrap his reflections. Sir Egerton may be compared to a man who has a good pair of eyes of his own, and now and then condescends to make good use of them; but who, from some fantastic caprice, has so long indulged in the habit of looking at all the world, his own image included, through an artificially tinted lens, that he is never at his ease when the unfortunate toy is in his pocket.

There are, in a word, two circumstances which have poisoned this accomplished man's existence: first, the failure of his family to satisfy the House of Peers, about the beginning of this century, that they had made out a legal claim to the honours of the old barony of *Chandos;* and secondly, his own failure in achieving for himself a *first-rate* name as an English author, by a long lifetime most zealously devoted to the pursuits of literature. With regard to the first of these affairs, we must content ourselves with stating the universal belief of sane mankind, that a tribunal more entirely free from every suspicion than the British House of Lords, acting in its judicial capacity, never existed in this world, and never will exist; and that, whether Sir Egerton Brydges be or be not right in his personal judgment that the claim was made out, no living creature but himself will ever entertain the slightest notion that that claim could have been there disallowed, except in reluctant obedience to the dictates of deliberate conviction. We ourselves incline to believe that the claim was just in itself, but that the evidence was not technically complete; but however this may be, our author's eternal insinuations, that personal pique and spleen were the true motives of opposition on the part of the crown lawyers, are the merest day-dreams of exaggerated self-love. The virulent abuse with which, in numberless publications, he has assailed the memory of Mr. Perceval, then solicitor-general, is wholly indefensible. What possible gratification could it afford to such a man as Mr. Perceval to strain the course of justice in order

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to exclude a respectable, wealthy, and ancient country-gentleman from the honours of an English barony to which he was really entitled? The crown officers were bound to fulfil a certain course of duty; so were the judges of the high tribunal before which the case was tried. And Sir Egerton ought, at least, to have the matter tried over again, before he dares to hazard one whisper of the injurious tenour thus shortly alluded to by us—once for all, and not, we must own, without some mixture of indignation in our pity. He now, we see, announces himself on his title-pages, and, we are told, signs his letters, as '*per legem terræ* Lord Chandos of Sudeley.' Can this childish vaunt afford even a momentary satisfaction to a high mind?

The other great grievance is Sir Egerton's literary one. With respect to it, we cannot do better than re-quote an emphatic sentence from Mr. Sharp's 'Letters:' namely, 'A want of harmony between the talents and the temperament is, wherever it is found, the fruitful source of faults and of sufferings. Perhaps few are less happy than those who are ambitious without industry—who pant for the prize, but will not run the race.' Sir Egerton has all his days been busy without industry—perpetually panting for the prize, but never sufficiently persevering to make out one real *heat*.

In vain would he console himself with such fond flattery as the following—

'Genuine poetry lies in the thought and sentiment, not in the dress; and these spring from the native powers of the head and heart, which no study or artifice can give. Memory, artifice, and industry may assist an author in making imitations, but they will want raciness and life. *Lord Byron* has made a great outcry against pretensions to sensibility; but no one had more intense sensibility than he had; and this outcry was itself an affectation. It is fear to go alone, and frankly to lay open one's own internal movements, which diverts genius from its course, and makes it produce spurious fruit. But I cannot think that any one can so deceive himself as to believe, when he is writing from the memory, that he is writing from the heart. My sensitiveness from childhood was the source of the most morbid sufferings, as well as of the most intense pleasures, &c. &c.'—vol. i. p. 5.

Does Sir Egerton seriously believe that Lord Byron ever dreamt of disparaging *sensibility*? He attacks the *professors* of ultra-sensibility, because he had observed mankind sharply, and seen that these were often in fact cold-hearted scoundrels; but the glorious gift of Heaven itself he partook as largely and reverenced as profoundly as any of his contemporaries. He, no doubt, despised those who set up for poets with no stock in trade but *sensibility*; but this was simply because he himself happened

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to be a great artist, as well as a man of delicate nervous organization; and he therefore very well knew that he owed to intense study of himself and of the world—to most indefatigable industry—the means of stamping immortality on the delineations of mental emotion.

Sir Egerton would fain deceive *himself*—but he does not succeed even in that: by us, and by all who have observed his career attentively, it is considered as highly probable that, had he done justice to his own powers, had he been able to command his thirst for fame, and brave enough to make one really great effort, and await the result with manly calmness, instead of frittering away his strength in puny lucubrations, each forgotten next morning only to be followed by another equally ephemeral, he might have long ere now taken his place among the best of his age; but if a man, a man of leisure and fortune too, far removed from the necessity of writing for bread, will indulge himself in a fretful career of pettynesses, he must take the consequences. The men whose lot he would fain have partaken were cast in a far other mould than his: they did not confound real literary industry, the noble toil of energetic intellect, with the habit of covering every day a certain surface of paper—they never expected the rewards of first-rate authorship from broadsides and pamphlets, a few hasty novels, and a swarm of black-letter reprints.

But of all this, as we have already hinted, Sir Egerton himself, in his saner moods, appears to be completely conscious. He then feels, as we all see, that the temperament of genius has been his in an exquisite degree, but that his strength of mind and fixity of purpose have never been on the same scale either with that or with his ambition. It is on this point that we wish principally to arrest the attention of young literary enthusiasts. The delicate sensibilities of genius are precious gifts: nothing great can be done without them; but by their means alone nothing either great or good ever has been or ever will be effected in the world of letters. They are but the materials for laborious and patient art to work with; and he who cannot command them within his own bosom, will never command the thoughts and feelings of mankind to such an extent as is required for the erection of an intellectual authority over a cultivated age. Sir Egerton's ambition in this way has evidently been set upon something rather more important than the Barony of Chandos.

Having missed the prize, he is now not seldom in the mood to disparage it; but who does not understand such passages as the following?—

'The wise plan would seem to me, at this too late period of my life, to be, in cases of the most humble competence, to keep aloof from

from all the paths of human contest or rivalry, and to pass one's days in retirement, despising show, and vanity, and notice, and seeking to while away the time by any innocent and self-dependent amusement. We seek distinction by an inherent propensity; but it is of no worth if obtained. I regret that I ever had any ambition.' —pp. 102-4.

The true subject of regret ought to be that he did not either bring up his mental habits to the pitch of his ambition, or lower his ambition to some point of easier attainment. He says elsewhere, however,—nay, it is but at the distance of a couple of pages,—

'In the sphere of higher society—among those whose intellect must guide human affairs,—there is a demand for the genius and talents which see far and wide,—into which individual interests, and the petty management which give selfish advantages at the expense of others, do not enter. *There* great mental gifts are properly appreciated, and make their way. Thus no man of genius, or superiority of mind, should ever place himself in a narrow neighbourhood.'—p. 94.

And this comes from the same pen which can still pour out such eternal diatribes as the following:—

'I now sit at the window of my humble campagne at Geneva, catching a glimpse of the noble lake, and defy or forget a world which once troubled me, and whose spite and other evil passions I once was not strong enough to overcome. Now they pass by me unheeded; they rattle along the road, but do not disturb my calm; and I live in the company of departed poets, and sublime and tender moralists. Many of my feelings have been anticipated by Cowley in his admirable prose-essays, which are models of thought, sentiment, and language. Everything is at the mercy of mind: if we think rightly we are capable of enjoyment under almost any adversity or deprivation. Calumny and detraction may rage; but in retirement we hear it not. There is a noble stanza in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," beginning—

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny!"'—pp. 105.

We believe we have now quoted enough to let our readers into the secret of Sir Egerton's unfortunate state of mind. His burden is very like that of our old friend Timon of Athens—

'The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool; *all is oblique.*'

We proceed to extract a few specimens of this strange narrative, not with any view of further criticising the author's mistakes about himself, but simply as illustrative of the unhappy consequences which attend an exquisite temperament unaccompanied by strength of mind and firmness of purpose. The mingled tone of self-satisfaction and self-reproach which runs through the whole book is painfully but most interestingly characteristic; but in

in truth a great many of our extracts have been selected merely for the artless beauty of the language. Sir Egerton very seldom pursues one strain of thought or sentiment long enough to bring out the full impression at which he aims; but it is impossible not to be delighted with the felicitous gleams that every now and then escape him. Thus, nothing can be more exquisitely true and touching than the sketches he gives of himself in early boyhood—what would we not give for such a series of confessions from a Collins or a Chatterton, or any one whom all the world do agree in considering as an ill-used genius? At nine years of age he was sent to school at Maidstone:

'I was so timid on entering into school, and my spirits were so broken by separation from home, and the rudeness of my companions, that in my first schoolboy years I never enjoyed a moment of ease or cheerfulness. Many of those feelings, which I should now consider as necessarily associated to a poetical temperament, I then painfully concealed, lest they should subject me to ridicule; but I always entertained the resolution and the hope some day to break into notice.' —pp. 3–5.

In his *Memoir* of 1826, we find a passage on the same subject, which we wonder Sir Egerton has not preserved.

'My unhappiness at this first severance from my home was extreme. I entirely lost my spirits, and became a prey to timidity, shyness, and reserve. Hitherto, for some years, existence had been delight. I had lived almost in the open air, coursing through grass, and flowers, and leaves, unruffled by rivals, unsubdued by petty tyrants: the day was now irksome to me; and I looked forward to the next with dread. All that belonged to my family, and the spot of my nativity and childhood, were constantly before my fancy, in shapes and colours which made them seem like the appendages of Paradise. When Christmas came, and I reached home, my delight was so convulsive, that for two days I was agitated by continued fits of laughter, frightful enough to alarm all my family. About the third day my spirits became calmer. As the holidays came to a close, and at each succeeding return, my suffering was extreme. I remained at Maidstone school four years; and scarcely think that I ever enjoyed an hour there. My only intervening pleasure was to be found in the days spent at Linton,'—(a friend's seat on the borders of Coxheath,)—'of which every picture and every incident remains fresh upon my memory.'—*Autobiographical Memoir.* 1826.

We have said that Sir Egerton is quite incapable of narrating anything in a proper or logical order; but we are thankful that, about the middle of his first octavo, a casual mention of the 'Biographia Britannica' extracts from him another of these early reminiscences:—

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'The form is like Bayle's, but not the spirit. Scarce any article rises above mere compilation. It seems ungrateful to speak thus; for from this work I began at eight or nine years old to contract my passion for biography. I had the work constantly in my hands during the holidays, which I almost invariably spent at home. The volumes always lay in one of the windows of the common parlour at Wootton; and how often have I rejoiced when the rain and snow came, to keep me by the winter fireside, instead of mounting my pony, to follow all the morning my uncle's harriers! and when I was out, how I counted the hours till I could return to my beloved books! The moment dinner was over I drew my chair round to the fire, and one of these large volumes was opened upon my knees. I grew peevish if any one interrupted me; and was so totally absorbed in myself, that I was lost to all that was passing around me. At that time I was much more delighted with this work than with all the books of poetry that offered themselves to me.'—pp. 98, 99.

In another of these rambling chapters, he says,—

'At an early age, Buchanan's Latin poetry was a great and intimate favourite with me, and I got Milton's juvenile poems almost by heart. I generally carried these little volumes (the Elzevir of Buchanan) in my pocket. I read them on stiles, on banks, and under hedges, when the season allowed, as well as by the winter fire, when the weather kept me in-doors. Collins also was one of the earliest objects of my enthusiastic admiration. From fourteen or fifteen I dreamed of authorship, and never afterwards gave up the ambition.' —p. 114.

Again, after some of his philosophical old man's preachments against worldly ambition, far down in the book, we read:—

'But I used to hear from my earliest infancy of the rise and grandeur of my ancestor, Lord Chancellor Egerton, and of my royal blood.* Then, again, I heard of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who was my father's relation, and of whose education I have heard that my grandfather had the care. The portrait of Chancellor Egerton, in his official robes, hung by the bedside in which I was born, and seemed with his grave countenance to look solemnly upon me. The engraved portrait of the other chancellor always hung over the fireside of my uncle's justice-room. The Gibbon arms were there quartered with the Yorke *saltier*, and reminded me of the relationship, for I was always observant of heraldic symbols. I have no doubt that these things *made an impression on my mind, which operated strongly on my future fate.*'

No doubt of it: hence the excellent edition of Collins's Peerage —not forgetting the parenthetical section which it devotes to the

* Whether our author be or be not a legitimate descendant of the house whose titles he has assumed, there can be no question as to his truly illustrious maternal pedigree. The blood of almost every royal family in Europe mingled in the veins of the Bridgewater Egertons, of whom there is now no male survivor.

Chandos claim—hence, indeed, a full half of all that Sir Egerton has ever published; and yet he elsewhere expresses his opinion that

'Whenever a man is gifted with much originality and strength of faculties and feelings, the place of his birth, the rank, habits, and character of his ancestors, or his own early education and society, have but little influence on his own future bents, pursuits, powers, and colours of mind and heart. . . . . I begin to entertain the conviction that *such circumstances have had no imperative operation* on *my* intellectual propensities and efforts.'—*Autob. Mem.* Paris, 1826.

Was there ever such a delusion! And he goes on to observe, as 'the most striking circumstance' in proof of this new theory,

'that Milton and Gray, both the sons of scriveners, must have passed their childhoods in the heart of the city; and yet there exist in no other poetry such natural, fresh, vivid, exquisite rural images as in theirs; nor in any other are these introduced with more enthusiasm and unaffected fondness:'—

as if youths, gifted with such 'strength of faculties and feelings' as Milton and Gray, could have failed to taste with more exquisite rapture the beauties of the grove and the mead, because of the contrast of their own early days chiefly 'in populous city pent!' The glorious passage in the Paradise Lost to which we allude, paints, no doubt, the ecstatic delight of the boy Milton in his walks about the neighbourhood of London—a district, we need not say, as rich as any in the island with some of the most charming of Nature's beauties.

At Cambridge, Sir Egerton took no share in the mathematical studies of the place; he could, therefore, hope for no academical distinction; and now he loses no opportunity to sneer at his Alma Mater.

'It is curious to look over the list of names of those who took honours on their degrees at Cambridge from 1784 to 1823. Of two thousand nine hundred names, how very few afterwards obtained in life the smallest distinction! even of the septuagint of senior wranglers very few became afterwards known.'—p. 65.

'Fame is the spur by which almost all noble efforts are made. How happens it, then, that so few go on after they have once obtained university distinctions? Are they exhausted? Do they rest upon their laurels, or are the requisite tests of talent and mental culture fallacious? I should assuredly say the latter in the majority of cases, not in all. Gray, Wordsworth, and many others, attained no college honours!'—pp. 66, 67.

Sir Egerton, apparently, supposes that the great object of academical institutions ought to be the fostering of poetical talents; but we venture to doubt if Gray ever harboured such a notion; and certainly no man has written with higher enthusiasm of his mother

mother university, than the great living poet here alluded to by our autobiographer. *He* well knows that poets must educate themselves—that they can do so either *inter sylvas academi*, or whistling 'behind a plough upon the mountain side,' with equal success, so that they have the aim clear in their view, and take the true path to reach it; but that these unrivalled establishments were meant to supply, for the duties of *active life* in England, a succession of persons imbued with attachment to the civil and *religious* institutions of their country, and with the feelings of *gentlemen*;—*he* knows that nobly have they hitherto served the purpose for which they were endowed;—and *he*, before he sneered at the paucity of immortal reputations in science, literature, or politics, achieved among three thousand persons distinguished by academical honours at Cambridge, between 1784 and 1823, would have thought it his duty to ascertain how many of these persons had in after years done solid service to their generation as clergymen, physicians, lawyers, and magistrates.

How overweening is the vanity of many literary men as to the relative importance of their own pursuit! Grant that England has produced within the last fifty years as many really great names in letters as any country ever did within a similar period; and grant, if you will, that any one of these has done higher honour and more lasting good to the world than can come of a score of mere able labourers in any liberal profession, properly so called: but do not forget—mankind at large will never doubt—that any one such able and honest labourer in any of those walks of practical usefulness on which crowds of literati think themselves entitled to look down, is worth a whole regiment of authorlings; is by the universal sense of society more estimable living, and has, moreover, fully a better chance of being honourably remembered when dead. Sir Egerton proceeds to say:—

'We had scarce any poets at that time at Cambridge, unless Dr. Glyn of King's:* poetry was never in fashion there even in Gray's time; nothing was valued but mathematics. Gray was neglected, and often even affronted at this University, and it is strange that he continued to live on there; but it had many conveniences for a single man of small income, and there was the attraction of rich libraries—and, above all, habit. Probably more stir in society would have brought out more fruits from a copious mind, which suffered its riches to expire within it. Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Spenser, Milton, Dryden,—all led active lives. Byron was always in action. Indolence infallibly produces ennui and feebleness. What mind ever did so much as Burke's? and all his days he was engaged in the bustle of public life!'

* Dr. Glynn Glynn was a great wit and wag; and he once, for a bet we believe, wrote for and gained the Seatonian prize; but we fancy he would have laughed at the notion of his being considered a poet.

Gray, true poet as he was, happened to be a little, nervous, effeminate, old bachelor, with many personal habits not unlike those of his quondam companion Horace Walpole; and the giddy undergraduates often quizzed and sometimes hoaxed him! Therefore it was a wonder that Gray should continue to reside at Cambridge! The author of the *Elegy* understood both men and boys rather better than Sir Egerton.

He gives us, with all this nonsense, some amusing enough sketches of Cambridge society. Take, for instance, this glimpse of Dr. Farmer—the best certainly, after Johnson, of all the Commentators on Shakspeare:—

'Farmer was complacent and indolent, and sat surrounded by his cats and his books, and lost in his own bibliographical amusements; he was lax in his discipline and good-natured in his manners.'—p. 64.

Or this, of Dr. Plumptre:—

'He was a sort of petty literary amateur, who wrote petty attempts at *jeux d'esprit* on cards, in a formal hand, and wore a cauliflower wig curled in the sprucest manner: but he was a good sort of harmless, round-faced, little man, courteous to all, and always ready to do good-natured acts.'—p. 60.

These are true academical portraits: but what is to be said of the following?—

'I was once or twice in company with Porson at college. His gift was a surprising memory: he appeared to me a mere linguist, without any original powers of mind. He was vain, petulant, arrogant, overbearing, rough, and vulgar. He was a great Greek scholar; but this was a department which very few much cultivated, and in which, therefore, he had few competitors. What are the extraordinary productions which he has left to posterity? Where is the proof that he has left of energetic sentiments, of deep sagacity, of powerful reasoning, or of high eloquence? Admit that he has shown acuteness in verbal criticism, and verbal emendation;—what is that? He was one of those men whose eccentricities excited a false notice. The fame of his erudition dazzled and blinded the public.'

We hold that there is no better test of the extent of *genius* than the extent of its *sympathies*. The man who is blind to excellence, except in one walk, may be as clever as you will, but he cannot have the inventive faculty in great development; for that would necessarily lead to imagine the existence of whole worlds of excellence, in which the possessor himself could never hope to have a part. 'A linguist'—'verbal criticism'—'verbal emendation!'—How little does Sir Egerton apprehend what he is thus disparaging, in the case of a Porson! There is more of *genius*—more of poetical invention itself—in the 'deep sagacity' of one of the emendations that have made the European fame of Porson, than

than in all the writings of a score of modern 'originals;' and if Sir Egerton fancies that it is possible to understand Greek as Porson did, without being something more than a 'mere linguist,' we humbly suggest that Greek books contain something more than Greek vocables. The eccentricities and vulgar indulgences of Porson were against, not for him; neither can be defended: but had Porson been a sentimental sonnetteer, the gentleman who never lets fall a word to the discredit of Chatterton or Burns would have spared this invective—probably found in the same facts materials for a lofty eulogy of the man, and such another fierce fling at the world as the following:—

'The immortal Chatterton drank up the bowl of worldly forgetfulness, that his fiery disappointment might find rest in the grave. What a light among us was there extinguished and lost! It was a guilty impatience! . . . . The mass of mankind have not the capacity of deep and extended observation: they either take things as they are taught them, or their own opinions are narrow and superficial; they are busied about little matters of their own individual interests, and the rest either lies light upon them, or is entirely neglected. "Really," they cry, "I have not thought much about these things, they are not my concern." "Well, but A. says so and so." "Oh, yes; but *he is a wild man*, whose opinions I little regard: *he has no solid sense; look how he manages his own affairs!*"—p. 93.

Sir Egerton thus records his own first appearance as an author:

'I had, in studying Milton's noble sonnets—noble in defiance of Johnson—convinced myself of *the force and majesty of plain language;* and I resolved never to be seduced into a departure from it. *The consequence* was—(the consequence!)—that my first poems were coldly received, though praised in "Maty's Review" of May, 1785. I would not change my system; but this coldness chilled and blighted me for some years, and from 1785 to 1791 I wrote no more poetry. Then I poured out my unpremeditated strains rather copiously in my little novel of "Mary de Clifford," published anonymously in January, 1792, at the age of twenty-nine, which immediately obtained some popularity, and is not yet, after forty-one years, entirely forgotten. It was written with a fervid rapidity, which no one seems to believe; —begun in October, 1791, and the sheets sent to the press by the post as fast as they were scribbled.'

The author will not perhaps like to be told so—but we consider this early novel of 'Mary de Clifford' as the best work of imagination that has ever yet come from his pen. It has some too *luxuriant* passages, and the poetry introduced into it appears to us as unlike Milton as possible; but there is a force and vivacity in the whole story and situations, that Sir Egerton has not subsequently equalled. We do not, however, understand him when he talks of

'nobody

'nobody believing in such fervid rapidity' of writing, as produced a little thin 12mo. between October and January. Johnson, we know, wrote 'Rasselas' in the *evenings* of one week; Sir Walter Scott, we have heard, wrote 'Guy Mannering' in little more than the four weeks of a Christmas vacation. Dryden dashed off the 'Alexander's Feast' in a couple of days. The tradition goes, that Shakspeare began and finished 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' within a fortnight. Who needs to be told, that if a man covers only ten pages every morning—no mighty feat, hardly more than two or three average private letters—he will, in the course of a month, have finished a volume of three hundred pages? But what signifies either the rapidity or the quantity of any man's writings? 'Mary de Clifford' had, then, a very fair reception. But, Sir Egerton continues,—

'This success did not induce me to consider myself a popular writer; I always was damped in all my efforts by an opposite feeling; and for some years sunk into a genealogist, topographer, and bibliographer. These were unworthy pursuits, in which I wasted much of my precious time; they overlaid the fire of my bosom but did not extinguish it; they suppressed in me that self-confidence, without which nothing great can be done, and bound my enthusiastic spirit in chains. The fire smouldered within, and made me discontented and unhappy. I saw people, whom I considered (as Sneyd Davies says) "boobies, mounting over my head;" and I felt the incumbrance upon me with scorn, yet could not break it. Perhaps I was more depressed than I ought to have been, and thought more humbly of the estimate the public had made of me than was correct.

'I think that I might have done manifold what I have done, if I had not timidly yielded to discouragement. But spirits a thousandfold higher than mine, such as that of Collins, have been broken by failure of cheers.'

This occurs early in the book: he returns over and over again to the same theme—as thus:—

'Few who are not encouraged, persevere till the strength of their genius comes out. He who expects no reward works carelessly and languidly. He cannot entirely abandon the chase; but he has no energy, because he has no hope. Men who go on successfully, *and with cheers*, often show at last faculties which *no one suspected* to be in them,'—(no, not even the *cheerers?*)—'and which they did not even themselves suspect; while others, depressed and blighted, let great genius sink into imbecility and despair. How often, in the course of my clouded life, have I lost my self-complacence, and envied every blockhead who came near me! How often have I seen the aspiring, vain, and empty coxcomb, blown on the wings of fame, till he burst with pride, arrogance, and self-exultation! How could he doubt the justice

justice of popular plaudits! The wind blows in their favour, and they cry,

'It blows, and, as it blows, for ever will blow on!'

But, on a sudden, the blast changes its direction, and down they fall to the ground, crushed to rise no more. It is better never to rise, than to rise with the chance of such a fall.

'The fame that is sure is commonly, though not always, slow: it was slow in Scott, but not in Byron. Scott greatly improved under the encouragement of fame, and so did Byron: but fame will draw forth those who have not solid pretensions beyond their strength. Dryden improved to the last; so did Milton; so did Burke. Duly cherished, and kept in due exercise, the mind must improve. When I lose a day of mental occupation, I lose my spirits, and am filled with regret.'—pp. 72, 73.

What a strange mixture of strength and weakness in all these passages—what energetic sentences, and what inconclusive paragraphs! He might have much extended his list of great minds that improved on almost to the verge of the grave: it is, indeed, an important fact, that of the *very greatest* works of human genius, a large majority have been produced at an advanced period of life. With regard to his contrast of Scott and Byron, however, as regards the mere rapidity of *fame*, Sir Egerton appears to us quite mistaken. Sir Walter's first original publications were those extraordinary ballads, 'Glenfinlas,' 'Cadyow Castle,' and 'The Grey Brother.' Did not these *at once* raise him to a most eminent station in literature?

We must now give some of our author's striking sketches of his own existence, as settled in his beautiful manor-house in Kent, and devoted, in utter neglect of his fortune and the duties of his personal station as a country gentleman, to the endless series of literary and antiquarian miscellanies, the most important of which appears to us to be the 'Censura Literaria.' Of the period from his thirty-fifth to his forty-eighth year, he says,—

'My thoughts were always on my books and airy visions. Bailiffs and stewards are very willing to receive every thing, and disburse nothing: when anything is to be paid they always come upon the master. No receiver of money will be honest unless he is very sharply looked to; and in making up a long account a cunning man can turn the balance either way in a surprising manner. . . . . I have an aversion to accounts, and nothing but the most pressing necessity can induce me to examine them. An agent soon finds out this, and step by step goes on from robbery to robbery, till nothing will satisfy the rapacity of his appetite. The difficulty of the task accumulates from day to day, and who that shrinks from examining a month's accounts will undertake those of a year? . . . . . It was a life of mingled pleasure and extreme anxiety. I loved its

its quiet scenery, its solitude, its books, and literary occupations; but it would have required a gigantic strength or obduracy of mind to have suffered its interposing *persecutions*, without the deepest disturbance of spirits. Among the most comfortless of human miseries, experience has taught me that pecuniary embarrassment stands prominent. It weakens and chains the mind; and perhaps the worst effect of all is in the indignities to which it subjects its *victim*.'

Persecutions, and *victim!* A squire of good estate chooses to 'engage in agriculture on a large scale as an amusement,' (these are his own words,) and yet indulges in an 'aversion to accounts;' . . . 'pecuniary embarrassment' is the result—and he dubs himself the 'victim of persecutions!' Again—

'Mankind always take the ill-natured side, and confound the expenditure of carelessness and erroneous calculation with the expenditure of vanity. There is nothing, therefore, more unfortunate, from whatever cause it proceeds, than excess of expenditure beyond income. The greater part of the harpies of society live and gorge themselves by taking advantage of this imprudence. Half the population of London live upon it; three-fourths of the ravenous lawyers live upon it; all sorts of agents live upon it; and half the demoralization of society is generated by it.'

We quite agree with our author that pecuniary extravagance is the parent of endless and degrading misery; but we should have suggested for this parent another epithet than *unfortunate*. He continues:—

'I had much seeming leisure for any great work I might have imposed on myself; but my mind was distracted, and therefore could pursue nothing which had not high excitement: but excitement cannot in its nature be permanent, and, therefore, I could do nothing which required a regular perseverance of labour. Whatever I did was fitful and transitory, and required the stimulus of variety. I often worked to exhaustion while the fit was on; then came on ennui and disgust.'

This is said, we presume, of his labours in poetry and romance; of his antiquarian pursuits, in which he really did so much service to literature, he thus speaks:—

'The works in which I was engaged for the press occupied much of my time; and the long transcripts necessary were laborious and fatiguing. They were enough to suppress my imagination, and deaden my powers of original thought. It was not the mere love of fame, but the love of literary occupation, which was the spur that led me on—it was to escape from myself and my overwhelming anxieties. Meanwhile, I was not at all satisfied with the way I was making in the literary world: I was pursuing a humble path not suited to my fiery ambition, and this produced a self-abasement which had an evil effect upon my energies.'

And

And yet he says elsewhere—and we wonder he did not remember this, when he was lashing at Porson—

'*A man of genius cannot even compile without showing something of his own spirit. Though he may extract and copy, still he will select and combine in a manner which mere labour will never reach.*'

Justly and truly is this said; and the truth of it is exemplified in some of our author's own antiquarian lucubrations.

The bitterness with which Sir Egerton perpetually rails against his Kentish neighbours is one of the least amiable, or indeed intelligible, features in these Memoirs; yet, from his own showing, they had some little reason not to be too much his admirers.

'I never could bear the talk of country squires; and as they suspected this, my society was a wet sheet upon them. They never forgave me the allusions they thought they perceived in my novel of "Arthur Fitzalbini." They were very foolishly sensitive, for no one would have understood them if they had not owned that the cap fitted. There was only one character that came *very close*, and that page was cancelled, at the earnest entreaty of a relation of my own, before publication. The claim to the barony of Chandos was poison to our country neighbours, which turned them sick, and they joined in clans to depress and calumniate us.

'I will admit that my own manners were not easy or conciliatory. I was apt to see a little too much in a look or a tone; and the knowledge that whatever I said or did would be misinterpreted, made me suspicious and embarrassed. I could not talk of sheep or bullocks; examine a horse's mouth, or discuss his points. I could not tell what wind would give a good scenting day; nor what course the fox would probably take, when he broke cover. If I attempted a joke, no one felt it; and if I made an observation, every one stared. That happy nonchalance and reckless raillery, which make such agreeable companions, were beyond my reach. I dared not mention a book, or enter into a political argument; if I did, a cant phrase or two of some jolly joker of the company soon put an end to it. If I mentioned some public man, who I thought had risen beyond his merits, there was an instant union of sarcasm, as if I spoke from prejudice and passion.

'The higher classes of aristocratical commoners have commonly some intellectual man among them, who gives a tone to the rest: it was not so in East Kent; they were all of the character and temperament of the squirearchy.'—pp. 85, 86.

'They, who have no studious turn, are not merely indifferent to books: they hate them;—the sight of them they feel to be disagreeable. When my neighbours came in, and found my tables loaded with a chaos of volumes, they turned sick. They seemed to say to themselves, "What a strange, dry, dull life, to be thus enveloped in the dust of old folios and black-letter books! O, what a musty damp they exhale! Give me the fresh air—let me mount my horse again, and scamper over the hedges and ditches." They came upon me sometimes

times with my looks abstracted, my visage pale, and my spirits grave. I detested their interruptions: they said to themselves—"He is a mere bookworm; he can tell nothing; he knows nothing; he has a confused mind, and wants *common sense!*" I felt self-abased to have any communication with persons of such a temperament, and such incomprehensiveness; and grew more and more resolved to discourage acquaintance of this caste.'—p. 144.

Our squire-hating Squire escaped, as we mentioned, from this course of life and letters, twice—each time for but a short interval. During the alarm of French invasion, he took the command of a body of fencibles, and for a short while enjoyed the busy existence of a camp on the Kentish downs. He soon, as may be supposed, got quite sick of the whole affair; he gives, however, some amusing reminiscences in this chapter. Then, early in 1812, he was returned to the House of Commons; but here, from the sensitive nervous temperament which our preceding extracts have so often exhibited, he could never have had much chance of distinction—not even if he had begun at an earlier period of life. But some of his sketches of the new world in which he now mingled may probably be to many the chief attractions of these volumes. For example, he says—

'As to the talent of speaking, an over-anxiety and ambition to excel may at first defeat the end; but perseverance and gradual self-possession, which is the consequence, will gradually prevail. But this is not to be done when we begin late. In parliament great orators are rare; and one may be a very useful speaker in defiance of occasional embarrassment, and imperfect expression or manner. I have seen men gradually gain the attention of the House by mere self-confidence and boldness, who had no one ingredient of oratory. I remember that even Canning used often to hesitate a good deal in the commencement of his speeches. Lord Castlereagh was generally embarrassed even to the last; Vansittart was slow, and could not be heard—his voice was so faint; Grattan, at the period when I knew him, was laboured, tautologous, and energetic on truisms; Whitbread was turgid and foamy; George Ponsonby spoke in snappy sentences, which had the brevity but not the point of epigram; Garrow was *vox et præterea nihil;* Frederick Robinson spoke with vivacity and cleverness, and in a most gentlemanly tone, but wanted a sonorous flow. . . . Charles Grant, who rarely rose, poured out when he did rise a florid academical declamation, of which kind indeed Canning's speeches often were; Huskisson was a wretched speaker, with no command of words, with awkward motions, and a most vulgar, uneducated accentuation; Tierney had a manner of his own—very amusing—but entirely colloquial; he seldom attempted argument, but was admirable at raillery and jest. It is difficult to describe the manner of Sir Francis Burdett;—it was generally solemn, equable, and rather artificially laboured, in a sort of tenor voice; but, now and then,

then, when it was animated, it approached for a little while to powerful oratory. I once or twice heard Stephens, the master in Chancery, make a good speech; but the tone was coarse and vulgar. Wilberforce had a shrill feeble voice, and a slow enunciation, as if he was preaching; and his language was of the same character as he used in his writings, with great ingenuity and a constant course of thought out of the common beat; but there was something between the plaintive and the querulous, which was rather fatiguing. Mackintosh was often eloquent, but generally too studied, and much too learned for his audience; and he was not sufficiently free from a national accent; his voice too was deficient in strength. Romilly spoke as a patriotic and philosophic lawyer, full of matter and argument, but perhaps a little too slowly and solemnly for such a mixed assembly as the House of Commons. Plunkett was one of the most powerful speakers, but better in the acuteness of his matter than in his manner. Vesey Fitzgerald had a bold, forward, lively flow of words. . . . . Of all the men who struck me at once, Lord Lyndhurst's talents made the greatest impression upon me.

'He who has matter to communicate must be singularly deficient in language and delivery, if he can gain no attention, after a little practice, and that command of nerves which a repetition of efforts will secure. At first every sensitive man is frightened at the sound of his own voice.'

These little sketches, imperfect as they are, will be curious and valuable hereafter. Mr. Huskisson, however, improved in his style of speaking in his later years, to an extent of which Sir Egerton seems to have had no notion; and we do not believe that Sir J. Mackintosh's *Scotch* did him any great harm with the House. His brogue was certainly a mere nothing to the late Lord Melville's, who was always a favourite speaker; nay, it was not in fact broader than Lord Brougham's, or Lord Plunkett's. Perhaps Sir James was too desirous to disguise his native accent, and one glimpse of affectation does more damage, in such a place as St. Stephens' used to be, than the steady undeniable daylight of many a more serious fault; but the real mischief was, that he had a professorial tone, and that never answers out of the chair.

Sir Egerton has a very good passage on the late Lord Liverpool:—

'I remember a remark of his when he dined with me, in 1794, from his encampment near Dover, as colonel of the Cinque Ports' Fencible Cavalry, which struck me as a proof that he was a man of sentiment and moral reflection. He seemed to other eyes to be then in the bloom of his successful career. We were talking of the enjoyments of youth: I believe he was at least nine years younger than I was; but he had already had some experience of public life. "No," he said, "*youth is not the age of pleasure; we then expect too much, and we are therefore exposed to daily disappointments and*

and mortifications. When we are a little older, and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.'

'I assert that Lord Liverpool's talents were much under-estimated. He had a meek spirit—too meek for a premier,—and Canning's overbearing temper was too much for him; but he was a far wiser statesman than Canning, though not, like him, a splendid rhetorician. He was too much of a Tory in his principles, which had been bred in him: but he was very mild in their applications. Though he had abilities and great knowledge, he had not genius; he could not originate, but he could judge with calmness and correctness on the *data* submitted to him, though perhaps not very quickly. I have no doubt that he meant honestly, and had the interest of his country at heart. After Lord Castlereagh's death he lost himself; his faculties began to wear out—they had been overstretched. Altogether, with many faults arising from his ductility, I consider him to have been an able and wise, though not brilliant, minister.

'Lord Castlereagh appears to me to have had this advantage of him, that he was more bold and decided. His knowledge was not so accurate, nor his judgment so calm; but he also, whatever vulgar clamour and party prejudice may say, was a man of very great abilities and a statesman-like head. The courtesy and elegance of his manners were truly engaging; and as he had more ease and apparent frankness than Lord Liverpool, whose address was repressively cold, he had in these respects a great advantage over him.'—pp. 181, 182.

All this is very just. No public man in our recollection had such perfect manners as the late Lord Londonderry. No man inspired those of his own party with such a mixture of confidence and affection—no one, by the mere dignity of his character and aspect, could so effectually overawe the insolence of unprincipled antagonists. Our author has spoken of this high-minded nobleman, and most able statesman, on various other occasions, in the same tone of well-merited eulogy;—but we must whisper—indeed we believe it is no secret—that Sir Egerton owed his baronetcy to the favour of *Lord Castlereagh*. It is generally very easy to connect this author's opinions with the incidents of his own life. Thus—will he forgive us for suspecting that the key to the greater part of his tirades against Mr. Pitt is to be found in the first six words we are about to quote?—

'*I was never introduced to Pitt:* I saw him sometimes in the field, on hunting days, when he came down to Walmer. He seemed to delight in riding hard, with his chin in the air; but I believe had no skill as a sportsman—seeking merely exercise, and thinking, as Dryden says, that it was

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for his noxious draught.'

Was there any harm in this? and for Sir Egerton Brydges, of all men, to sneer at Mr. Pitt for not being a *sportsman!* He has just been telling us that he himself could never 'discuss a horse's points,' or give any guess as to the 'course the fox would probably take.' But alas!

'*Pitt had no poetical ideas or feelings*, and for this want many will say that he was the better statesman—an opinion which I cannot at all admit. Pitt did not see far enough, because he saw nothing by the blaze of imagination. Pitt drew about him a few cunning old placemen; but they were mostly servile minds, and of a secondary class, who submitted without struggle to the ascendency of his mind.'

We need not defend Pitt's memory against these vague sneers. Where was the contemporary mind that did not submit, either with or without struggle, to the ascendency of his? Have we not had enough, since his days, of people that 'see things by the blaze of imagination?' We are more disposed to listen to Sir Egerton when he deals with his own kindred of the literary world. His sketches of some minor poets and authors of various sorts are lively, and we believe, on the whole, true. Thus, of 'the Swan of Litchfield,' he says:—

'Miss Seward had not the art of making friends, except among the little circle whom she flattered, and who flattered her. She both gave offence and provoked ridicule by her affectation, and bad taste, and pompous pretensions. It cannot be denied that she sometimes showed flashes of genius; but never in continuity. She believed that poetry rather lay in the diction than in the thought; and I am not acquainted with any literary letters, which exhibit so much corrupt judgment, and so many false beauties, as her's. Her sentiments are palpably studied, and disguised, and dressed up. Nothing seems to come from the heart, but all to be put on. I understand the André family say, that in the "Monody on Major André," all about his attachment, and Honora Sneyd, &c., is a nonsensical falsehood, of her own invention. Among her numerous sonnets, there are not above five or six which are good; and I cannot doubt that Dr. Darwin's hand is in many of her early poems. The inequalities of all her compositions are of the nature of patch-work.'

To come to higher game—here are his brief and stinging reminiscences of Cumberland:—

'He had a vast memory, and a great facility of feeble verbiage; but his vanity, his self-conceit, and his supercilious airs offended everybody. He was a tall, handsome man, with a fair, regular-featured face, and the appearance of good birth. For many years he resided at Tunbridge Wells, where he affected a sort of dominion over the Pantiles, and paid court, a little too servile, to rank and title. He wrote some good comedies, and was a miscellaneous writer of some popularity; but in every department he was of a secondary class,

class,—in none had he originality. He was one of Johnson's literary club, and therefore could render himself amusing by speaking of a past age of authors and eminent men. He was a most fulsome and incontinent flatterer of those who courted him.'

We think there is a deal of good sound sense in the following passage:—

'I never saw a man more humble in manner, without losing his dignity, than Robert Bloomfield; but he was not easy in the company of men born and moving in a rank of society much above him; and I do not think he gained anything by suffering himself to be drawn into it. . . . The surface of manners will probably be conformable to the station of one's birth and early familiarities; but that is of little importance. Genius is not limited to birth, or to the want of it. The manners of different stations will not bend to one another without servility on one side, and humiliating graciousness on the other. It is better for both that they should keep apart, except upon rare occasions.'

Sir Egerton had before written so largely and so nobly on the subject of Lord Byron, that we hardly expected to hear more about him at present: but he recurs to a favourite theme with as much zeal as ever; and here let us call attention to a truly generous feature in Sir Egerton Brydges. He has been bitterly disappointed in his literary career—but there is not the slightest trace of envy in any of his remarks on his more successful contemporaries. To this his mind is wholly superior: he appears to have been all along among the most enthusiastic admirers of all the great poets of his time. He says:—

'The spring of the year I came into parliament, Lord Byron's genius began to blaze upon the world. The first canto of "Childe Harold" was published early in 1812. I was then in London, and well remember the sensation it made. I walked down Bond-Street the morning of its publication, and saw it in the windows of all the booksellers' shops. I entered a shop and read a few stanzas, and was not surprised to find something extraordinary in them, because I myself had anticipated much from his "Hours of Idleness." Lord Nugent's "Portugal" was published the same day, but had a very different reception; yet at that time Lord Nugent was considered to be of a much more flourishing family, and moving in a much higher sphere; *so that the public does not always judge by mere fashion.*'

(What an important admission in favour of this wicked and unjust world, that it did not after all prefer 'Portugal' to 'Childe Harold!')

'This mighty fame was the affair of a day—nay, of an hour—a minute. The train was laid—it caught fire, and it blazed. If it had missed fire at first, I doubt if there would have been a second chance. It began at noon; before night the flame was strong enough to

to be everlasting. Did it contribute to his happiness? I believe it did: it went a great way towards his occasional purification; if it had not burst out, it would have burnt sullenly within and consumed him. The triumph at home was, no doubt, transitory; it was scarcely more than three short years—1813, 1814, 1815. But then came Switzerland, and Italy, and Greece. There he had periods of darkness: but also how much splendour! None of these would have been lighted but for that propitious day of the spring of 1812, which set fire to the train of his genius in London!'

Sir Egerton, in his admiration of this said 'propitious day in the spring of 1812, in London,' appears to forget the many propitious days and nights of *labour* which Lord Byron had devoted to writing his poem, out of London, in 1809, 1810, and 1811. How can he talk of his 'propitious day,' as 'setting fire to the train' of that genius which had already produced such a work as the two first cantos of Childe Harold? The next paragraph is equally just and vigorous—

'There are many who will ask whether all the intense feelings expressed by Byron in these places were not factitious extravagancies in which he was not sincere, and which his life belied? I say, sternly, no! it is a mean and stupid mind which can suspect so; no one can feign such intensities as Byron expresses: when he wrote, he was sincere, but his feelings were capricious, and not always the same. If it can be contended that inconsistency destroys merit, wo be to human frailty!'—vol. i. p. 257.

Those who like lively and spirited sketches of men and manners, diversified with short critical digressions, sometimes wise, always clever, will find a large fund of entertainment in these volumes. We have perhaps bestowed more space on them than some readers may think they deserved; but the truth is that Sir Egerton Brydges possesses the *temperament of genius* in as high perfection as any author of our times, and that we believe him to have here painted that temperament more minutely than any writer of loftier rank ever will, being perfectly sane, set himself to do. The book thus acquires a degree of value which we hardly venture to attach to any of the imaginative creations of the same pen. It is a most curious study for the psychologist—it ought to be placed in the hand of every young author. Every susceptible mind will be delighted with a thousand passages; and there are not a few which ought to fix themselves on his memory, chasten his judgment, and control his conduct. How exquisitely beautiful, and, alas! how melancholy, are these paragraphs, with which, for the present, we take our leave of this deep-cutting self-anatomist!—

'Men must work progressively and uninterruptedly,—not by fits,—to find the extent of their own powers; and they who are diffident work

work only by fits, when some momentary impulse overcomes their fears. Thus I passed at least forty years of my life. How different would have been the effect of a perseverance in a regular, unchecked plan! I wrote no long poem; I undertook no great work; I finished very few things, even of those which I began. Yet to have written numerous fictions would have been very easy; and those perhaps would have found a vent. Hayley talks of

"The cold blank bookseller's rhyme-freezing face;"—

what would he have said if he had lived now? He would have found the check of the frost increased tenfold.'

(When will authors understand that booksellers are *merchants*, and that when they throw cold water on any literary project, it is simply and solely because they do not think it would be a profitable one for themselves? What right has any man to expect that a trader will sacrifice capital merely for the chance of gratifying his literary vanity or ambition? The bookseller who carries into his trade any principle of action but what animates any other tradesman, is a fool—and worthy of publishing for such poets as Hayley. But this *par parenthèse*.)

'After all, there is but one pleasure, which is, to escape from the world, and indulge one's own thoughts uninterrupted. All show and luxury is idle, empty, satiating indulgence: calmness, leisure, and, above all, independence, with that humble competence which is necessary for the support of life, are all which are requisite.

'I know not why a cottage, neat and well situated, should not be as pleasant as a castle or a palace. I love solitude, and do not think that I ever should be tired of it: I wish I had never quitted it. I have met with little else but mortification and trouble. My imagination would then have been undamped, and my literary labours undistracted. I have undertaken to tell my feelings; these are among my leading and perpetually renewed regrets. I cannot be sure of other men's feelings; but I never met with one who seemed to have the same overruling passion for literature as I have always had. A thousand others have pursued it with more principle, reason, method, fixed purpose, and effect: mine I admit to have been pure, blind, unregulated love. The fruit has been such as mere passion generally produces—of little use and no fame. Wasted energies have ended in languor, debility, and despondence.'

Our author's highest ambition has not been gratified; but he has, after all, secured a very graceful reputation; and he ought not to be discontented. How many in any generation do so much?

Let us be forgiven if we close with one piece of advice. It is tendered with kindness and with respect. Sir Egerton Brydges never

never has written, never will write, a really great work: the want of logical movement in his mental processes must ever render it impossible for him to do so. But if any one else furnished him with a good plan, we know no author who could fill it up with more grace and liveliness of detail; and we venture to suggest to him, that he might yet earn high distinction by a Dictionary of English Literary History, after the fashion of Bayle. The alphabetical arrangement would supply the place of logical *ordonnance:* and the constant variety of persons and topics, with the perfect liberty of lengthening or shortening every article at pleasure, would, we think, be found admirably suited to his taste and talents.

We ought to observe, in closing this book, that it contains a highly interesting and beautiful series of letters from Mr. Southey —and some others by the late Lord Tenterden, who was Sir Egerton's constant friend from childhood to the hour of death. That great judge, in point of fact the law-reformer of his age, had, it seems, retained to the last a warm pedilection for the classical studies of his youth.

ART. IV.—*Philip van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance, in Two Parts.* By Henry Taylor, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1834.

THIS is an historical romance, in consecutive dramatic scenes; a species of composition not uncommon among the Germans, which has, as adopting the language of poetry, some great and obvious advantages over the prose narrative form recently adorned among us by the highest genius of the age. Its inherent disadvantages, as respects the chances of immediate popularity, must be nearly as obvious. We shall not, at present, enter upon the relative merits of the two methods: we have here before us something too attractive to admit of a preliminary dissertation on a cold question of criticism. On such now rare occasions as the present, we experience a gratification which none but those who have been teazed and wearied with the incessant appeals of clamorous mediocrity and impatient affectation can fully understand. We know not that there is any better description of *genius* than that of Mr. Crabbe —'I recognise *that*,' says the old bard, 'wherever there is power to stimulate the thoughts of men, and command their feelings.' If this be true, the author of *Philip van Artevelde* may take his place at the bar with the sure hope of a triumphant verdict.

The groundwork of his design is the idealized portraiture of a revolutionary age; and his motto, from the Leviathan, sufficiently points out the leading characteristics of every age in which the revolutionary spirit is the prime mover of things—'No arts, no letters,

no society,—and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short!' The scene is laid in Flanders, at the close of the fourteenth century; and those who desire to study the new poet with the care which he deserves, may find the real personages and events of which he makes use recorded, in all the naked force of their vitality, by the prince of chroniclers, and father as well of all historical romancers, Froissart. No reader of that most captivating *conteur* can have forgotten the two Van Arteveldes, father and son, citizens of revolted Ghent, each of whom swayed for a season almost the whole power of Flanders against their legitimate prince—and each of whom paid the penalty of ambition by an untimely and violent death. The younger of these, Philip, has been adopted for the centre figure in our author's elaborate and deeply tragic panorama of the existence of a revolutionary period; and there is much to be admired in the whole conception and delineation of this character.

The poet's purpose, if we read him aright, has been to make Artevelde at once true enough to his age not to disturb our sense of the probable, and yet sufficiently above his age to admit of his forming, without reference to times and degrees of civilization, a real 'Mirror of Magistrates.' He has desired, in this person, to represent a combination—rare, but not unnatural—of the contemplative powers of the mind with the practical—of philosophy with efficiency. That there is anything unnatural or impossible in the union of these attributes, no one surely can aver who has read Bacon's book *de negotiis*; and that the actual circumstances of Artevelde's life were in so far compatible and congenial with such a combination appears from genuine history. Froissart tells us that to angle in the Scheldt had been his chief pleasure and occupation, up to the day when he was abruptly called to a predominant political station. Notwithstanding the advantageous introduction to public life which his birth might have insured to him, he had been entirely content to continue in privacy, till the difficulties of the times almost compelled him forth of it. During this leisure of his earlier life, his mind seems to have been more cultivated than was at all usual in that age: in the words of the chronicler, he was '*moult bien enlangagé et bien lui advenoit*;' and the career and fate of his father must have supplied ample food for meditation to a naturally thoughtful mind. It is sufficiently obvious that Mr. Taylor has never intended to present in Philip's person a literal specimen of the ordinary heroes of that time. Had such been the design of such an artist, Artevelde's *language*, throughout many of these scenes at least, must have been less rhetorical; the habitual strain of thought ascribed to him more crude and rude. In short, having in view the eminent endowments

endowments which history ascribes to Philip, and the singular course of his life from first to last, beginning and ending in such opposite extremes of contemplative tranquillity and energetic action, the author has evidently thought himself justified in considering him, upon certain points, rather as a substantive product of nature, than as the creature of contemporary circumstances, or as strictly in conformity with the times in which he lived.

Again, as regards Philip's competency for the business of life and the management of men, there is ample evidence, that, when at length induced to interfere in public affairs, he was found to be largely possessed of every necessary qualification. 'He spake kindly to all whom he had to do with; and dealt so wisely that every man loved him.' So says Froissart, who certainly had no partiality for demagogues in general, or for him. The whole of his recorded career shows that, although deficient in technical military skill, he had extraordinary power over the minds and affections of his followers, and that this power was acquired by judgment, promptitude, and stern decision on the one hand—by generosity and clemency, whenever these could be *safely* indulged, on the other; in other words, that he aimed equally at being feared and loved, and was successful on both points. Froissart represents him as saying briefly, previous to his bold measure of taking off the two chiefs of the opposite faction in Ghent, 'unless we be feared among the commons it is nothing.' Yet the same author records that he had 'much pity for the common people;' and describes him as willing, on a momentous occasion, to sacrifice himself with a heroism equal to that of Regulus, solely for their sakes. 'He entreated the people *kindly* and *sagely*,' we are told, 'wherefore they would live or die with him.' Kindness alone could not have thus attached such a people in such times: great practical abilities must have been at least as essential.

Such being the ideal of Van Artevelde, intellectually considered, the poet has endeavoured to keep his moral attributes and his temperament in harmony with it. He represents him as naturally kind and good, but, bearing in view the leading characteristic, he never carries his feelings so far, or his virtuous principles so high, as materially to interfere with his *efficiency*. He seems, in a word, meant to be, under all circumstances, a statesman and a man of business. The dramatist has not wished to paint him as an example of pure and scrupulous morality, such as might befit an equally considerate moral agent of modern times; but as exhibiting some broad features of humanity and virtue—as being in the main a high-minded, strong-minded, just, and merciful man. We speak at present, be it observed, of Philip van Artevelde as

he appears in the first of these dramas: in the second we have him, after a considerable interval of time, moving among different persons, and in a state of moral decline, as well as with adverse fortunes to encounter.

As regards the temperament of Artevelde, the aim seems to have been to represent the combination of energy with equanimity; the energy chiefly, indeed, intellectual; the composure, in a great degree, matter of mere temperament. It is here that the author, as indeed he hints in his preface—we wish he had spared that preface altogether—has been most desirous of opposing himself, point-blank, to the practice of one of the most popular of recent poets, Lord Byron. Artevelde is, indeed, as unlike any one of Byron's heroes as they are all, in the main, like each other. Our author in this preface daringly describes *them* as 'creatures abandoned to their passions, and, *therefore*, weak of mind; . . . . . beings in whom there is no strength except that of their intensely selfish passions—in whom all is *vanity;* their exertions being for vanity under the name of love, or revenge, and their sufferings for vanity under the name of pride.' This language is over-pitched, but it is quite intelligible, and contains truth, though not the whole truth; and Artevelde is accordingly pourtrayed as having indeed a large fund of feeling and even of passion in his nature, but as minded and nerved so as to command his passion. It is not superficially excitable, nor liable to escape in sudden ebullitions or uncontrollable sallies. He is, though not strictly and completely, yet, having regard to the circumstances in which he is placed, very adequately self-governed. His generosity, like his severity, is always well-considered; his acts of vigour proceed in no instance from a restless or superfluous activity of disposition; they are evoked by the occasion, and commensurate with it; and his administration of affairs is not more signalized by them, than by a steady diligence and attention to business—the watchfulness and carefulness of a mind calmly and equably strong.

The *love* of such a man, though partaking of the fullness and largeness of his nature, was not to be inordinately passionate. It belonged to him to be rather the idol than the prey of such a passion. His heroines devote themselves to him with as ardent a sentiment as the poet has been able to pourtray; he, on the other hand,

'——— smiles with *superior* love;'

and may be imagined to have looked on the daughters of Eve—even in his earlier and better day both of heart and of fortune—in the spirit of that admonition which was conveyed to the lover of Eve herself—as

'Fair,

'Fair, no doubt, and worthy well
His cherishing, his honouring, and his love,
Not his subjection———.'

Such is a general sketch of this character, according to our understanding of the poet's meaning and design. The effect of it, as contrasted by the surrounding groups of vain, narrow, and barbarous men, reminds one of the noblest feature in the aspect of your old Flemish city—its tall massive tower rising into the clear air above a wilderness of black roofs and quaint gables. It is time, however, to come to the story of the Romance itself.

We must pass rather hastily over *the First Part*, in which the youthful Philip, being suddenly tempted out of his calm and sequestered course of life, and happy, though as yet unspoken, love, becomes captain of Ghent by the election of the prevailing war-faction of 'the White-hoods;' develops the magnificent talents for command which had hitherto slumbered within him; and, Ghent being reduced at length to extreme misery by the closened lines of the Earl of Flanders, persuades the citizens to make a bold sally; guides them to the gates of the Earl's capital, Bruges; defeats the forces of the sovereign, seizes his metropolis, and all but masters his own person in a midnight sack. Of this part, in itself a performance of great beauty and interest, we can afford our readers but a few brief specimens. We select passages in which we have been particularly struck with the style of our author's execution; the nervous vigour of his language; the stately ease of his versification; and his extraordinary skill in introducing profoundly meditative γνωμαι, without interrupting the flow of passion or action.

The immediate cause of Artevelde's elevation is the depressed condition of Ghent, after the defeat and death of one of her captains, Launoy; and the necessity which the White-hoods then perceive of either yielding to the peace-party within the city, and submitting to the earl—or summoning to the post of power some one of high name, whose interference (he being, as yet, personally uncompromised in the rebellion) shall overawe the populace by the impression that it must needs be purely patriotic. The fate of Launoy is told, closely after Froissart, in these energetic lines:—

'*Second Dean.* Beside Nivelle the earl and Launoy met.
Six thousand voices shouted with the last
"Ghent the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons Blancs!"
But from that force thrice-told there came the cry
Of "Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard!"
So then the battle joined, and they of Ghent
Gave back and opened after three hours' fight;
And hardly flying had they gained Nivelle,

When

When the earl's vanguard came upon their rear
Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them.
Then all were slain save Launoy and his guard,
Who, barricaded in the minster tower,
Made desperate resistance; whereupon
The earl waxed wrothful, and bade fire the church.
First Burgher. Say'st thou? Oh sacrilege accursed! Was't done?
Second Dean. 'Twas done,—and presently was heard a yell,
And after that the rushing of the flames!
Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud
"A ransom!" and held up his coat to sight
With florins filled, but they without but laughed
And mocked him, saying, "Come amongst us, John,
And we will give thee welcome;—make a leap—
Come out at window, John."—With that the flames
Rose up and reached him, and he drew his sword,
Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,
And shouting, "Ghent, ye slaves!" leapt freely forth,
When they below received him on their spears.
And so died John of Launoy.
First Burgher. A brave end.
'Tis certain we must now make peace by times;
The city will be starved else.—Will be, said I?
Starvation is upon us.'—vol. i. pp. 27-29.

The reflective spirit of Philip van Artevelde is first indicated in his conversation on this incident with his aged preceptor:—

'*Van Artevelde.* I never looked that he should live so long.
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle: his food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind,
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousand such that die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times,
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
A smaller tally, of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Father John. Had Launoy lived, he might have passed for great,
But not by conquests in the Franc of Bruges.
The sphere—the scale of circumstance—is all

Which

Which makes the wonder of the many. Still
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds
Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There'll some bright eyes in Ghent be dimmed for him.
Van Artevelde. They will be dim, and then be bright again.
All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion;
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourned: a dusk star blinks
As fleets the rack, but look again, and lo!
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Twinkles the re-illuminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirched the ray.
We have no time to mourn.
Father John. The worse for us!
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to *have no time to feel them.*
Where sorrow 's held intrusive and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet such the barrenness of busy life!
From shelf to shelf Ambition clambers up,
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all;
Whilst Magnanimity, absolved from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.
But this thou know'st.'—pp. 40-43.

When the notion of calling on Artevelde to assume the dictatorship of the city is first started, the sequestered habits of his life, and the apparent coldness of his temperament, are objected; but one who had more narrowly observed him, replies,—

'There is no game so desperate which wise men
Will not take freely up for love of power,
Or love of fame, or merely love of play.
These men are wise, and then reputed wise,
And so their great repute of wisdom grows,
'Till for great wisdom a great price is bid,
And then their wisdom they do part withal.
Such men must still be tempted with high stakes:
Philip van Artevelde is such a man.'—p. 35.

The youth, with all his philosophy, appears to be considerably wrought upon by the suggestion, that, in the place of power, he might avenge the slaughter of his father:—

'Is it vain glory that thus whispers me,
That 'tis ignoble to have led my life
In idle meditations—that the times
Demand me, that they call my father's name?

Oh!

Oh! what a fiery heart was his! such souls
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages. Oh! my father!
Thy life is eloquent, and more persuades
Unto dominion than thy death deters;
For that reminds me of a debt of blood
Descended with my patrimony to me,
Whose paying off would clear my soul's estate.'—p. 52.

And again he says,—

'Here on the doorstead of my father's house,
The blood of his they spilt is seen no more.
But when I was a child I saw it there;
For so long as my widow-mother lived,
Water came never near the sanguine stain.
She loved to show it me, and then with awe,
But hoarding still the purpose of revenge,
I heard the tale—which, *like a daily prayer*
Repeated, to a rooted feeling grew—
How long he fought—how falsely came like friends
The villains Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette—
All the base murder of the one by many.'—pp. 48, 49.

His as yet silent passion for a noble damsel of the same city, Adriana van Merestyn, interposes some scruples. This twilight soliloquy at the gate of her garden-terrace, appears to us masterly. It must remind every reader of the Wallenstein; and yet there is no copying:—

'To bring a cloud upon the summer day
Of one so happy and so beautiful,—
It is a hard condition. For myself
I know not that the circumstance of life,
In all its changes, can so far afflict me
As makes anticipation much worth while.
But she is younger,—*of a sex besides*
Whose spirits are to our's as flames to fire,
More sudden and more perishable too;
So that the gust wherewith the one is kindled
Extinguishes the other. Oh she is fair!
As fair as Heaven to look upon! as fair
As ever vision of the Virgin blest,
That weary pilgrim, resting by the fount
Beneath the palm, and dreaming to the tune
Of flowing waters, duped his soul withal.
It was permitted in my pilgrimage
To rest beside the fount beneath the tree,
Beholding there no vision, but a maid

Whose

Whose form was light and graceful as the palm,
Whose heart was pure and jocund as the fount,
And spread a freshness and a verdure round.
This was permitted in my pilgrimage,
And loth am I to take my staff again.
Say that I fall not in this enterprise—
Still must my life be full of hazardous turns,
And they that house with me must ever live
In imminent peril of some evil fate.
—Make fast the doors; heap wood upon the fire;
Draw in your stools, and pass the goblet round,
And be the prattling voice of children heard.
Now let us make good cheer—but what is this?
Do I not see, or do I dream I see,
A form that midmost in the circle sits
Half visible, his face deformed with scars,
And foul with blood?—Oh yes—I know it—there
Sits Danger with his feet upon the hearth!'—pp. 59, 60.

From the exquisite love scene which follows this, we extract a fragment. We hope it will be intelligible:—

'*Artevelde.* If hitherto we have not said we loved,
Yet hath the heart of each declared its love
By all the tokens wherein love delights.
We heretofore have trusted in each other,
Too wholly have we trusted to have need
Of words or vows, pledges or protestations.
Let not such trust be hastily dissolved.
Adriana. I trusted not. I hoped that I was loved,
Hoped and despaired, doubted and hoped again,
Till this day, when I first breathed freelier,
Daring to trust—and now—Oh God, my heart!
It was not made to bear this agony—
Tell me you love me, or you love me not.
Artevelde. I love thee, dearest, with as huge a love
As e'er was compassed in the breast of man.
Hide then those tears, beloved, where thou wilt,
And find a resting place for that so wild
And troubled heart of thine; sustain it here,
And be its flood of passion wept away.
Adriana. What was it that you said then? If you love,
Why have you thus tormented me?
Artevelde. Be calm;
And let me warn thee, ere thy choice be fixed,
What fate thou may'st be wedded to with me.
Thou hast beheld me living heretofore
As one retired in staid tranquillity.
The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved;

The

The seaman, who sleeps sound upon the deck,
Nor hears the loud lamenting of the blast,
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave;
These have not lived more undisturbed than I.
But build not upon this; the swollen stream
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,
And drive him forth; the seaman, roused at length,
Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed deck;
And now the time comes fast, when here in Ghent,
He who would live exempt from injuries
Of armed men, must be himself in arms.
This time is near for all,—nearer for me.
I will not wait upon necessity,
And leave myself no choice of vantage ground,
But rather meet the times where best I may,
And mould and fashion them as best I can.
Reflect then that I soon may be embarked
In all the hazards of these troublous times,
And in your own free choice take or resign me.
Adriana. Oh, Artevelde, my choice is free no more:
Be mine, all mine, let good or ill betide.'—pp. 65—67.

These passages must have sufficiently illustrated our author's *manner*. We have not room to follow him through the highly spirited action of his first drama. Adriana is carried off in the course of it by a rival lover, a knight of Bruges, faithful to the party of the Earl; and thus is supplied a strong additional motive to Artavelde in the resolution which he at length adopts, of leading a chosen band of the men of Ghent from the gates of their now straitened and exhausted city, to the sudden assault of the Earl's own capital. The battle—the seizure of Bruges—the deliverance of Adriana—and the narrow escape of the Earl of Flanders, are powerfully dramatized; but we are tempted, instead of quoting any part of these scenes, to give the authority for their most striking incident in the words of Froissart.

'The Gauntoise pursewed so fiersly their enemyes that they entred into the towne with them of Bruges; and as soon as they were within the towne, the first thyng they dyd, they went streyght to the market place, and there set themselfe in array. The Erle as then had sent a knight of his, called Sir Robert Marescault, to the gate, to see what the Gauntoise dyd; and when he came to the gate, he founde the gate beaten downe, and the Gauntoise maisters therof: and some of them of Bruges met with hym and sayd: "Sir Robert, returne and save yourselfe if ye can, for the towne is won by them of Gaunt." Then the knight returned to the Erle as fast as he might, who was comyng out of his lodginge a-horsebacke, with a great number of cressettes and lyghtes with hym, and was goyng to the market place; then the knight shewed the Erle all that he knewe; howbeit, the Erle, wyllyng to

to recover the towne, drewe to the market place; and as he was entreng, such as were before hym, seeing the place all raynged with the Gauntoise, sayd to the Erle: "Sir, returne agayne; if ye go any farther, ye are but dead, or taken with your enemyes, for they are raynged on the market place, and do abyde for you." They shewed hym truthe. And when the Gauntoise sawe the clearnesse of the lyghtes comyng downe the strete, they sayd: "Yonder cometh the Erle, he shall come into oure handes.' And Philyppe Dartuell had commaunded, from strete to strete as he wente, that if the Erle came amonge theym, no man shulde do hym any bodily harme, but take hym alyve, and then to have hym to Gaunt, and so to make their peace as they lyst. The Erle who trusted to have recovered all, came ryght near to the place whereas the Gauntoise were. Then dyvers of his men sayd: "Sir, go no farther, for the Gauntoise are lordes of the market place and of the towne; if ye entre into the market place, ye are in danger to be slayne or taken: a great number of the Gauntoise are goynge from strete to strete, seekinge for their ennemyes: they have certayne of them of the towne with them, to bringe them from house to house, whereas they wolde be: and Sir, out at any of the gates ye cannot issue, for the Gauntoise are lordes therof; nor to your owne lodginge ye cannot returne, for a great number of the Gauntoise are goyng thither."—And when the Erle herde those tidynges, which were right harde to hym, as it was reason, he was greatly then abasshed, and imagined what peryll he was in: then he commanded to put out all the lyghtes, and said: "I see well there is no recovery; let every man save himselfe as well as he may." And as he commanded it was done: the lyghtes were quenched and cast into the stretes, and so every man departed. The Erle then went into a backe lane, and made a varlette of his to unarme him, and dyd cast away his armour, and put on an olde cloke of his varlettes, and then say to hym, "Go thy way from me, and save thyselfe if thou canst."

'The Erle went from strete to strete, and by backe lanes, so that at last he was fayne to take a house, or else he had been found by them of Gaunt; and so he entred into a poore woman's house, the whiche was not meant for suche a lorde; there was neither hall, parlour, nor chamber; it was but a poore smoky house; there was nothyng but a poore hall blacke with smoke, and above a small plancher, and a ladder of seven steppes to mount upon; and on the plancher there was a poore couche, where the poore woman's chyldren lay. Then the Erle sore abasshed and trymblyng at his entreng said: "O good woman, save me; I am thy lorde the Erle of Flanders; but now I must hyde me, for mine enemyes chase me, and if you do me good now, I shall rewarde you hereafter therefore." The poore woman knewe hym well, for she had been oftentymes at his gate to fetche alms, and had often seene hym as he went in and out a-sportyng; and so incontynent as hap was she answered; for if she had made any delay, he had been taken talkynge with her by the fyre. Then she sayd: "Sir, mount up this ladder, and lay yourselfe under the bedde that ye fynde thereas my chyldren

chyldren sleep;"—and so in the meane tyme the woman sat downe by the fyre with another chylde that she had in her armes. So the Erle mounted up the plancher as well as he myght, and crept in between the couche and the strawe, and lay as flatte as he could; and even therewith some of Gaunt entered into the same house, for some of them sayd how they had seen a man enter into the house before them; and so they found the woman sytting by the fyre with her chylde. Then they sayd, "Good woman, where is the man that we saw enter before us into this house, and dyde shutte the door after hym?" "Sirs, (quoth she,) I saw no man enter into this house this nyght; I went out right now and cast out a little water, and dyd close my door agayne; if any were here, I coulde not tell howe to hyde hym; ye see all the easement that I have in this house; here ye may see my bedde, and above this plancher lyeth my poore chyldren." Then one of them took a candle and mounted up the ladder, and put up his head above the plancher, and saw there none other thyng but the poore couche, where her chyldren lay and slept; and so he looked all about, and then sayde to his company:—"Go we hence, we lose the more for the lesse; the poore woman sayth truth: here is no creature but she and her chyldren." Then they departed out of the house: and after that there was none entred to do any hurt. All these wordes the Erle herde ryght well whereas he laye under the poore couche: ye may well imagine that he was in great feare of his lyfe: he might well saye, I am as nowe one of the poorest princes of the worlde, and that the fortunes of the worlde are nothynge stable; yet it was a good happe that he scaped with his lyfe; howbeit, this hard and perilous adventure myght well be to hym a spectacle all his lyfe after, and an ensample to all other.'

This is a long extract; but we know no passage in which the peculiar liveliness and simplicity of Froissart's narration are more delightfully exhibited—and every justice is done to them by good Lord Berners. In the succeeding chapters of the same chronicle our readers will find a description equally clear and interesting of the success which attended, for several years, the progress of D'Artevelde's arms—how city after city embraced his alliance, or yielded to his force—how sagaciously and justly he ruled—in what magnificence he lived as 'Regent of Flanders,' and how nearly he missed founding a permanent dynasty in what was then the richest of the transalpine states. But that the insurrections of Jack Straw, Wat Tyler, &c. were connected in the minds of the English king and nobility with the effect of this prosperous revolt among the Flemings, and that the apprehension spread throughout this country that all these movements were but the first outbreakings of a storm, destined to bury in ruins the whole actual system of European society, there can be little doubt that an English army would have interfered, to

to prevent France from strengthening herself so largely as she did by being the sole instrument of crushing Philip van Artevelde, and replacing a feudatory of her own crown in the fairest province of the Netherlands.

Our poet represents his hero as at length maddened by these circumstances into the full fervour of democratic feeling. The Regent exclaims—

> 'Lo! with the chivalry of Christendom
> I wage my war—*no nation for my friend,*
> *Yet in each nation having hosts of friends!*
> *The bondsmen of the world, that to their lords*
> *Are bound with chains of iron, unto me*
> *Are knit by their affections.* Be it so.
> From kings and nobles will I seek no more
> Aid, friendship, nor alliance. *With the poor*
> *I make my treaty, and the heart of man*
> *Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,*
> *And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,*
> *Ye that are bent with unrequited toil,*
> *Ye that have whitened in the dungeon's darkness*
> *Through years that knew not change of night and day—*
> *Tatterdemalions, lodgers in the hedge,*
> *Lean beggars with raw backs and rumbling maws,*
> *Whose poverty was whipped for starving you,—*
> *I hail you my auxiliars and allies,*
> *The only potentates whose help I crave!*
> Richard of England, thou hast slain Jack Straw;
> But thou hast left unquenched the vital spark
> That set Jack Straw on fire. The spirit lives.'—
>
> vol. ii. pp. 190, 191.

This speech, however, occurs in the second part of 'Philip van Artevelde,' and belongs to the man altered by circumstances.

In the interval between the first and second parts, Adriana, the noble and beloved wife of the regent, has died; and he has sustained in that bereavement a deeper injury than grief. It has powerfully assisted the other great mutations of his lot to unsettle the originally pure and beautiful framework of his mind. He has come to have a vein of recklessness entwisted in his being; he has rebelled against a higher authority than that of his earthly sovereign; and sought relief, from what he dared to consider as unjust affliction, in a certain hardly definable, but poetically conceived mixture, of Cynicism and Epicureanism. With consummate art, however, the author represents Artevelde as himself unconscious how he has been changed. He has brought with him into his new position, nay, transferred, as it were, into the composition of a new man, the same

same contemplative mood, and calm temperament, that had sat so gracefully on him in his earlier phasis. He indulges in that error, so common among public men, of weighing private virtue or vice lightly, in comparison with the superior importance to mankind of his public transactions; he philosophizes away to his conscience the taint that has come upon some of the best parts of his original character; and pleases himself with feeling that the strength and generosity of his nature have not at all events been impaired.

We are prepared, in short, to find Adriana van Merestyn replaced in the second part of the romance by a heroine of a far different stamp. The following lines come as a sort of *envoy* to the first drama—

> ' *—Rest thee a space: or if thou lovest to hear*
> *A soft pulsation in thine easy ear,*
> *Turn thou the page, and let thy senses drink*
> *A lay that shall not trouble thee to think.*
> *Quitting the heroine of the past, thou'lt see*
> *In this prefigured her that is to be,*
> *And find what life was hers before the date*
> *That with the Fleming's fortunes linked her fate.*
> *This sang she to herself one summer's eve,*
> *A recreant from festivities that grieve*
> *The heart not festive; stealing to her bower,*
> *With this she whiled away the lonely evening hour.*'—vol. i. p. 264.

These beautiful lines introduce a separate lyrical poem, which, if the author had written nothing else, would, as it seems to us, have been sufficient to fix an elegant reputation. We must content ourselves with broken fragments from 'the lay of Elena.'

> 'A bark is launched on Como's lake,
> A maiden sits abaft;
> A little sail is loosed to take
> The night-wind's breath, and waft
> The maiden and her bark away,
> Across the lake and up the bay.
> And what doth there that lady fair
> Upon the wavelet tossed?
> Before her shines the evening star,
> Behind her in the woods afar
> The castle lights are lost.
> What doth she there? The evening air
> Lifts her locks, and her neck is bare;
> And the dews, that now are falling fast,
> May work her harm, or a rougher blast
> May come from yonder cloud;
> And that her bark might scarce sustain,
> So slightly built;—then why remain,
> And would she be allowed
> To brave the wind and sit in the dew
> At night on the lake, if her mother knew?
>
> 'Her mother sixteen years before
> The burthen of the baby bore:
> And though brought forth in joy, the day
> So joyful, she was wont to say,
> In taking count of after years,
> Gave birth to fewer hopes than fears.
> For seldom smiled
> The serious child,
> And as she passed from childhood grew
> More far-between those smiles, and few
> More sad and wild.
> And though she loved her father well,
> And though she loved her mother more,
> Upon her heart a sorrow fell,
> And sapped it to the core.
> And in her father's castle nought
> She ever found of what she sought,
> And all her pleasure was to roam
> Amongst the mountains far from home,
> And through thick woods, and where-soe'er
> She saddest felt, to sojourn there;
>
> And

And oh! she loved to linger afloat
On the lonely lake in the little boat!

'It was not for the forms,—though fair,
Though grand they were beyond compare,—
It was not only for the forms
Of hills in sunshine or in storms,
Or only unrestrained to look
On wood and lake, that she forsook
By day or night
Her home, and far
Wandered by light
Of sun or star.
It was to feel her fancy free,
Free in a world without an end,
With ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And heart to apprehend.
It was to leave the earth behind,
And rove with liberated mind,
As fancy led, or choice or chance,
Through wildered regions of romance.
* * * *
'Much dreaming these, yet was she much awake
To portions of things earthly, for the sake
Whereof, as with a charm, away would flit
The phantoms and the fever intermit.
Whatso' of earthly things presents a face
Of outward beauty, or a form of grace,
Might not escape her, hidden though it were
From courtly cognisance; 'twas not with her
As with the tribe who see not nature's boons,
Save by the festal lights of gay saloons;
Beauty in plain attire her heart could fill—
Yea, though in beggary, 'twas beauty still.
Devoted thus to what was fair to sight,
She loved too little else, nor this aright,
And many disappointments could not cure
This born obliquity, or break the lure
Which this strong passion spread: she grew not wise,
Nor grows: experience with a world of sighs
Purchased, and tears and heart-break have been hers,
And taught her nothing: where she erred she errs.

'Be it avowed, when all is said,
She trod the path the many tread.
She loved too soon in life; her dawn
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
A sure prognostic that the day
Will not unclouded pass away.
Too young she loved, and he on whom
Her first love lighted, in the bloom
Of boyhood was, and so was graced
With all that earliest runs to waste,
Intelligent, loquacious, mild,
Yet gay and sportive as a child,
With feelings light and quick, that came
And went like flickerings of flame;
A soft demeanour, and a mind
Bright and abundant in its kind,
That, playing on the surface, made
A rapid change of light and shade,
Or, if a darker hour perforce
At times o'ertook him in his course,
Still, sparkling thick like glow-worms, showed
Life was to him a summer's road:—
Such was the youth to whom a love
For grace and beauty far above
Their due deserts, betray'd a heart
Which might have else performed a prouder part.

'First love the world is wont to call
The passion which was now her all.
So be it called; but be it known
The feeling which possessed her now
Was novel in degree alone;
Love early marked her for his own;
Soon as the winds of Heaven had blown
Upon her, had the seed been sown
In soil which needed not the plough;
And passion with her growth had grown,
And strengthened with her strength; and how
Could love be new, unless in name,
Degree and singleness of aim?
A tenderness had filled her mind
Pervasive, viewless, undefined;—
As keeps the subtle fluid oft
In secret, gathering in the soft
And sultry air, till felt at length,
In all its desolating strength—
So silent, so devoid of dread,
Her objectless affections spread;
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered
At large where'er her fancy wandered—
Till one attraction, one desire
Concentred all the scattered fire;
It broke, it burst, it blazed amain,
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,
O'er Earth below and Heaven above,—
And then it took the name of love.

'How fared that love? the tale so old,
So common, needs it to be told?
Bellagio's woods, ye saw it through
From first accost to last adieu;

Its

Its changes, seasons, you can tell,—
At least you typify them well.
First came the genial, hopeful Spring,
With bursting buds and birds that sing,
And fast though fitful progress made
To brighter suns and broader shade.
Those brighter suns, that broader shade,
They came, and richly then array'd
Was bough and sward, and all below
Gladdened by Summer's equal glow.
What next? a change is slowly seen,
And deepeneth day by day
The darker, soberer, sadder green
Prevenient to decay.
* * * *
'What followed was not good to do,
Nor is it good to tell;
The anguish of that worst adieu
Which parts with love and honour too,
Abides not,—so far well.
The human heart cannot sustain
Prolonged, unalterable pain,
And not till reason cease to reign
Will nature want some moments brief
Of other moods to mix with grief:
Such and so hard to be destroyed
That vigour which abhors a void;
And in the midst of all distress,
Such nature's need for happiness!
And when she rallied thus, more high
Her spirits ran, she knew not why,
Than was their wont in times than these
Less troubled, with a heart at ease.
So meet extremes; so joy's rebound
Is highest from the hollowest ground;
So vessels with the storm that strive
Pitch higher as they deeplier drive.

'Well had it been if she had curbed
These transports of a mind disturbed;
For grief is then the worst of foes
When, all intolerant of repose,
It sends the heart abroad to seek
From weak recoils exemptions weak;
After false gods to go astray,
Deck altars vile with garlands gay,
And place a painted form of stone
On Passion's abdicated throne.
* * * *
'On Como's lake the evening star
Is trembling as before;
An azure flood, a golden bar,
There as they were before they are,
But she that loved them—she is far,
Far from her native shore.
* * * *
'A foreign land is now her choice,
A foreign sky above her,
And unfamiliar is each voice
Of those that say they love her.
A prince's palace is her home,
And marble floor and gilded dome,
Where festive myriads nightly meet,
Quick echoes of her steps repeat.
And she is gay at times, and light
From her makes many faces bright;
And circling flatterers hem her in
Assiduous each a word to win,
And smooth as mirrors each the while
Reflects and multiplies her smile.
But fitful were those smiles, nor long
She cast them to that courtly throng;
And should the sound of music fall
Upon her ear in that high hall,
The smile was gone, the eye that shone
So brightly would be dimmed anon,
And objectless would then appear,
As stretched to check the starting tear.
The chords within responsive rung,
For music spoke her native tongue.

'And then the gay and glittering crowd
Is heard not, laugh they e'er so loud;
Nor then is seen the simpering row
Of flatterers, bend they e'er so low;
For there before her, where she stands,
The mountains rise, the lake expands;
Around the terraced summit twines
The leafy coronal of vines;
Within the watery mirror deep
Nature's calm converse lies asleep;
Above she sees the sky's blue glow,
The forest's varied green below,
And far its vaulted vistas through
A distant grove of darker hue,
Where mounting high from clumps of oak
Curls lightly up the thin gray smoke;
And o'er the boughs that over-bower
The crag, a castle's turrets tower—
An eastern casement mantled o'er
With ivy flashes back the gleam
Of sun-rise,—it was there of yore
She sat to see that sun-rise pour
Its splendour round—she sees no more,
For tears disperse the dream.'
—vol. i. p. 266—286.

We have, limited by our allotted space, been obliged to omit many of the finest stanzas of this lyric. It will be more popular, we suspect, with the mass of readers, than the noblest pages of the two dramas which it links together; yet, if we be not mistaken, it is introduced chiefly to show that the author, if he had chosen, might

might have employed, with brilliant success, in these dramas, a class of ornaments which he has, on principle, disdained to intermingle in their dialogue. His masculine ambition woos seriously the severer graces. We have quoted, therefore, from 'the lay of Elena' thus largely, on purpose to arrest the attention of those who have been so long accustomed to admire poetry of one particular school (in its original masters admirable) as to have lost, in some measure, the power of believing that there may be poetry equally fervid, and powerful, where the execution, as well as the sentiment, is more chastened. But to return to the story before us.

This beautiful Italian lady has of late been 'domiciled' with the Duke of Bourbon, father-in-law to the exiled Earl of Flanders, and uncle to the boy King of France. She has fallen into the hands of Artevelde, and conceived for him a passion far stronger than the reader of her 'lay' could have dreamt she would still be capable of; she loves the regent for himself—and he loves her also; but the now hopelessly disturbed temper of his mind is with bold and happy art made to break out even at the moment when she has first told him her love.

The lady has accompanied the regent's camp to the frontier; his application to the court of England has just been rejected; the Duke of Bourbon has induced his nephew of France to muster the strength of his kingdom in the cause of the Earl of Flanders: —(the whole portraiture, by the way, of this stripling monarch, is worthy of Scott himself—it has even a Shakspearian airinesss of touch about it;)—a French envoy has arrived with a secret message from Bourbon, intimating that, if Artevelde will restore Elena, he may yet induce the giddy king to suspend his march, and acknowledge the regent as a lawful sovereign. Philip has allowed the envoy, Sir Fleureant de Heurlée, freedom to deliver letters to the lady herself, and referred the decision of her fate wholly to her own choice. Elena refuses to depart. In going the rounds of his camp at midnight, Artevelde perceives light in her pavilion—he enters, and every one foresees the issue. This is the close of the dialogue. We need not invite special attention to what we quote: here all real lovers of poetry will be as one.

'*Artevelde.* The tomb received her charms
In their perfection, with no trace of time
Nor stain of sin upon them; only death
Had turned them pale. I would that you had seen her
Alive or dead.

Elena. I wish I had, my lord;
I should have loved to look upon her much;

For I can gaze on beauty all day long,
And think the all-day-long is but too short.

Artevelde. She was so fair, that in the angelic choir
She will not need put on another shape
Than that she bore on earth. Well, well,—she's gone,
And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief
Are transitory things no less than joy,
And though they leave us not the men we were,
Yet they do leave us. You behold me here
A man bereaved, with something of a blight
Upon the early blossoms of his life
And its first verdure, having not the less
A living root, and drawing from the earth
Its vital juices, from the air its powers:
And surely as man's health and strength are whole
His appetites regerminate, his heart
Re-opens, and his objects and desires
Shoot up renewed. What blank I found before me
From what is said you partly may surmise;
How I have hoped to fill it may I tell?

Elena. I fear, my lord, that cannot be.

Artevelde. Indeed!
Then am I doubly hopeless. What is gone,
Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings of the soul,
Nor memory's tricks, nor fancy's invocations,—
Though tears went with them frequent as the rain
In dusk November, sighs more sadly breathed
Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead,—
Can bring again: and should this living hope,
That like a violet from the other's grave
Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled soil
Finding moist nourishment—this seedling sprung
Where recent grief had like a ploughshare passed
Through the soft soul, and loosened its affections—
Should this new-blossomed hope be coldly nipped,
Then were I desolate indeed! a man
Whom heaven would wean from earth, and nothing leaves
But cares and quarrels, trouble and distraction,
The heavy burthens and the broils of life.
Is such my doom? Nay, speak it, if it be.

Elena. I said I feared another could not fill
The place of her you lost, being so fair
And perfect as you give her out.

Artevelde. 'Tis true,
A perfect woman is not as a coin,
Which being gone, its very duplicate
Is counted in its place. Yet waste so great

Might

Might you repair, such wealth you have of charms
Luxuriant, albeit of what were her's
Rather the contrast than the counterpart.
Colour, to wit—complexion;—her's was light
And gladdening; a roseate tincture shone
Transparent in its place, her skin elsewhere
White as the foam from which in happy hour
Sprang the Thalassian Venus: your's is clear
But bloodless, and though beautiful as night
In cloudless ether clad, not frank as day:
Such is the tinct of your diversity;
Serenely radiant she, you darkly fair.

Elena. Dark still has been the colour of my fortunes,
And having not serenity of soul,
How should I wear the aspect?

Artevelde. Wear it not;
Wear only that of love.

Elena. Of love? alas!
That is its opposite. You counsel me
To scatter this so melancholy mist
By calling up the hurricane. Time was
I had been prone to counsel such as yours;
Adventurous I have been, it is true,
And this foolhardy heart would brave—nay court,
In other days, an enterprise of passion;
Yea, like a witch, would whistle for a whirlwind.
But I have been admonished: painful years
Have tamed and taught me: I have suffered much.
Kind Heaven but grant tranquillity! I seek
No further boon.

Artevelde. And may not love be tranquil?

Elena. It may in some; but not as I have known it.

Artevelde. Love, like an insect frequent in the woods,
Will take the colour of the tree it feeds on;
As saturnine or sanguine is the soul,
Such is the passion. Brightly upon me,
Like the red sunset of a stormy day,
Love breaks anew beneath the gathering clouds
That roll around me! Tell me, sweet Elena,
May I not hope, or rather can I hope,
That for such brief and bounded space of time
As are my days on earth, you'll yield yourself
To love me living—and to mourn me dead?

Elena. Oh, not, my lord, to mourn you—why—oh God!
Why will you say so? You distress me—no—
You will pursue your triumphs many a year,
And victory shall wait upon your steps
As heretofore, and death be distant far.
Take back those words; I cannot bear them; no,
They hang upon my heart too heavily.

Tell me you're sure to conquer, as you are.

Artevelde. So, loveliest, let us hope. It may be so.
I'll swear it shall be, so you'll swear in turn
To give me up your heart.

Elena. I cannot—no—
I cannot give you what you've had so long;
Nor need I tell you what you know so well.
I must be gone.

Artevelde. Nay, sweetest, why these tears?

Elena. No, let me go—I cannot tell—no—no—
I want to be alone—let me retire—
Dear Artevelde, for God's love let me go!'

Elena retires; and Artevelde, after a pause, thus soliloquizes:—

'The night is far advanced upon the morrow,
And but for that conglomerated mass
Of cloud with ragged edges, like a mound
Or black pine-forest on a mountain's top,
Wherein the light lies ambushed, dawn were near.—
Yes, I have wasted half a summer's night.
Was it well spent? Successfully it was.
How little flattering is a woman's love!—
The few hours left are precious—who is there?
Ho! Nieuverkerchen!—*when we think upon it,*
How little flattering is a woman's love!
Given commonly to whosoe'er is nearest
And propped with most advantage; outward grace
Nor inward light is needful; day by day,
Men wanting both are mated with the best
And loftiest of God's feminine creation,
Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,
And ridicules the very name of choice.
Ho! Nieuverkerchen!—what, then, do we sleep?
Are none of you awake?—*and as for me,*
The world says Philip is a famous man—
What is there women will not love, so taught?
Ho! Ellert! by your leave though, you must wake.'

—vol. ii. pp. 100-106.

How perfect in its kind is this little snatch of verse which we find Elena singing shortly afterwards at the door of *the tent of Artevelde*—

'Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid,
Lead we not here a jolly life
Betwixt the shine and shade?
Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid,
Thou wagg'st, but I am worn with strife
And feel like flowers that fade.'—vol. ii. p. 177.

We

We should be sorry to anticipate too largely the pleasure of our reader in following the action of the sequel through the skilfully diversified scenes in which war, treason, and guilty but passionate love are made to play their part. We extract, however, the regent's vision the night before the fatal field of Rosebecque—

Elena. You are not like yourself.
What took you from your bed ere break of day?
Where have you been? I know you're vexed with something.
Tell me, now, what has happened.
Artevelde. Be at rest.
No accident, save of the world within;
Occurrences of thought; 'tis nothing more.
Elena. It is of such that love most needs to know.
The loud transactions of the outlying world
Tell to your masculine friends: tell me your thoughts.
Artevelde. They stumbled in the dusk 'twixt night and day.
I dreamed distressfully, and waking knew
How an old sorrow had stolen upon my sleep,
Molesting midnight and that short repose
Which industry had earned, so to stir up
About my heart remembrances of pain
Least sleeping when I sleep, least sleeping then
When reason and the voluntary powers
That turn and govern thought are laid to rest.
Those powers by this nocturnal inroad wild
Surprised and broken, vainly I essayed
To rally and unsubjugate; the mind
Took its direction from a driftless dream.
Then passed I forth.
Elena. You stole away so softly
I knew it not, and wondered when I woke.
Artevelde. *The gibbous moon was in a wan decline,*
And all was silent as a sick man's chamber.
Mixing its small beginnings with the dregs
Of the pale moonshine and a few faint stars,
The cold uncomfortable daylight dawned;
And the white tents, topping a low ground-fog,
Showed like a fleet becalmed. I wandered far,
Till reaching to the bridge I sat me down
Upon the parapet. Much mused I there,
Revolving many a passage of my life,
And the strange destiny that lifted me
To be the leader of a mighty host
And terrible to kings. What followed then
I hardly may relate, for you would smile,
And say I might have dreamed as well a-bed
As gone abroad to dream.
Elena. I shall not smile;

And

And if I did, you would not grudge my lips
So rare a visitation. But the cause,
Whate'er it be, that casts a shadow here, (*kissing his brow*)
How should it make me smile? What followed, say,
After your meditations on the bridge?

Artevelde. I'll tell it, but I bid you not believe it;
For I am scarce so credulous myself
As to believe that was which my eyes saw—
A visual not an actual existence.

Elena. What was it like? Wore it a human likeness?

Artevelde. That such existences there are, I know;
For, whether by the corporal organ framed,
Or painted by a brainish fantasy
Upon the inner sense, not once nor twice,
But sundry times, have I beheld such things
Since my tenth year, and most in this last past.

Elena. What was it you beheld?

Aretvelde. To-day?

Elena. Last night—
This morning—when you sat upon the bridge.

Artevelde. 'Twas a fantastic sight.

Elena. What sort of sight?

* * * * *

Artevelde. Man's grosser attributes can generate
What is not nor has ever been at all;
What should forbid his fancy to restore
A being passed away? The wonder lies
In the mind merely of the wondering man.
Treading the steps of common life with eyes
Of curious inquisition, some will stare
At each discovery of nature's ways,
As it were new to find that God contrives.
The contrary were marvellous to me,
And till I find it I shall marvel not.
Or all is wonderful, or nothing is.
As for this creature of my eyes——

Elena. What was it?
The semblance of a human creature?

Artevelde. Yes.

Elena. Like any you had known in life?

Artevelde. Most like;
Oh! more than like, it was the very same.
It was the image of my wife.

Elena. Of her!
The Lady Adriana?

Artevelde. My dead wife.

Elena. Oh God! how strange!

Artevelde. And wherefore?—wherefore strange?
Why should not fancy summon to its presence

This

This shape as soon as any?
Elena. Gracious Heaven!
And were you not afraid?
Artevelde. I felt no fear.
Dejected I had been before: that sight
Inspired a deeper sadness, but no fear.
Nor had it struck that sadness to my soul
But for the dismal cheer the thing put on,
And the unsightly points of circumstance
That sullied its appearance and departure.
Elena. For how long saw you it?
Artevelde. I cannot tell:
I did not mark.
Elena. And what was that appearance
You say was so unsightly?
Artevelde. She appeared
In white, as when I saw her last, laid out
After her death; suspended in the air
She seemed, and o'er her breast her arms were crossed;
Her feet were drawn together pointing downwards,
And rigid was her form and motionless.
From near her heart, as if the source were there,
A stain of blood went wavering to her feet.
So she remained inflexible as stone—
And I as fixedly regarded her.
Then suddenly, and in a line oblique,
Thy figure darted past her, whereupon,
Though rigid still and straight, she downward moved,
And as she pierced the river with her feet
Descending steadily, the streak of blood
Peeled off upon the water, which, as she vanished,
Appeared all blood, and swelled and weltered sore;
And midmost in the eddy and the whirl
My own face saw I, which was pale and calm
As death could make it:—then the vision passed,
And I perceived the river and the bridge,
The mottled sky and horizontal moon,
The distant camp, and all things as they were.
Elena. If you are not afraid to see such things,
I am to hear them. Go not near that bridge;—
You said that something happened there before—
Oh, cross it not again, my dearest Philip.
Artevelde. The river cannot otherwise be passed.'—vol. ii. p. 228.

All this is, of course, pure invention; but the romancer avails himself also of Froissart's picturesque account of certain portents that marked, according to the general credence of the time, this same eventful night—the crisis of the fate of Artevelde.

For these things we have, unfortunately for ourselves, no room; and

and even of the battle that ensued, as set forth in the *romance*, we must content ourselves with the closing scene. The reader is to understand, however, that the Knight of Heurlée, by whose hand the Flemish regent is made to fall, has been a busy character throughout the second part of the romance; that he is a traitor double-dyed in infamy—who had on a former occasion broken his *parole* to D'Artevelde, and been, in consequence, disgraced and dishonoured in the then chivalrous court of France. Stung with shame and remorse, he deserts from the French camp at dawn of day, and offers his services to the man whom he had before outraged. Philip receives him with calm contempt—and, maddened with hopeless contumely, the deserter assassinates him in the course of the battle on the fatal bridge of the *dream*. The stage direction now gives—

'A PART OF THE FIELD ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE LIS.
It is strewn with the dead and wounded, and other wreck of the battle. In front is the body of VAN ARTEVELDE. ELENA *is kneeling beside it.* VAN RYK *and one of* VAN ARTEVELDE'S *Pages are standing near. Trumpets are heard from time to time at a distance.*

Van Ryk. Bring her away. Hark! hark!
Page. She will not stir.
Either she does not hear me when I speak,
Or will not seem to hear.
Van Ryk. Leave her to me.
Fly, if thou lovest thy life, and make for Ghent. [Exit *Page.*
Madam, arouse yourself; the French come fast:
Arouse yourself, sweet lady; fly with me!
I pray you hear: it was his last command
That I should take you hence to Ghent by Olsen.
Elena. I cannot go on foot.
Van Ryk. No, lady, no,
You shall not need; horses are close at hand.
Let me but take you hence. I pray you, come.
Elena. Take *him* then too.
Van Ryk. The enemy is near
In hot pursuit; we cannot take the body.
Elena. The body! Oh!*
Enter *Duke of Burgundy.*
Duke of Burgundy. What hideous cry was that?
What are ye? Flemings? Who art thou, old sir?
Who she that flung that long funereal note
Into the upper sky? Speak.
Van Ryk. What I am,

* We question if any poet has ever surpassed this exclamation. The speech of Burgundy is not unworthy to follow it.

Yourself

Yourself have spoken. I am, as you said,
Old and a Fleming. Younger by a day
I could have wished to die; but what of that?
For death to be behindhand but a day
Is but a little grief.

Duke of Burgundy. Well said, old man.
And who is she?

Van Ryk. Sir, she is not a Fleming.

Enter *the King, the Duke of Bourbon, the Earl of Flanders, Sir Fleureant of Heurlée, the Constable, Tristram of Lestovel, the Lord of Coucy, and many other Lords and Knights, with Guards and Attendants.*

King. What is your parley, uncle; who are these?

Duke of Burgundy. Your majesty shall ask them that yourself;
I cannot make them tell.

King. Come on! come on!
We've sent a hundred men to search the field
For Artevelde's dead body.

Sir Fleureant. Sire, for that
You shall need seek no farther; there he lies.

King. What, say you so? What! this Van Artevelde?
God's me! how sad a sight!

Duke of Burgundy. But are you sure?
Lift up his head.

Sir Oliver of Clisson. Sir Fleureant, is it he?

Sir Fleureant. Sirs, this is that habiliment of flesh
Which clothed the spirit of Van Artevelde
Some half an hour agone. Between the ribs
You'll find a wound, whereof so much of this
(*Drawing his dagger*)
As is imbrued with blood denotes the depth.

King. Oh me! how sad and terrible he looks!
He hath a princely countenance. Alas!
I would he might have lived, and taken service
Upon the better side!

Duke of Burgundy. And who is she?
(*Elena raises her head from the body.*)

Duke of Bourbon. That *I* can answer: she's a traitress vile!—
The villain's paramour.

Sir Fleureant. Beseech you, sir,
Believe it not; she was not what you think.
She did affect him, but in no such sort
As you impute, which she can promptly prove.* [mour.

Elena (*springing upon her feet*). 'Tis false! thou liest! I *was* his para-

Duke of Bourbon. Oh, shameless harlot! dost thou boast thy sin?

* The reader recollects that Sir Fleureant had visited the regent's camp on an earlier occasion, before the close connexion between Philip and Elena took place; hence this speech in which the lost man believes himself to be saying the truth.

Ay,

Ay, down upon the carrion once again!
Ho! guards! dispart her from the rebel's carcass,
And hang it on a gibbet. Thus, and thus,
I spit upon and spurn it.

Elena (*snatching Artevelde's dagger from its sheath*). Miscreant foul!
Black-hearted felon!
(*Aims a blow at the Duke of Bourbon, which Sir Fleureant intercepts.*)
Ay, dost baulk me! there—
As good for thee as him!
(*Stabs Sir Fleureant, who falls dead.*)

Duke of Burgundy. Seize her! secure her! tie her hand and foot!
What! routed we a hundred thousand men,
Here to be slaughtered by a crazy wench!
(*The guards rush upon Elena; Van Ryk interposes for her defence; after some struggle, both are struck down and slain.*)

Duke of Bourbon. So! curst untoward vermin! are they dead?
His very corse breeds maggots of despite!

Duke of Burgundy. I did not bid them to be killed.

Captain of the Guard. My lord,
They were so sturdy and so desperate,
We could not else come near them.

King. Uncle, lo!
The Knight of Heurlée, too, stone dead!

Sanxere. By Heaven,
This is the strangest battle I have known!
First we've to fight the foe, and then the captives!

Duke of Bourbon. Take forth the bodies. For the woman's corse,
Let it have Christian burial. As for his,
The arch-insurgent's, hang it on a tree,
Where all the host may see it.

Duke of Burgundy. Brother, no:
It were not for our honour, nor the king's,
To use it so. Dire rebel though he was,
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts
Was he endowed: courage, discretion, wit,
An equal temper and an ample soul,
Rock-bound and fortified against assaults
Of transitory passion, but below
Built on a surging subterranean fire
That stirred and lifted him to high attempts.
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,
He nothing lacked in sovereignty but the right;
Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.
Wherefore with honour lay him in his grave,
And thereby shall increase of honour come
Unto their arms who vanquished one so wise,

So

So valiant, so renowned! Sirs, pass we on,
And let the bodies follow us on biers.
Wolf of the weald, and yellow-footed kite,
Enough is spread for you of meaner prey.
Other interment than your maws afford
Is due to these. At Courtray we shall sleep,
And there I'll see them buried side by side.'

—vol. ii. pp. 264-272.

We have perhaps some reason to apologise for the length of these extracts. We can only repeat what we alleged at the outset—namely, that years and years have passed since it came in the way of our office to call attention to the appearance of a new English poem at once of such pretensions and such execution. If Mr. Taylor should devote himself to dramatic composition with a view to *the stage*, he must learn to brace his dialogue somewhat more tightly, and to indulge less in discursive reflection; but he has already done enough to secure himself a place among the real artists of his time.

We have not thought it worth our while to point attention to the numberless passages in which Mr. Taylor's *fiction* speaks home to the feelings and facts of our own day. He is not, we can perceive, of our own school as to politics; indeed, in spite of his *motto*, and, although, by taking Philip van Artevelde, whose father had rebelled while he was in infancy, for his hero, he has escaped most of the difficulties which would naturally have attached to the choice of a rebel-hero, he has, we cannot but feel, indicated his own sympathy with the movement cause in general. But still, being a true poet, and, therefore, a sagacious man, he has let fall many things which are by no means likely to gratify the powers that be—or rather, indeed, we ought to say, *the powers that seem*. His account of the *ministers* of Philip van Artevelde—of the versatile orator *De Vaux*, in particular, (vol. ii. p. 24)—appears to us to be little else than a bitter contemporary satire.

ART. IV.—*Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui*, 1710 *à* 1800. Tomes premier et second. Paris. 1834.

INFINITE are the shapes of falsehood, and *depuis feu Protée*, as Madame du Deffand pleasantly says, nothing can equal the versatility of a Parisian manufacturer of memoirs. One day he is a dramatist—the next a bishop—by and by a monarch—then a jacobin—and in succession, a minister of state, and a thief-taker—a damsel of the Palais Royal, and a duchess of the Louvre. That there was a Madame de Créqui, who lived to a great old age, and was remarkable

remarkable for a lively youth and an *aimable vieillesse*, is very well known; but that she wrote these volumes is, we confidently believe to be, the most *insigne mensonge* that ever was propounded. The fabricators are hard pushed; they find that the memoirs of *men*, and particularly of men of the present, or even of the last, generation, are liable to be tried, and, if false, detected, by tests which no ingenuity can elude. A *man* is either a statesman or a soldier—a cleric or a *commis*—a lawyer or a *littérateur*—and the sayings and doings of such men leave *traces* in their several walks of life which can neither be imitated nor obliterated. A forgery is in such cases easily detected, and the trade, instead of being profitable, becomes a losing concern. They have now, therefore, thought it prudent to try what they can do in female attire. The *commérage* of an old lady deals little in that class of facts or dates which, being preserved in authentic history, afford the best test of the authenticity of memoirs; and they are now trying how far the public may be deluded by that trivial gossip, as to the truth or falsehood of which few care, and still fewer examine.

Some of these manufacturers, looking about for a subject proper for their purpose, have lighted upon Madame de Créqui, a lady who—as the *Biographies* tell us *and them*—'died at a very advanced age in 1803; who was remarkable for social and conversational talents; and who left behind her several manuscripts.' 'Upon that hint they speak;' and this, we believe, is *all* that the author of this work knows of the lady, in whose name and character he writes. He found, in two or three authentic works, notices of a Madame de Créqui—stated to have been born under Louis XIV., and to have died under Napoleon; and he therefore adopted her life as a *canvass* on which he might fearlessly spread all the anecdotic colours which he could collect from Dangeau, St. Simon, Bachaumont, Marmontel, Walpole, and Mesdames de Sévigné, Maintenon, De Staël, and Du Deffand.

The French critics believe—(it is wonderful how credulous French critics are prior to a detection, and how clear-sighted they become when a forgery is proved)—the French critics, we say, affect to believe that there is a *petit noyeau de vérité* which is swelled into its present bulk by a vast deal of supposititious matter: in short, that some scattered manuscripts of Madame de Créqui have fallen into the hands of the editor, who has *diluted* her spirit into the gallons of washy stuff which fill these two octavos, and which are destined—if the public will but consent to be duped—to fill ten or a dozen similar *tomes*. This theory we absolutely disbelieve. We do not think that there is one genuine drop of Madame de Créqui in the whole publication; we are confident, and shall prove, that the 'Mémoires' are,

are, in every point of view, a *complete forgery—the grossest and most impudent of impostures;* for not only are the facts false, and the work spurious, but the very person to whom they are attributed is a *phantom* created by the ignorance of the fabricator, who, having very ridiculously mistaken *one* lady of the family of Créqui for *another*, builds his whole edifice on this fundamental blunder. This seems incredible, but we think we can put it beyond all doubt. The account the editor gives of his author is as follows:—

'*Renée Charlotte Victoire de Froulay de Tessé, Marchioness of Crequy*, of Heymont, of Canaples, &c., was one of the women of her day the most remarkable for superiority and originality of mind. She died at the age of *near* an hundred. She had been presented to Louis XIV. in 1713, and had had an audience of the First Consul in the *twelfth* year of the republic (1804).'—*Prospectus.*

The date of her birth is not given; but as she was only *near* an hundred when she died, and as she was presented to the First Consul in September, 1804, she must have been born, at soonest, in 1705, and must therefore have been presented to Louis XIV. when she was *eight* years old. This little difficulty, however, was discovered between the publication of the *Prospectus* and that of the work itself; and in the latter SHE is made to palliate the inconsistency by saying that she is not sure whether she was born in 1699 or in 1700, or in 1701—that she left her convent in Brittany, and came to Paris in the last days of 1713—that she saw Louis twice or thrice between that period and his death in 1715—that she was married during or immediately after the mourning for that prince—and that her interview with Buonaparte was on *Septidi de la troisième décade de Vendémiaire, an* xi (27*th Sept.* 1803), so that, instead of being *near* an hundred, as the Prospectus announced, she was by her own account, *at least* one hundred and two, or perhaps one hundred and four.

But little interested as we feel in the private history of the Froulay family, we are enabled to remove a considerable portion of the uncertainty under which the lady is represented as labouring as to the year of her birth. She says her mother died an hour *before* she was born—that her father was then at the head of his regiment on the frontiers of Germany—that he was soon after made prisoner by the enemy, and remained so for *seventeen months*, and never heard of her birth nor of her mother's death till his arrival at Versailles, where his uncle, the *Maréchal de Tessé*, informed him of these events, and obliged him to put himself into mourning. Now it happens to be known ('Mémoires de Tessé,' t. i. p. 182) that the Count de Tessé (he was not *Maréchal* till 1703) left Versailles on the 4th December, 1700, for Italy,

Italy, where he remained for some years in command of the French army, so that it was *not later* than the 3d December, 1700, that he could have seen at Versailles Madame de Créqui's father—who was not, *soit dit en passant*, his nephew. Deduct the seventeen months of captivity from that date, and we are brought back to July, 1699, as the *latest possible* day for the birth of our heroine—she was, therefore, thirteen and a half when she left her convent—fourteen or fifteen when she was presented to Louis XIV., and near seventeen at her marriage—all much more credible than the other story; but *then* 'incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charibdim,' she must have been not *near* an hundred, but *above one hundred and four* at her interview with Buonaparte, if it took place An XI.—as *she* says—and above one hundred and five, if it took place, as the *editor* originally announced, An XII. Imagine a lady writing her memoirs at one hundred and four! But it may be said that she only added a few notes at this very advanced age, and that the great body of the Memoirs was written some years before. They were written, she says, for the instruction of her grandson; and the editor tells us that he died *long* before his grandmother—very well—but if this were so, why, when she was correcting and adding notes to her Memoirs in 1803, did she leave untouched the *Dedication* to her grandson, who had been *long dead;* and why, in the very note which records her interview with Buonaparte, does she still talk, as if to her grandson, of the consul's promise to restore to them '*our* forfeited estates?' for, after this grandson's death, there was no one to whom she could have designated the estates as *ours*. And why does she, in a passage, which must, as appears from the context, have been written subsequent to 1793, address her grandson as a child—*je vous conterai une histoire de voleur, mon petit prince*—(vol. ii. p. 65)—when we see from another passage (vol. i. p. 137) that the *petit prince* (who never was a prince at all) must have been born prior to 1756?

But every page of the work proves, by its style and topics, that it is of *very recent* composition. This, if it were worth while to enter into such details, we think we could prove, from the idiom and orthography; nay, we are convinced by several political allusions, that it has been *wholly written since the revolution of July*. But such an examination would be, as our readers will see presently, a perfect waste of time in so flagrant a case as this. We shall content ourselves with two or three instances, which will prove that they are of too recent date to be the production of the imputed author.

In many passages of the work, the author quotes and frequently criticises

criticises and contradicts the Memoirs of St. Simon, and, indeed, St. Simon supplies a very considerable part of the matter of the work. Now, the Memoirs of St. Simon were not published till 1788, and then but imperfectly, while this writer alludes to more recent editions. We hear of the National Assembly (vol. ii. p. 123), and of the Revolutionary Tribunal (p. 132), and specifically of *Philippe Egalité* (p. 33), and *Citizen Fouché* (p. 104), and in the midst of a story, in which she apostrophizes her grandson as still living, she talks of the horrors of 1793 as already matter of history. All this brings the composition of the work down to, at the earliest, 1794, at which time she would be about *ninety-five* years old—rather an advanced age to commence writing *thirteen* volumes of memoirs—for such we are told is the extent of her work. '*Credat Judæus!*' But what follows would be too much for the credulity, we will not say of a Jew, but even of the Parisian public. The fictitious marquise thinks it necessary to be acquainted with all the eminent persons of the century embraced by her Memoirs, and accordingly she introduces, about the year 1714, the Marquis Dangeau.

'They said at the time (*on disait alors*) that he was writing his memoirs, and *when they appeared* (*quand je les ai vu paraître*) they seemed to me neither more interesting nor less insignificant than their author.'—vol. i. p. 128.

Now, the Memoirs of the Marquis Dangeau did not *appear* till 1817, fourteen years after Madame de Créqui's death. These, and a hundred other anachronisms are not in stray paragraphs, or explanatory notes, or subsequent insertions—they are interwoven with the body of the work, and accompanied by, and dovetailed into the most elaborate falsehoods and fabrications. Let us give our readers another example:—In a visit to Rome in 1722, Madame de Créqui is represented as meeting a 'certain Duchess of Bedford and her daughter,' '*Milady Marquionesse* (as her mother called her) *de Tavistock*,' who are the most ridiculous personages that can be imagined, and of whom, particularly of the *Marquionesse* de Tavistock, the Memoirs tell us the most absurd stories. It may be very true, as the Memoirs say, that all Englishwomen are mad and vulgar—but at least the lady here specially attacked must be acquitted of the specific charges made against her—for luckily there happens to have been no Lady Tavistock between the years 1700 and 1764. In 1722, there existed a Duchess Dowager of Bedford, (who died in 1724 at Streatham,) and in 1725, her son, the third duke, married Lady Anne Egerton, and it was not till the marriage of the son of the fourth duke in 1764, that there was a *Marchioness of Tavistock*.

But

But it is mere waste of time to dwell on such trifles—we now revert to our former statement, that not merely is the book spurious, but the lady to whom it is attributed is a phantom of the fabricator's imagination. We beg our reader's attention to the exposure of this miraculous mistake.

We find in the French *Biographie Universelle*, article CRÉQUI, the following notice:—

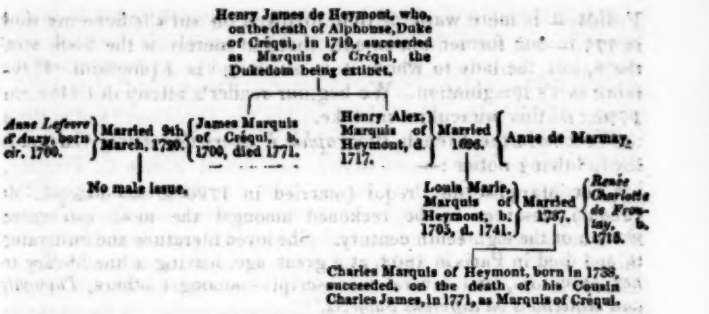
'The Marquise de Créqui (married in 1720 to the Marquis de Créqui) deserves to be reckoned amongst the most celebrated women of the eighteenth century. She loved literature and cultivated it, and died in Paris in 1803, at a great age, leaving a fine library to her executors, and several manuscripts—amongst others, *Thoughts and Reflections on different Subjects*.'

Here we have the *germ* of these Memoirs—a Madame de Créqui, of great wit and talents, who dies at a great age, who *might* have seen both Louis XIV. and the First Consul, and bequeaths copious manuscripts to her executors—and this is, no doubt, the lady of whom the Princess des Ursins writes (as triumphantly quoted by the editor) from Rome, in 1722.

'The young Marquise de Créqui is distinguished by the dignity of her manners, the graces of her mind, the originality of her conversation, and the propriety of her conduct.'—vol. i. p. 2.

The editor quotes also, with great confidence and complacency, the eulogies of Voltaire and Rousseau, and (so late as 1788) of Delille. All this looks at first sight like an important, and, indeed, conclusive corroboration of the authenticity of these Memoirs; but alas! alas! we hardly know how to announce so direful a *denouement* of this fable—there have been TWO Marquises de Créqui—the *one* the lady mentioned in the *Biographie*, whose maiden name was *Anne Louise Lefevre d'Auzy*, and who was married in 1720, and whose husband died in 1771; and the *other*—the lady to whom these Memoirs are attributed—*Renée Charlotte de Froulay*, the wife of a gentleman of another branch of the Créqui family, which, on the death of the husband of *Anne*, in 1771, claimed the Marquisate of Créqui. *Anne Lefevre d'Auzy* was, no doubt, born early in the century, as she was married in 1720, and *she* was the only Marquise de Créqui existing till 1771. *Renée de Froulay* was not *born* till 1715, (the year in which the author of the Memoirs pretends she was *married*;)—she was really married in 1737 to the Marquis de Heymont, and *her son* became, on the death of his cousin—in 1771—Marquis de Créqui, and she may, for aught we know, have also called herself Madame de Créqui. All this will be made quite clear by the following tabular view of the genealogy of the family, extracted from Moreri and La Chesnay des Bois.

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So that the *centenaire* Madame de Créqui (if ever such a *centenaire* existed) was Anne Lefevre d'Auxy, the aunt, *à la mode de Bretagne*, of Renée de Froulay, who, in the Memoirs, usurps her age, her place, and her honours. What could have led to this extraordinary blunder we cannot venture positively to assert, but we suspect that an error in the *Biographie* has misled the fabricator. We doubt that the lady who died in 1803 was Anne Lefevre; we rather think it was Renée de Froulay, because we know that the Baron de Breteuil inherited some property from the lady who died in 1803, and the Breteuils were certainly allied to the Froulays, and not, that we can discover, to the *Lefevres d'Auxy*. But as Renée de Froulay, who was born after the death of Louis XIV., would not have answered the fabricator's purpose, he confounds her with her aunt; and by taking the *birth* of one and the *death* of the other, he completes his fable of a '*centenaire*.' We see, indeed, that the fabricator had some misgivings that he was not on sure ground. He says Madame de Créqui complains of the *inaccuracies* of the *dates* in Moreri and La Chesnay des Bois. This it was quite necessary to do, because, having set out with the wrong person, *he* found it impossible to manage the dates, and *he* hoped to evade detection by thus denying the authorities which he could not reconcile: but he does not seem to have any suspicion that the cause of his difficulties was his having got, if we may use Queen Bess's homely expression, *the wrong sow by the ear*. Biographies and genealogies are, we well know, very liable to errors of *date*, but such a mistake as *Anne Lefevre d'Auxy* in one generation, for *Renée de Froulay* in another, we hardly think possible. But it is remarkable that, in this case, there seems additional reason for giving credit to the genealogists. First, the *Biographie Universelle* does not copy the genealogies, yet agrees with them as to the birth and marriage of Anne Lefevre: secondly, the edition of Moreri, in 1728, makes no mention of Renée de

Froulay—which it would have probably done had she been married in 1715—but the edition of 1759, which continues the history of the family, introduces *Renée* as married to the Marquis de Heymont in 1737: thirdly, in the edition of La Chesnay des Bois, in 1772, that writer continues still further the genealogy, and notices the death of James, Marquis de Créqui, in the preceding year, and adds, 'that by this event Charles, the son of Renée de Froulay, has become Marquis de Créqui:' and, fourthly, we find that the genealogies of the two *different* families of *Tessé* and *Créqui* agree in the same story. That of the Créqui family is given in the foregoing table: and in that of the Froulay family it is stated that '*Renée Charlotte de Froulay* was married on the 18th of March, 1737, to Louis de Créqui, Marquis de Heymont, cadet de la branche ainée de la maison de Créqui.' We must further remark that out of this genealogy of the Froulays arises another remarkable contradiction in point of fact to the statements of the Memoirs. The Marquise *Renée* is made to say, that the death of her brother in his youth was, by her thus becoming an *heiress*, the cause of her marriage with M. de Créqui. Now, it appears, if any faith is due to history, that *Renée's* brother, the Marquis de Froulay, survived her marriage above eight years; and that, so far from dying a youth prior to 1713, he was a general officer, killed at the battle of Lafeldt, 11th July, 1745.

Our readers may ask how it is possible that any man of common sense and of the most superficial literature could fall into such extraordinary—such obvious mistakes? We might content ourselves with replying, in the words of Molière—

'Vous avez raison; et la chose, à chacun,
Hors de créance doit paroître;
Un conte extravagant, ridicule, importun,
Cela choque le sens commun—
Mais cela ne laisse pas d'être!'

We have only to state the facts, and cannot be expected to account for such strange inaccuracy; but the bold ignorance of some modern French writers is quite amazing. We proved in a former number* that M. Lemontey—the editor of Dangeau's 'Memoirs'—the author of an historical essay on the reign of Louis XIV., on the strength of which essay he was elected into the *French Academy*—showed, in that said essay, that he had never read (though he did not fail to quote) the 'Memoirs' of St. Simon, and had attributed to an *anonymous* satirist—'*whose name he lamented he could not discover*'—some of the most remarkable and best known passages of St. Simon's work. After such an example of the learning of the academicians, we cannot be sur-

* See Quarterly Review, vol. XIX. p. 476.

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prised at any degree of ignorance in the obscure tribe who live by that disreputable class of fabrications which it has of late been our duty to expose.

We add, that the literary merit of the work is worse than nothing—vulgar trash—stupid threadbare stories, not only common to all the *French* jest-books, but to be found in our own *Joe Miller*—indecent in many passages, disgusting in more, contemptible in all.

*** Since writing the above, we have received from Paris the result of a search which we caused to be made in the official registers of burial in that city. It confirms all we have said, and all we suspected. The lady who died in 1803, (14 Pluviose, an. xi.) was *Renée de Froulay*—born in 1715—the widow of *Louis Marie de Créqui*. This settles the matter.

ART. VI.—*The Dispatches of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K.G., during his various Campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France, from* 1799 *to* 1818. Compiled, from official and authentic documents, by Lieut.-Colonel Gurwood, Esquire to his Grace as Knight of the Bath. Vol. I. London. 1834. 8vo.

IN 1832, Lieut.-Colonel Gurwood published a volume of the 'GENERAL ORDERS of the Duke of Wellington, during his Portuguese, Spanish, French and Belgic campaigns from 1809 to 1815;'—a volume which we believe to be of more practical use, not only to military students, but even to experienced officers, than all the theoretical works that ever have been written on military economy. It is, indeed, an admirable code of regulations—founded on the broadest principles, but descending into the most exact detail—for the equipment, subsistence, discipline, and police of an army, for all that tends to its own comfort and honour—to the protection of its friends and allies—and to the defeat of its enemies. The deserved success of that work has induced the gallant and intelligent editor to undertake another, somewhat similar in its nature, but of a wider scope—a collection, as far as he could obtain them from authentic sources, of all the dispatches and letters, official, semi-official, and private, of the Duke of Wellington, from his first appearance in India, as Commandant of the 33d regiment of infantry, down to the period of the Army of Occupation in France—from 1799 to 1818.

'The Duke,' says Colonel Gurwood, 'is now presented to the

world for the first time, as the historian of his own brilliant career.' —*Introd.* p. 11.

These two publications form a work *unique** in its kind, and, if continued as begun, will afford the most—we had almost said the only—complete and authentic view that has ever been given of the military life of any great commander. The *Commentaries* of Cæsar—invaluable as sketches historical and moral of the state of Europe in his day—admirable for the graces of style—and authoritative from the candour, the impartiality, and the lofty sagacity of the illustrious author—the most illustrious, perhaps, of mankind—have been, are, and ever will be, in the first rank of military as well as literary merit—the manual of soldiers, and the model of writers; but they include but a small portion of Cæsar's history. They do not gratify the legitimate curiosity we feel about the early developments of his genius. We should desire to see him in his *early campaigns in Asia*, and to possess his own account of the expedition against Mithridates. We want, also, the history of his successful campaigns in Spain and Portugal, which would probably, if they had been traced by his pen, appear quite as important, and almost as interesting, as his subsequent campaigns in Gaul. There seems a curious coincidence in the general character of the military services of Cæsar and of the Duke of Wellington. Their first successes were in Asia, over native tribes instigated to war by emissaries from the enemies of their mother countries. The responsibility assumed by Cæsar, in marching against the aggression of Mithridates, which threatened Syria and Asia Minor, was probably less, and certainly did not exhibit more political foresight and personal decision, than Sir Arthur Wellesley's moving, on his own authority, the army collected at Trincomalee for the attack of Java, to Bombay, in order to its being employed to counteract the French invasion of Egypt and Syria:—and after those early instances of supe-

* The work which approaches most nearly to the same character is one which appeared in Paris in 1819, in five volumes, under the title of *Correspondance inédite, Officielle et Confidentielle, de Napoleon Bonaparte.* It begins with the Italian campaign of 1796, and continues to that of Egypt, in August, 1798. It does not state by whom or on what authority it is published, but the documents contain abundant internal evidence that they are genuine—and the work, as far as it goes, is a valuable historical compilation; but it falls very short of what Colonel Gurwood's present volume is, and what his sequel promises to be, as a history of the *individual.* It is very imperfect in its series, and somewhat meagre in its substance—exhibiting but little of the real springs of action—and containing none of those unreserved and confidential communications of private opinions and personal proceedings, that form the chief value and curiosity of Colonel Gurwood's publication; which, considering its greater detail, its more authentic public, and its more confidential private, character—its larger scope—its great extent—and yet its greater individuality, we may therefore venture to pronounce *unique.*

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rior talents, it was in Portugal and Spain, and eventually in France and Belgium, that they both exhibited their matured greatness on a wider stage, and with more important and memorable results. We do not pretend to institute a comparison, after the manner of Plutarch, between these two great captains; but such coincidences seem curious enough to justify a passing notice.

But even in the *Commentaries* themselves, as a military history of the Gallic war, there is much to be desired. However candid Cæsar may have been, it is impossible that he should have been quite impartial. It is hardly in human nature, that, writing for posthumous fame, he should not have attenuated reverses and swelled successes. Still more improbable is it, that, in writing a history—not of *passing*—but of *past* events, he should have recollected, in detail, all the local and temporary objects of his doubts and solicitude, and the conditional measures by which, in this event or in that, he designed to have repaired a disappointment or corroborated a success. Yet these are the instances in which the talents of the great general develop themselves, and which are of the greatest use to the military student. The ultimate results constitute *history;* but the individual qualities of the commander—his intellectual and moral powers—are best traced through the details, by the sagacity with which he foresees, and the resources by which he provides or, *possible* accidents and *alternative* events. The history of a nation may be written in generals—that of a great officer can be appreciated only in its details. It is common, to a proverb, to talk of the *chances of war;* and it is incontestable that much of the success and failure of even the most prudent captain is influenced by *what is popularly called chance;* but the ablest officer is he who the most accurately calculates, and the most carefully provides, for these various *chances.* The best consideration we have been able to give to military history satisfies us that there is, in war, much less of what is commonly called *chance* than the world generally supposes—less, we should say, than in most other walks of life; and we are much mistaken if this publication does not prove that *chance* contributed as little to the Duke of Wellington's successes as to those of any minister that ever attained office—of any bishop, or judge on the bench—of any first-rate merchant—or, in short, of any man who has advanced himself conspicuously in the scale of society. Wherever Cæsar enters into such details, we see how generally the event justified his foresight; and if he had written a diary, or if some officer of his staff had registered, from day to day, his views and reasonings, it would probably be seen, that what looks to the vulgar eye most like *chance,* was, in truth, a *calculation.* But such a work

a work was not the object of Cæsar—it would not have accorded with the practice or taste of his time. With a modesty which we may admire, but must regret, he tells us little of his personal history: his *private* views, motives, and designs, are little more opened by him than they subsequently were by Hirtius, or might have been by any well-informed historian of his life. Indeed, the whole Commentaries belong rather to general history, than to the biography of Julius, or the school of military tactics. The publication now before us is of a different character. It is written, for the most part, by the Duke of Wellington's own pen; but without any design of contributing either to biography or history. It is not liable to the imputations of egotism or partiality which attend *memoirs*, nor to the suspicion which naturally attaches to relations composed *after the events*:—it gives us the dispatches of the time—the letters of the day—the notes of the moment—official, public, private, and confidential—written in the closet and in the field—before the battle—during the conflict—after the victory: we have the events *fresh-and-fresh*, to use a familiar phrase—we learn, in unreserved confidence, the general's designs, his apprehensions, and his hopes—we see, in exact detail, his means, his forces, and his measures—we trace, as they arise, the successive events and the successive application of the commander's resources, material and mental, to the exigencies as they occur—and, what is the most important merit, and to the reader the greatest charm of all, is that we are satisfied that all is real—all sincere—all true—no distortion of facts—no colouring of motives—no palliation—no exaggeration. We witness the scene exactly and literally as it passed:—there can be neither misrepresentation nor mistake, so far as the Duke is concerned: he may have been, in a particular case, misinformed; he may have entertained expectations which were not realized; he may have formed an erroneous opinion; but, at least, the facts, the information, the expectation, the opinion, are laid before us exactly and undisguisedly as they appeared or belonged to him *at the moment*. This would be, indeed, a severe test to try any man by, even in the ordinary and unruffled course of private life. Let any of our readers examine his own mind, and, endeavouring to recollect his original impressions on any point, honestly observe the variations which time, circumstances, and events have operated in his own opinions—and he will then comprehend the kind of crucible into which this publication puts the Duke of Wellington's character; and he will be astonished at that admirable consistency which good sense, good nature, good temper, and good nerve, have imprinted on the Duke's *earliest* actions and on his *latest*. Of him, indeed, it may be truly said, that he is—

'Ad

'Ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi *constat.*'

The secret of this wonderful and admirable uniformity is, that all his great qualities have been combined with unaffected simplicity, and an exact and fearless spirit of *truth*. Truth alone may not constitute a great man—but it is the most important ingredient in a great character; it exalts and extends his own qualities—it gives confidence to those who serve under him, security to those who employ him—and in the world at large, it inspires a solid and permanent admiration which maintains, and at last surpasses and outlives, the enthusiasm excited by temporary success.

We now proceed to the examination of the details of the work. In a former number* we gave a general view of the biography of the Duke of Wellington; we are now brought into a more internal and confidential acquaintance with him. It has been generally, and naturally, supposed that the position of his elder brother, the Marquis Wellesley, as Governor-General, had been the influencing cause of Colonel Wellesley's first distinctions in India:—that, it seems, is not the fact—he proceeded to India with his regiment (the thirty-third) some fourteen months before Lord Wellesley's appointment, and had already been noticed for the diligence, and success, and activity, with which he endeavoured to make himself acquainted with the military and political interests of the British Empire in the East. The accession of Lord Wellesley to the government may have accelerated the distinction of his brother; but there is abundant evidence that before his arrival Colonel Wellesley's talents had excited unusual expectation, and must, sooner or later—whoever should have been Governor-General—have achieved a high reputation. Indeed, it may be doubted whether Colonel Wellesley's connexion with his Lordship did not on some occasions operate to his personal disadvantage; it is impossible to read these dispatches without seeing that under a less able and energetic Governor-General, the ability and energy of Colonel Wellesley would probably have had more play, and that, in at least one remarkable instance, Lord Wellesley's too scrupulous reluctance to appear to favour a *brother* led to some injustice to the independent merits of the *public servant*. This is not to be complained of—it was honourable to Lord Wellesley, and, fortunately for the world, not ultimately injurious to the advancement of the Duke;—and we merely notice it here in order to do justice to both.

When Lord Wellesley, soon after his accession to the government, found himself obliged to prepare for hostilities with Tippoo Sultaun, the first step was to form a camp at Walajabad,

* Quarterly Review, vol. XIII. p. 215.

which

which moved afterwards to Vellore, to cover the assemblage of the troops destined for the attack of Mysore. Of this small body Colonel Wellesley had, as senior officer, the chief command; and the attention he bestowed on their discipline in practising them in combined field movements, with his admirable system for the collection of the larger supplies for the intended campaign, attracted general notice and approbation; and when General Harris joined the army, he warmly expressed his commendation of the merits of Colonel Wellesley during his temporary command. When the army was increased by all the disposable British force in India, with the Indian auxiliaries under Meer Alum, the first minister of the Nizam, and it became necessary to distribute it into corps, Colonel Wellesley's regiment was brigaded with the Nizam's contingent, and he was appointed to the command of that division. In Mr. Hook's interesting and able 'Life of Sir David Baird,' we find that Baird, who had lately joined the army with the rank of Major-general, complained to General Harris that Colonel Wellesley, his junior,* was appointed to the command of this division. General Harris paid, Mr. Hook adds, 'no attention to this reclamation.' Certainly not. The fact is, as the book now before us shows, that Colonel Wellesley had received the appointment at the urgent request of the Nizam's minister, who had observed the extraordinary attention paid by the colonel to the habits and feelings of the natives—a tact, in truth, to which in the subsequent Peninsular war, as well as throughout his Indian career, the Duke owed a very great share of all his successes. General Harris knew, in short, that Colonel Wellesley's appointment was popular with the Nizam, his ministers, and his troops; he probably thought Baird's grievance but an imaginary one; at all events he judged it best for the combined service that his original arrangements should stand.

On the 9th of March, 1799, General Harris's army advanced into the territories of Mysore—on the 27th he arrived in front of Tippoo's army at Malavelly. The British, under the personal command of General Harris, formed the right wing of the allied army—the left wing was composed of the Nizam's contingent, brigaded with our 33d regiment under the command of Colonel Wellesley. An opening between the two divisions of the allied army tempted Tippoo to make an attack on that point, which was unsuccessful; and Colonel Wellesley, seeing the opportunity, asked and obtained General Harris's permission to attack the assailants,—a movement which completely

* General Baird's recent promotion made a considerable difference of *rank*, but as *colonel*, he had been but *eight months* senior to Wellesley.

succeeded

succeeded; the cavalry under General Floyd, taking advantage of the enemy's confusion, charged at this critical moment, and completed the success. This was, we believe—with one casual exception when in Holland under the Duke of York—the Duke of Wellington's *coup d'essai* in anything like a superior command; and we see that this, at the moment 'brilliant and important success,' was not obtained by the ordinary merit of maintaining his own position, or forcing that of the enemy under the orders of his commander-in-chief, but by an original movement, the spontaneous exertion of his own military judgment.

On the 5th, the army approached Seringapatam, and took up a camp in front of the place; and on that very evening an affair occurred to which we shall dedicate a little attention—not because it has been made the subject of cavil and insinuation against the Duke by some persons who are of the temper of those that could not bear to hear Aristides called blameless—but because it affords the *first* of the series of the Duke's own letters and dispatches, and seems to us to exhibit—though on a small scale and at his very outset—that peculiar military talent, the development of which has made him the first captain of the age. The story as related in Mr. Hook's 'Life of Baird,' is, in substance, that Colonel Wellesley being ordered on the evening of the 5th to attack and occupy a certain *tope* or grove, called the *Sultaun Pettah Tope*, which lay in front of the camp between it and the wall of Seringapatam, failed in the attack; and that when General Harris next morning ordered a larger force to attack the *tope*, of which he intended to give the command to Colonel Wellesley, this officer was not on parade, having, as it is said, fallen asleep in General Harris's tent tired with the fatigues of the night—that General Harris then desired Sir David Baird to take the direction of the intended attack—that Baird instantly mounted his horse, and called his aide-de-camp—but 'a moment afterwards a generous feeling towards Colonel Wellesley (although he seemed destined to be his rival throughout the campaign) induced him to pause, and, going back to General Harris, he said, "Don't you think, sir, it would be fair to give Wellesley an opportunity of retrieving the misfortune of last night?" General Harris listened to this kind and considerate proposal, and shortly after Colonel Wellesley appeared, who took command of the party, and at its head succeeded in getting possession of the *tope*.' (*Hook's 'Life of Baird,'* vol. i. p. 192.) Upon this statement Colonel Gurwood remarks, that, having had access to General Harris's *Private Diary*, he thinks it right, although the affair is in itself of little importance, to set the matter in its true light.

'There is little doubt (he says) that both General Harris and General Baird were capable of feeling and acting in the manner represented

presented by Mr. Hook, yet, as General Harris does not make the slightest mention of it in his *minute* private diary, and as Colonel Wellesley does not allude to it in his several letters to General Harris on that and the following days, and—*until many years afterwards—never even heard of it* (*!*), it is very possible that Mr. Hook has been misinformed.'—p. 25.

There is no doubt that Mr. Hook *was* misinformed; but his statement, even if it were perfectly accurate, could do no injury to the character of Colonel Wellesley, while it did honour to the generosity of Sir David Baird. We, therefore, have no controversy with Mr. Hook; but Colonel Gurwood has had the good fortune to find in General Harris's papers the letter from Colonel Wellesley before alluded to, which puts the matter in a new and more important point of view, and affords, as we have said, an early and sure indication of Colonel Wellesley's military talents. As every incident in the life of so great a man is interesting, we shall—though agreeing with Colonel Gurwood, that this is *in itself* a trifling affair—explain it, by the help of the documents, in a few words. As the army approached Seringapatam on the 4th, this *tope* (behind which ran a deep stream, or *nullah*) attracted General Harris's attention, and he directed General Baird to beat it up. General Baird, according to Mr. Hook's account, marched at eleven at night, and after scouring the *tope* in all directions—('at no time,' says Mr. Hook, 'a work of easy operation, on account of ditches five or six feet deep, with which it is intersected for the purpose of watering the betel plants, and rendered infinitely more difficult by the darkness')—he found the enemy had abandoned it; their retreat rendered Baird's further stay in the *tope* unnecessary; he accordingly prepared to return, and an officer, who had been attached to his force as a guide, confidently undertook to lead the way. At that period, Lieutenant Lambton, of the 33d, who was on Baird's staff, apprized him that he was moving in an opposite direction to that which had been intended, and was, in fact, marching directly *towards* the enemy; which he substantiated, as the night was clear, by referring to the position of the stars. The guide still persisted they were right. Baird, in this dilemma, took out a pocket compass, and putting a fire-fly on the glass, ascertained that Lambton was right, or, as he used humorously to observe, "the stars were correct;" and immediately the troops faced about, but owing to the détour which they made, they fell in with one of the enemy's pickets—which having surprised and made several prisoners, they then returned to the camp. The next day, however, the enemy again possessed themselves of the *tope*, whence it was judged necessary to expel them. 'For this purpose his Majesty's 33d regiment, commanded by Colonel Wellesley, was directed to perform a similar

similar duty to that which it would have been General Baird's province to have executed the night before, if the enemy had not abandoned the position; and Colonel Shawe, with the 12th regiment, was ordered to take some posts to the left.' (Hook, vol. i. p. 191.) So far Mr. Hook, no doubt, is correct; but we think that justice to Sir David Baird requires some explanation why he should have been so anxious to march *away* from the enemy, or why any credit should be taken for a few prisoners made *by mistake*. The explanation, we have no doubt, is that General Harris only wished to *explore* the *tope* itself prior to his forming his camp in its neighbourhood, and had desired Baird not to risk his corps with the main body of the enemy, which was posted beyond it. General Harris's diary supports this hypothesis by saying that Baird was only ordered to *beat up* the *tope*, and he afterwards adds—

'General Baird's expedition last night so far answered our expectations, as he fell in with a small party of the enemy's horse and cut up eight or ten of them, which will tend to prevent their plaguing us with rockets, I trust. He missed his road coming back, although one would have thought it impossible: no wonder night attacks so often fail.'—*Harris's Diary, 5th April.*

General Harris seems, however, to have set so much value on the possession of the *tope*, that, notwithstanding the difficulties experienced by Baird, he sent orders next day to Colonel Wellesley to make another night attack. We have not General Harris's order; but fortunately Colonel Wellesley's reply is preserved in General Harris's papers: as it is, as we have said, the *first* of the Duke's own letters, we extract it:—

'*To Lieutenant-General Harris.*

'Camp, April 5, 1799.

'My dear Sir,—I do not know where you mean the post to be established, and shall therefore be obliged to you if you will do me the favour to meet me this evening in front of the lines, and show it to me. In the meanwhile, I will order my battalions to be in readiness.

'Upon looking at the *tope*, as I came in just now, it appeared to me that when you get possession of the bank of the *nullah*, you have the *tope* as *a matter of course*, as the latter is in rear of the former. However, you are the best judge, and I will be ready.

'I am, my dear Sir, your faithful humble servant,

'Arthur Wellesley.'

It is evident from this letter—although worded with the modesty and respect due from a subordinate officer to his commander-in-chief—that Colonel Wellesley did not approve of General Harris's design—that he did *not* see how a post was to be established by attacking the *tope*—and *did* see, that, if the possession of the *tope* itself

itself was the object, it could be obtained without so dangerous an experiment, by a movement on each side of it to the open bank of the *nullah*, the possession of which would involve that of the *tope* as a *matter of course* without loss or risk. This is the clear meaning of this remarkable note. Now let us follow the event—General Harris (on some view or information which is not stated) persisted in his original intention, and ordered the direct attack on the *tope*;—that attack failed, as Colonel Wellesley seems to have expected; and next *morning* the very plan suggested in his letter of the day before was adopted—according to which, Colonel Wellesley *turned* the *tope* by a movement on both its flanks, the enemy retreated, and the position was taken as he had predicted 'as a matter of course,' and without the loss of a man! Thus, in this little affair—the *first* of the details of which we have any record—the *only* one in the whole course of his long service which ever gave rise to any doubt—we have incontrovertible evidence of his sagacity in foreseeing failure from *one* course and success from *another*; and, however vexed Colonel Wellesley might have been by his repulse on the night of the 5th, he must have had the consolation—however inadequate—of having *foreseen* it, and of having *suggested* as well as executed, the manœuvre which so easily accomplished the desired object on the morning of the 6th.

After a siege of near a month, the breach in the works of Seringapatam was practicable; and General Baird, with his usual spirit, solicited the command of the assault, and carried the town with heroic gallantry. Colonel Wellesley commanded the reserve in the advanced trenches, and entered the place so early as to be one of the few present when the body of Tippoo was discovered at the sally-port gate, 'still so warm that Colonel Wellesley and myself (says Major Allan) were doubtful whether he was not alive.' (*Hook's 'Life of Baird,'* vol. i. p. 219.) The confusion and excesses inevitable when any place, but particularly a great town, is taken by storm, naturally ensued, although General Baird used the most active exertions to mitigate and repress them. And here occurs another topic of complaint, made by General Baird of General Harris's undue partiality towards Colonel Wellesley, on which our regard for historical truth, and our respect for the memory of General Harris, induce us to make some observations. We extract from Mr. Hook's 'Life' the account which he gives of this transaction:—

'General Baird was proceeding (on the morning after the storm) to make further arrangements for the tranquillization and regulation of the town, when Colonel Wellesley arrived at the palace, bringing with him an order from General Harris to General Baird, directing him to deliver over to *him* (Colonel Wellesley) the command of Seringapatam;

Seringapatam; the city which he had conquered the day before, and the conquest of which was to him, of all living men, most glorious—and, to use the memorable words of the hero himself, (found in the copy of a letter in his possession,) "Before the sweat was dry on my brow, I was superseded by an inferior officer." Deeply did General Baird feel this unexpected blow—but his regret, though mingled with surprise, we may even add with indignation, partook of no personal feeling of hostility against Colonel Wellesley, whose actual merits, as we have already observed, he always greatly appreciated, and whose future exaltation he always confidently anticipated.'—*Life of Baird*, vol. i. p. 226.

This is elegantly and, if the premises be correct, justly expressed. We can easily imagine General Baird's mortification, and appreciate his generosity in exculpating Colonel Wellesley from any personal share in the injustice. But Colonel Gurwood remarks—

'That the authentic documents, relating to the appointment of Colonel Wellesley, must exculpate General Harris from unduly favouring Colonel Wellesley to the prejudice of Sir David Baird,—a charge which Mr. Hook has permitted himself to cast upon that honourable and distinguished officer.'—p. 25.

We do not think (as Colonel Gurwood seems here, and elsewhere in still stronger language, to hint) that any blame attaches to Mr. Hook for the statement he has made, which is clearly justified by copies of several of General Baird's letters which he quotes. On the contrary, Mr. Hook's statement is, as we have observed, written with moderation and in a spirit of justice and conciliation; but the documents do undoubtedly prove that General Baird himself must have laboured under a misapprehension of the facts of the case: Colonel Gurwood asserts that

'the *originals* of these letters, as well as of the former complaint relative to Colonel Wellesley's appointment to the command of the Nizam's army, remain in the possession of General Harris's family; and it appears that *some passages have been omitted* in Mr. Hook's publication of them, which in a great measure contain in themselves a refutation of the partiality and injustice of which General Baird complained.'—p. 39.

We will venture to assert that Mr. Hook did not make any such omissions, and that he could have no desire 'to bring up any thing unfavourable to Sir David Baird,' and least of all 'with the purpose of attacking the honour of those who are living, and the memory of those who are dead.' (*Gurwood*, p. 39.) The whole scope and temper of Mr. Hook's work negatives any such intentions; and we regret that Colonel Gurwood should have expressed himself in such terms as we have just quoted. There can be no doubt, as we have already stated and shall presently prove, that there

there are some serious mistakes, in point of *fact*, in Mr. Hook's account; but it is equally clear to us that they are not *his* mistakes, and still less *his* mis-statements. He, it is evident, tells the story as he had it from General Baird's letters; and the mistakes are referable—not to any intentional misrepresentation on any body's part—but to the inevitable discrepancies which must arise in the accounts given of any transaction by any two men, whatever be their general accuracy, who have seen it from different points of view, and through the medium of opposite interests. When, after the battle of Aumale, in which Henry IV. of France was wounded, he inquired, from the officers collected round his bed, what had passed subsequent to his having left the field, and found that no two agreed in their narratives, he exclaimed, 'And yet thus it is that history will be written!' And this general difficulty must be seriously increased when one of the statements is made from hearsay, or from the imperfect notes of one side, and when there is no opportunity of verbal explanation, and no means *audiendi alteram partem*. After these few observations, which we think it but justice to all parties to have made, we shall proceed to notice the detailed evidence. Colonel Gurwood says,—

'Major-General Baird having desired to be relieved (in Seringapatam), Colonel Wellesley, *being next on the roster*, was ordered, *on the same night*, to command within the fort.'—p. 35.

Colonel Gurwood does not state *his* authority for the assertion that *General Baird desired to be relieved*, which is the main point of the controversy: we therefore conclude that he assumes the fact from General Baird's own account of the matter in one of his expostulatory letters to General Harris; this letter, indeed, seems to us to explain the *mal entendu*—the misapprehension on the part of the high-minded, but hasty Baird—which led to the subsequent discussions. In this letter, General Baird, after stating his mortification at being superseded in the command by a junior officer, proceeds:—

'In camp, it is rumoured to have been at my own request that another officer was appointed to the command of Seringapatam. You, sir, must know that this was not the case. . . . . *Some mistake may have arisen* from my having, through Major Beatson, expressed a desire that the whole storming party might be relieved; and *I wished to be relieved*, for a short time, that I might myself have had the honour of reporting our success, and informing you in person of every particular relative to the storm.'—*Life of Baird*, v. i. p. 237.

He adds that he sent a second message at daylight next morning, to say, 'that as it had not been convenient (to relieve him the night before), and as he was much recovered from the fatigues of the previous day, he wished not to be relieved *till* he,

had

had examined the state of the works, and ascertained the number of cannon captured.'—*Ib.*

From this, his own statement, it is clear, that General Baird *had requested* to be relieved on the evening of the 4th, and that, next morning, he repeated his wish to be relieved as soon as he should have examined the state of the works and counted the cannon—the occupation but of a few hours.

It appears also, that, on the receipt of the first message late in the evening of the 4th, General Harris—who could not hesitate to comply with General Baird's request, but who at the same time saw the indispensable and urgent necessity of having an officer of high authority in the place—ordered Colonel Wellesley, who *commanded in the advanced trenches*, and was *first on the roster for duty*, to proceed into the town to relieve General Baird.

Baird, perhaps forgetting the exact extent of his message by Major Beatson, or believing that his second message should have *suspended* the effect of the first, unluckily received Colonel Wellesley's appearance as an offensive *permanent* supercession. We shall see presently, that in this point too he wholly misunderstood General Harris's intentions; but, under this unfortunate and erroneous impression, he returned, in very bad humour, to the camp, and wrote General Harris such a letter of complaint as produced a severe—under all the circumstances of the case, perhaps we may say a *too* severe—reply. The question now grew to be one of general discipline; the breach between the two generals became irreparable, and Baird's return to resume the command in Seringapatam impossible. *Then*, and *not before*, Colonel Wellesley (who hitherto was acting merely in *temporary* command) was regularly appointed to the command of the garrison. This explanation, which is the only one which can reconcile the statements on both sides, is corroborated—we may almost say proved—by a series of notes written by Colonel Wellesley to General Harris during the first two days, and which are worth extracting, not only because they tend to clear up the unlucky misunderstanding between two such men as Generals Harris and Baird and their surviving friends, but because they exhibit early proofs of the good sense and decision of the Duke of Wellington, in a (to him at that time) new and difficult position:—

'*Colonel Wellesley to General Harris.*

'*Ten* A.M., *5th May.*

'My dear Sir,—We are in such confusion here, that I recommend it to you not to come in till to-morrow, or, at soonest, late this evening. Before I came here, General Baird had given the treasure in charge to the prize-agents.

'*Seringapatam,*

'*Seringapatam, (afternoon) 5th May.*

'My dear Sir,—Things are better than they were, but they are still very bad. . . . . There are, at this moment, sepoys and soldiers belonging to every regiment in your camp and General Stewart's, in the town. It surely would be advisable to order the rolls to be called constantly, and to forbid any people to leave the camp.

'For a few days, likewise, it would be very advisable that the officers of the army should suspend the gratification of their curiosity, and that none but those on duty should come into the town. It only increases the confusion and terror of the inhabitants. Till both subside in some degree, we cannot expect that they will return to their habitations. *I hope the relief is coming.*

A. W.

'*Seringapatam, 6th May.*

'My dear Sir,—Plunder is stopped, the fires are all extinguished, and the inhabitants are returning to their houses fast. I am now employed in burying the dead, which I hope will be completed this day, particularly if you send me all the pioneers.

'It is absolutely necessary that you should *immediately appoint a permanent garrison, and a commanding officer, to the place;* till that is done, the people will have no confidence in us, and every thing must be in confusion. That which *I* arrange this day, *my successor* may alter to-morrow, and *his* the next day; and nothing will ever be settled. A garrison which would be likely to remain here, would soon make themselves comfortable, although it might be found convenient hereafter to change some of the corps first sent in; but these daily reliefs create much confusion and distrust in the inhabitants; and the camp is at such a distance, that it is impossible for the officers, or soldiers, or sepoys, to get down their dinners.

'I shall be obliged to you if you will order an extra dram and biscuit for the 12th, 33d, and 73d regiments, who got nothing to eat yesterday, and were wet last night.

'In hopes you may attend to my recommendation to send *a garrison in to-morrow*, I will look out for a proper place to accommodate one or two battalions of Europeans, and three or four of sepoys.

'I am, &c.

A. W.'

Thus it is evident that Colonel Wellesley did *not* 'supersede General Baird as governor of the city he had so gallantly conquered,' but was only ordered in *for the moment* to supply his place, and to re-establish order, with an expectation of being relieved, *perhaps next day:* and so little does he seem to have desired that most disagreeable and thankless duty, that he urges the removal of *his own regiment* from the place, and the sending in of a regular garrison and a *permanent governor;* and it was not until after it had, from the unfortunate discussion then going on in the camp, become impossible that General Baird should return —and after Colonel Wellesley had, by his activity, firmness, and

and conciliation, restored the town to tranquillity, and had shown, for the first time, his extraordinary *administrative* talents,—it was not, we repeat, until *then* that General Harris nominated him to the command of the garrison. But even if this misunderstanding had not taken place, we cannot believe that so active an officer as Baird—the only major-general in the army—would have been satisfied to be cooped up in a fort with 'one or two battalions of Europeans, and three or four of sepoys,' while colonels and lieutenant-colonels were acting in the field as commanders of divisions: at least, we think, if he were anxious for a grievance, this would have been the more rational of the two.

It is not uninstructive to observe how, many years after, the Duke of Wellington, on the storming of Badajos, carried into effect the same system for the restoration and maintenance of order which he had practised at Seringapatam (*General Orders, Badajos*, p. 17); and in reference to the question between Generals Harris and Baird, it may be noticed that his Grace gave, on that occasion, the command of the place to a colonel (having the rank of brigadier), and never dreamed of offering it to his second in command, or even to any of the lieutenant or major generals who had led the storming parties with such memorable gallantry.

Having thus—we trust to the satisfaction of the friends of two such distinguished officers as Generals Harris and Baird—endeavoured to reconcile the apparent discrepancies between their statements and views of this episode in our Indian history, we proceed with Colonel Wellesley's career, which increased in activity and splendour as a wider field gave him the opportunity of displaying his transcendent qualities.

Colonel Wellesley was as little likely to be contented with the mere government of Seringapatam as Baird would have been, and soon sought and obtained a more extended sphere of action. He was employed at the head of a commission for the settlement of the Mysore country, in which he combined—as his dispatches prove—the most consummate ability in every branch of the civil service, with great military activity, in pursuing, and finally exterminating, a bold adventurer called Dhoondiah Waugh, who, after the capture of Seringapatam, at the head of a numerous band of freebooters, ravaged the frontiers of Mysore. While he was engaged in these services—which, however obscure in general history, were most critical at the moment, and of great importance to the eventual security of our Indian empire—the Marquis Wellesley offered him the command of an expedition against Batavia. The prospect was in every way flattering; but Colonel Wellesley, rejecting all personal considerations, referred his Excellency's proposition to

Lord Clive, then governor of Madras, saying, that if Lord Clive, who best knew the state of the Mysore country, and of the operations in progress against Dhoondiah Waugh, thought his services could be spared, he was ready to undertake the expedition to Java; but if his Lordship should consider that he might be more useful where he was, he was equally willing to follow up his present operations. The result will be explained by the following letter of the Marquis to his brother:—

'*The Governor-General to Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley.*

'*Fort-William, 6th June*, 1800.

'My dear Arthur,—Lord Clive has pressed for your continuance in Mysore, with an earnestness so honourable to you, that I think you cannot accept the command of the forces destined for Batavia: indeed, I suspect you could not quit Mysore at present. Your conduct there has secured your character and advancement for the remainder of your life; and you may trust me for making the best use of your merits in your future promotion.

'Ever, my dear Arthur, yours most affectionately,

'WELLESLEY.'

But the merits and successes of Colonel Wellesley outstripped both the affection of the brother, and the patronage of the Governor-General: he was destined to be *suæ ipse faber fortunæ*.

The campaign against Dhoondiah Waugh, who had become, by the accession of all the followers of Tippoo, and of all the discontented spirits of all India, a formidable opponent, and who had now taken the lofty title of 'king of the world,' was a masterpiece of activity and prudence, of tactics and courage, and is well narrated by the public dispatches of great interest, but still better in a series of private letters from Colonel Wellesley to Sir Thomas (then Major) Munro, in which, with admirable clearness, and even occasional pleasantry, he details the proceedings of this extraordinary campaign, which really reads like a romance, and which was terminated, after many conflicts, on the 10th September, 1800, by a complete victory at a place called Conagull, in which the *king of the world* was killed, his army annihilated, and his party and power extinguished for ever.

If the Mahrattas had bards and romancers, the life and adventures of Dhoondiah Waugh might eclipse the legendary glories of the heroes of Sherwood and the Borders.

It is a pleasing episode in this story, that among the baggage of Dhoondiah was found Sulabuth Khan, his infant son, about four years old. The child was taken to Colonel Wellesley's tent, and ever after most liberally and kindly taken care of by him. Sir Arthur, on his departure from India, left some hundred pounds for the use of the boy in the hands of the judge at Seringapatam.

He

He grew up a fine, handsome, intelligent youth; but died of the cholera in 1822. (*Gurwood*, p. 76.)

In the whole of this extraordinary service, nothing is so remarkable as the combined activity and caution of Colonel Wellesley's movements. He marches with all the rapidity, and—as at first sight it would seem—all the thoughtless dash of the Mahratta adventurer; but the private letters to Sir Thomas Munro show how every step was calculated—with what care and forethought the supplies and comforts of his little army were arranged—and how the boldest advance was prepared and sustained by an attention to minute details, of the necessity of which no civilian, and not all military men, can form an adequate idea. Indeed, we may here—*once for all*—observe, that this characteristic pervades the whole volume; and from the first pages, when only commanding a battalion, till the last, where we see him 'Victor of Assye,' we are less struck (because we are less surprised) by the mere military splendour of his career, than by the less brilliant, but rarer qualities which he brought to bear upon the civil administration, not of his army alone, but of his auxiliaries, and of the provinces and territories of which he had occasion, either on a march or after a victory, to conduct the government. The ascendency which even at this early period he seems to have, without effort or even intention on his part, acquired over the minds of all classes of men who happened to come into communication with him—is most remarkable. We see also—what, at so early a stage of his career, was still less to be expected—indications of a moderation and soundness of judgment, which are generally the salutary fruits of *disappointments*—or, at least, of *experience*—but which seem to have been indigenous in his mind, and to have flourished even in the first heat of his youthful successes. Does the following letter bear the characteristics of a young officer at the head of a victorious army in the Ghauts, whose fortune and whose fame depended on the continuation of hostilities and the system of Indian aggrandizement; or should we not rather imagine it to be the prudential suggestion of some sober-minded councillor at Calcutta, warning the Governor-General against the presumption of his young and ambitious brother?—

'My ideas' (he writes to Major Munro) 'of the nature of the Indian governments, of their decline and fall, agree fully with yours; and I acknowledge that I think it probable that we shall not be able to establish a strong government on this frontier.

'In my opinion, the extension of our territory and influence has been greater than our means. Besides, we have added to the number and the description of our enemies, by depriving of employment those who heretofore found it in the service of Tippoo and of the

Nizam. Wherever we spread ourselves, particularly if we aggrandize ourselves at the expense of the Mahrattas, we increase this evil. We throw out of employment and of means of subsistence, all who have hitherto managed the revenue, commanded or served in the armies, or have plundered the country. These people become additional enemies; at the same time that, by the extension of our territory, our means of supporting our government, and of defending ourselves, are proportionably decreased.

'Upon all questions of increase of territory, these considerations have much weight with me, and I am in general inclined to decide that we have enough; as much, at least, if not more than we can defend.

'I agree with you that we ought to settle this Mahratta business and the Malabar Rajahs, before the French return to India; but I am afraid that to extend ourselves will rather tend to delay than accelerate the settlement; and that we shall thereby increase, rather than diminish, the number of our enemies.

'As for the wishes of the people, particularly in this country, I put them out of the question. They are the only philosophers about their governors that ever I met with,—if indifference constitutes that character.

Believe me, &c.

'Arthur Wellesley.'

At the moment this letter was written, Colonel Wellesley was in the command of the army which was pursuing this system of territorial aggrandizement. His ambition and his interest were on one side—his prudence, justice, and patriotism, on the other; and we see which scale prevailed.

When the victory of Conagull, and the annihilation of Dhoondiah, restored quiet to Mysore, Lord Wellesley reverted to his design of a combined military and naval expedition against the enemy's islands, and for this purpose directed the assembling of as much of the Madras army as could be spared, under the command of Colonel Wellesley, as senior officer; but he was afterwards induced, by the personal application of General Baird, to move him from the command of the Dinapoor district, in the north of the Calcutta presidency, to that of this expedition at the *other extremity* of the peninsula. This at least showed, on Lord Wellesley's part, no undue partiality to his brother, and we shall see presently that Colonel Wellesley considered this supercession as a hardship. But before General Baird's arrival—indeed, before Colonel Wellesley could hear of the Governor-General's last resolution—the duplicate of a dispatch from Mr. Secretary Dundas to Lord Wellesley reached the Madras government, and was by it communicated to Colonel Wellesley, announcing the intention of his majesty's ministers that an attempt should be made from India by the Red Sea, in support of the expedition against

against Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Colonel Wellesley, when he read this dispatch, was convinced that the moment the original should reach Calcutta, the Governor-General would hasten to execute these orders—he knew that there was no other disposable force in India, but that assembled under his own command at Trincomalee—he knew, also, that the monsoon, favourable for a voyage to the westward, was near its termination, and that if the army was not moved instantly, it must be retarded for some months. Under all these circumstances, this junior officer—not only overlooking his own private advantage—that it is to be hoped any British officer would have done—but with the moral courage of braving the censure to which his unauthorized decision *might* subject him—this junior officer determined on his own sole responsibility to move the army and fleet from Trincomalee at once to Bombay, where it would be some thousand miles in point of *space*, and many months in point of *time*, advanced towards the Egyptian object, if it should turn out that the Governor-General had taken the same view of Mr. Dundas's instructions that he did. It is easy, after the event, to applaud such a proceeding, but to our minds there is no passage in the Duke of Wellington's life which fills us with more wonder and admiration than this determination. Let any man place himself in Colonel Wellesley's position—we cast altogether out of the case the natural, and perhaps unconscious bias of personal interests—but let him consider the public grounds which seemed to oppose this determination—let him think of the avowed anxiety of the Governor-General for the expedition against the islands—let him recollect that dispatches later than the duplicate which had reached Trincomalee *might* have contradicted it—that a diversion from the enemy's islands *might* be attempted, which would require the presence of the troops in India—that Lord Wellesley, aware that his dispatches could not arrive at Trincomalee before the expiration of the favourable monsoon, *might* have determined either to do nothing or to do it by a totally different arrangement; let the *hundred* other probable contingencies be considered, and we shall then be able to appreciate the genius, the military foresight, the moral courage, which determined Colonel Wellesley to take a step, of which not his brother, or his Indian superiors, were to be the judges alone, but which must operate on the fate of the European as well as the Eastern world. There is nothing like it in history, except, as we before hinted, Cæsar's expedition to Pontus, of which, however, we are too imperfectly informed to venture to say more than that, though analogous in principle, it seems infinitely less bold than the movement of Colonel Wellesley.

When General Baird arrived at Trincomalee, he found neither fleet

fleet nor army; but he, of course, followed to Bombay the force which the foresight of Colonel Wellesley had carried forward to its object. When Baird arrived at Bombay, he had the gratification of finding that Wellesley had (under the sanction of the government, obtained over-land) still farther advanced part of the expedition to Mocha, on the Red Sea; but he also found that, unfortunately, or, perhaps, fortunately, Colonel Wellesley was now so ill of a kind of jungle fever, contracted at Trincomalee, but exasperated by a cutaneous disorder which had supervened at Bombay, that he was unable to accompany him.

Colonel Wellesley had every reason to expect that he would have commanded this expedition, if employed on its original destination; and he could not but hope that the important step he had thus, on his own responsibility, taken would not have forfeited his claim to that distinction; but his expectations were frustrated, and he seems to have felt, that, in being superseded, he was treated as no one, in such circumstances, but the *Governor-General's brother* could have been. We appreciate and admire Lord Wellesley's delicacy in this decision; but we must repeat, that it proves, at least, that Colonel Wellesley's rapid distinction in life was not owing to undue partiality on the part of the Marquis: indeed, it is evident from the correspondence, that if the question had rested with Lord Clive or any of the other Indian authorities, Colonel Wellesley would *not* have been superseded.

The following extracts from letters to two confidential friends, never intended to meet any eyes but their own, while they express some not unnatural regrets, give evidence of the higher sentiments of private generosity and public duty, which reconciled him to his personal disappointment:—

'*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Lieut.-Colonel Close, Resident at Mysore.*

'Bombay, 11th April, 1801.

'My dear Colonel,—You will be glad to hear that I propose to leave this place for Malabar in a day or two. The Governor-general consented to my return to Mysore if I wished it; at the same time that he said he should regret my quitting the army employed on the expedition. Upon the whole, therefore, I determined to go on, notwithstanding that I was superseded in the command.

'When upon the point of carrying into execution this *laudable* but highly disagreeable intention, I was seized by a fever, which kept me in bed for some days; and although I have now recovered, I am still weak, and am taking a remedy which prevents me from going to sea. It has, therefore, been impossible for me to go on the expedition, and I return to my old situation with a pleasure more than equal to the regret which I had on quitting it. 'Believe me, &c.

'ARTHUR WELLESLEY.'

'*Colonel*

'*Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley to Colonel Champagné.*

'Bombay, 11th April, 1801.

'My dear Champagné,—I take the opportunity of the departure of Colonel Ramsay to write you a few lines.

'I am entirely ignorant of the circumstances which have caused my removal from the command of the troops; but I conclude that the Governor-general found that he could not resist the claims that General Baird had to be employed. I believe you know that I always thought that General Baird had not been well used, when I was called to the command. But I do not think it was proper that I should be disappointed more than he was, in order that he might have no reason to complain. However, this is a matter of little consequence to any body but myself, therefore I say no more on the subject.

'Lord Wellesley allowed me to return to my old situation, but said that he should regret my doing so; and for this reason, and because I saw in the General the most laudable intention to allow me to render him the services I could, I determined to proceed upon the expedition. I was, however, seized with a fever, and a breaking out all over my body; and here I am under a course of nitrous baths for a cure. When I shall be well, God knows! but, in the mean time, I cannot join the armament.

'I see clearly the evil consequences of all this to my reputation and future views; but it cannot be helped, and to things of that nature I generally make up my mind.

'Believe me, &c.

'Arthur Wellesley.'

Even the wisest may be deceived, and the most clear-sighted cannot penetrate futurity. It is possible, nay probable, that if Colonel Wellesley had accompanied the Egyptian expedition, he would have still distinguished himself, and he might, perhaps, have appeared at an earlier period on the great European stage; but, on the other hand, he could not have accumulated the experience and achieved the reputation, which he was destined to obtain in the administration of Mysore and in the campaigns against Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar—campaigns in themselves most important and instructive, and crowned by the victories of Assye and Argaum.

He expressed to General Baird, in the frankest and most cordial terms, his sense of the liberality and kindness with which Baird had treated him while under his orders, and his regret at not being able to accompany him to the end; he also furnished him with a very able memorandum, which he had prepared for his own guidance, when he expected to have the command of the expedition. This was the last time these two distinguished officers met on Indian service, and it is satisfactory to find that they parted with perfect cordiality, and ever after maintained a mutual esteem and friendly

friendly intercourse, which ended only with the life of Sir David Baird.*

When the expedition sailed, Colonel Wellesley remained for a short time at Bombay, under medical treatment; but he was still anxious to promote the expedition, and we find him sending after General Baird some supplies, which had not been ready when the general sailed.

As soon as his health permitted, Colonel Wellesley, to the great satisfaction of the Madras government, returned to the command, or we should rather say, the civil as well as military *government* of Mysore, which he conducted for about eighteen months with his usual skill, moderation, and justice, especially towards the natives, whose interests, and even whose prejudices he invariably studied, and, whenever it was possible, conciliated and gratified. Towards the latter end of 1802, the advance of Holkar upon Poonah—his capture of that capital—and the consequent flight of the Peshwah, the federal chief of the Mahratta states—obliged the supreme government to take a part, both for the security of its own frontier, and for the protection of its ally, the Peshwah; and in the negotiations and in the hostilities which eventually ensued, Colonel—now become, by the promotion of 29th April, 1802—Major-General Wellesley was called upon to take a conspicuous part—not only by his position in Mysore and by his military rank, but by the confidence with which his personal character and talents had inspired both natives and Europeans in all the presidencies, but particularly in that where he was most known—the presidency of Madras. Indeed, it is observable, that highly as no doubt Lord Wellesley appreciated his services, he had won—in *at least* as great a degree—the confidence, favour, and friendship of Lord Clive, the governor of Madras, with whom he had no family connexion, and whom, it appears, he had never so much as seen, till he happened, by the location of the 33d regiment in that presidency, to be placed under his lordship's orders.

It is impossible to make any extracts, or to compile any sum-

* We extract what follows from a letter with which we were favoured (21st Nov., 1832) shortly after Mr. Hook's 'Life of Sir David Baird' was published, by a late lamented friend—Sir John Malcolm:—

"I never saw Baird from 1803, when he spoke thus sorely about Wellesley being so often, as he called it, "put over his head," until ten years afterwards, when I met him in Hyde-park. He then came up with open hand and heart, saying—"Times are changed: no one knows so well as you how severely I felt the preference given, on several occasions, to your friend Wellesley; but now I see all these things in a far different point of view. It is the highest pride of my life, that any body should ever have dreamed of my being put into the balance with him. His fame is now to me joy, and, I may almost say, glory; and his kindness to me and mine" (he alluded, I believe, particularly to the Duke's friendly attentions to his nephew, Sir Alex. Gordon, afterwards killed at Waterloo) "has all along been most distinguished. I know both him and myself *now*."'

mary,

mary, that would give our readers an adequate idea of the judgment and zeal with which General Wellesley conducted these difficult affairs—the wisdom of his designs—and the activity of his movements. We can select but two or three instances.

When Holkar found that the British army was collecting to support the Peshwah against his rebellious aggression, he thought proper to retire with the greater part of his force, leaving, at Poonah, a kind of rear-guard under a powerful chief, Amrut Rao. About the middle of April, Colonel Close, the resident at the Peshwah's court, informed General Wellesley that Amrut Rao intended, on the advance of the British, to burn the city of Poonah; and the Peshwah made an urgent request that some steps should be taken for the safety of that capital and part of his Highness's family, which, on his hasty flight, had been left there. General Wellesley did not hesitate to make an effort to avert so great a calamity, and putting himself at the head of his cavalry, leaving the infantry to follow, he performed—*with only one halt, sixty miles in a single march*—and by this unexampled rapidity arrived at Poonah before Amrut was aware that he was even approaching, and saved the city from total destruction—'the inhabitants,' (writes Sir John Malcolm to Lord Clive,) 'testifying by the most lively gratitude their sense of the exertion by which they were saved from entire ruin.'

Holkar being thus repelled into his own country, the Peshwah was restored to his capital, but, as soon appeared, not to his power. Fresh dissensions arose between this prince and two of his own most powerful chiefs and late allies—Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar. These led to long and tedious negotiations, and at last to open hostilities on the part of the combined rajahs against the Peshwah and the British. A campaign ensued, desultory and complicated, in which General Wellesley's first object was to protect our provinces and those of the Peshwah from the sudden and devasting incursions which the immense cavalry of the allied rajahs enabled them to make with a rapidity and effect which, with so small a force as General Wellesley commanded and on so extensive a line of open frontier, it seemed impossible to meet. General Wellesley, however, succeeded in doing so by a series of the most skilful and rapid movements; and at last, on the 23d of September, he came up, near the village of Assye, with the combined force of the army, consisting, as is computed, of a body of near 50,000 cavalry, and the best-disciplined infantry ever seen in India, amounting alone to three or four times the number of the whole British army.

General Wellesley was marching in two divisions (the second under Colonel Stevenson) on roads distant eight or ten miles from each other, and converging on a point on which he had been

been informed by his native scouts the enemy was posted. It turned out, however, that this information was incorrect, and that they were much nearer than was expected, and he suddenly found his own column in presence of the whole Mahratta force — the swarms of cavalry covering the plain to his left, and the infantry posted to his right, behind the rapid and (as it was stated) unfordable river Kaitna, a little above the point where it received the Juah, a tributary stream. The position was formidable, and the situation of the British critical. There seemed no means of attacking the infantry, which was (as we have said) highly disciplined, abundantly provided with artillery, and directed by a great number of French officers—while the myriads of cavalry left General Wellesley little more ground than he occupied. It was impossible to form a junction with Colonel Stevenson, and if it had been possible, the delay might have counterbalanced the accession of force. To retreat would have been perhaps practicable; but the moral, and indeed the military, effect of a retrograde movement would have been very bad. And here it was that General Wellesley exhibited one of those traits of military genius—founded on the less brilliant but more useful quality usually called *common sense*—which are the essential characteristics of a great captain. In reconnoitring the enemy's position along the farther bank of the *impassable* Kaitna, he observed that there were on the left of the enemy, and of course nearer to him, two considerable villages, one on each bank. He immediately concluded that two towns could not have grown up in such a site, unless there had been a communication between them across the river—he determined to act on that supposition—he moved rapidly to the nearer village, and, as he expected, found a ford, narrow indeed, but practicable, over which he immediately marched, and thus placed his small force in the fork made by the confluence of the two streams. The effect of this movement is obvious. It threw at once the whole of the enemy's cavalry out of play, and by placing one of the streams on each flank of his little army, it prevented the enemy's employing their numerical superiority in out-flanking and surrounding him. It narrowed the field of battle to what his forces could occupy; and it obliged the enemy to abandon his original position, which was thus turned, and to change his front by throwing back his left to the Juah, so that the two armies were now parallel to each other.

The battle immediately began, and was, in proportion to the numbers engaged, one of the severest ever fought—certainly the most severe ever fought in India. The victory was complete. The enemy left 1200 men killed on the field of battle—their dying and wounded were scattered in all directions through the neighbouring country—and they lost one hundred and twenty-eight

guns

guns—of which *one hundred* (seventy of brass) were taken on the field of battle,—evidences of the extent both of the enemy's means of resistance and of their defeat.—A curious incident occurred towards the close of the battle. This immense artillery was, under the direction of French officers, most admirably served, and when our army advanced and took the guns, the cannoniers pretended to be dead, but when the line had passed, they jumped up and worked the guns upon the backs of the British.

The enemy fled that night (the battle lasted till dark) twelve miles, and General Wellesley having, before the action, calculated the result, and ordered Colonel Stevenson's corps to advance towards the enemy's rear, this movement completed the rout, and the next morning the whole remains of their forces went off with the utmost precipitation across the ghauts. We have heard from an officer who accompanied General Wellesley in this and in *all* his other battles, that in none did he ever see a more determined resistance, or a more tremendous cannonade; and here we may mention an anecdote relative to this very officer, which cannot fail to interest our readers.

About six weeks before the battle of Assye, General Wellesley thought it necessary to obtain possession of an important fort, named *Ahmednugger*. It was taken by a most gallant escalade: in the thick of the assault, General Wellesley saw a young officer, who had reached the top of the '*very lofty* wall,' thrust off by the enemy, and falling through the air from a great height. General Wellesley had little doubt that he must have been severely wounded, if not killed, by the fall; but hastened to inquire the name and fate of the gallant young fellow, and had the satisfaction of seeing him in a moment after, comparatively little injured, again mounting to the assault. Next morning the General sent for him—offered to attach him to his staff as brigade-major—and from that hour, through all his fields and fortunes, even down to the conquest of Paris—continued him in his personal family and friendship, and used sometimes to observe that the first time he had ever seen him was *in the air:* that young officer is now Sir Colin Campbell—knight commander of the Bath, a major-general in the army, and governor of Nova Scotia! We record with pleasure this act of justice to a brave and distinguished officer, whose subsequent services have fully justified his own early promise, and the generous patronage of his illustrious commander. But the dispatches afford us many proofs that the Duke of Wellington could be as kind as he was just.

We see a few days after the battle of Assye, and while he was organizing the results of that victory, that he could find time to exert his good nature in humbler matters. In a letter from the camp

camp at Assye to Major Shawe (the governor-general's private secretary), amidst the military details of the action, we find a passage recommending to Major Shawe's care a young gentleman who had lately arrived at Calcutta as a writer:—

'I have received a letter from Mr. Thomas Pakenham, a writer on the Bengal establishment, respecting whom I am particularly interested. He is the son of Admiral Pakenham, a very old friend of Lord Wellesley and of me. I believe him to be very young and inexperienced; I therefore most anxiously recommend him to your care and attention. I have also given him a letter of recommendation to my friend Mrs. Ross, whom I have requested to have an eye upon his conduct, and, above all things, to prevent him from keeping bad company.

'Should the college last, of course he will attend that institution; if not, I have desired him to acquire a knowledge of the country languages. I request you to urge him particularly upon this point, and do not allow him to be idle. Desire him to show you the letter which I have written to him. Do not allow him to run in debt; if he should want money, I have desired him to apply to David Ross or you. Pray supply his wants, if he should require it, and apply to David Ross for any sums you may give him.'—pp. 407, 408.

Such attention, at such a moment, from such a man, to the son of an old friend, is a very amiable trait; and will, we think, in every reader's estimation, exalt still higher the character of the hero of Assye.

This victory did not disturb the principles of moderation with which General Wellesley had always been disposed to treat the native princes. He listened readily to the propositions which were made to him for a treaty of peace, and negotiations were commenced accordingly. These negotiations, studiously delayed by the Rajahs, lasted a couple of months, and at last a suspension of arms was granted to Scindiah alone, on certain conditions. This was, however, on Scindiah's part, but another subterfuge;—he not only failed to execute the prescribed conditions, but when the Rajah of Berar had made all his arrangements for the resumption of hostilities, and organized a new and not inconsiderable army, Scindiah suddenly joined his forces to those which the Rajah had levied;—and their combined armies appeared before General Wellesley, on the 29th of November, on the plains of Argaum. He immediately attacked and entirely defeated and dispersed them, with little loss on his side; and advancing after the battle, he took the fortress of Gawilghur by storm, and extinguished the last hope of the confederated Mahrattas. A treaty of peace was now negotiated with celerity, and signed on the 30th of December, 1803, with both Scindiah and the Berar Rajah; and with this

terminat

terminate General Wellesley's military operations in India, and Colonel Gurwood's first volume.

We are well aware that we have given a very superficial and inadequate account of this work; but we have at least said enough to indicate its merits and importance as materials for the biography of the Duke of Wellington, and for general history. To those who are familiar with the Indian vocabulary, and interested in Indian scenes and events, it contains a fund of amusement as well as of instruction; and, on the whole, we do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the most curious and satisfactory additions that have been made in our days to historical literature.*

Colonel Gurwood has performed his office of compiler and editor with considerable ability and laudable diligence; but his greatest merit is that of having conceived the plan of the work, and we cannot but offer him our best thanks for what he has done, and our anxious wishes for its continuation and completion. Two or three suggestions we will venture to make on some points, in which we think it might be improved. We doubt whether several of the minutes of the Governor-General in council—which only recapitulate the original dispatches, and express the approbation of the superior authorities—might not have been omitted; they, in general, add nothing to the facts, while they swell unnecessarily a volume already sufficiently copious. We think, also—though here we speak more dubiously—that several reports and communications *to* General Wellesley might have been omitted or curtailed. We have been much pleased with some explanatory extracts, subjoined as notes, from the MS. Journals of Lord Harris and of Major-General Sir J. Nicholls; and we think the work will be greatly improved, as regards '*the general reader*,' by a more frequent use of similar explanations, if Colonel Gurwood should be able to obtain them. In some cases, the want of explanatory notes is very striking: for instance, we read in different dispatches of the *Rajah of Berar*—of *Senah Sahib Soubah Behauder*, and of *Rajah Ragojee Bhoonslah*, without any intimation that these three denominations apply to one and the same person. We venture also to suggest, that the address of the letters should be more fully given; it is not enough to say, '*To Colonel Close*,' or '*To Major Munro*'—the *places* where those officers were at the moment should also be specified. In many cases, the local position of the person addressed is of

* We cannot here refrain from noticing the general accuracy, as far as those original documents enable us to judge, of the 'Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington,' by Captain Moyle Sherer.—(*Longman and Co.*, 1832.) The author has made a careful and judicious use of the admirable letters of Sir Thomas Munro; but in many points to which that authority does not reach, the present publication corroborates Captain Sherer's well-written and interesting narrative.

great

great importance. It may, it is true, be generally picked out from the context, but it would be more convenient to have it stated at the head of the dispatch.

On the whole, we rise from the perusal of these volumes with a much higher idea—(difficult as it was to raise our admiration)—of the Duke of Wellington's personal character; the patience of his inquiries—the capacity of his mind for all sorts of knowledge—the invariable good temper—the wonderful sagacity—the consummate prudence by which he was enabled to exercise—perhaps we should say indulge—his more splendid qualities of promptitude, decision, and valour. And when we see this illustrious public life accompanied and adorned with so much simplicity and generosity—so much moderation, justice, and good nature—the easy gaiety of a clear conscience, and the amiable impulses of a good heart,—we feel (in contradiction to the common observation, that heroes do not improve on a close acquaintance) that there is at least one heroic reputation—

—— 'quæ si propius stes
Te capiet magis'—

and that the Duke of Wellington, the better he is known, will be the more honoured and beloved.

ART. VII.—*Italy; with Sketches of Spain and Portugal. In a Series of Letters written during a Residence in those Countries.* By William Beckford, Esq., Author of 'Vathek.' London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1834.

MR. BECKFORD, it is said, appeared as an author at the early age of *eighteen;* but the 'Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters' would have excited considerable attention, under whatever circumstances they might have been given to the world. They are a series of sharp and brilliant satires on the Dutch and Flemish schools—the language polished and pointed—the sarcasm at once deep and delicate—a performance in which the buoyancy of juvenile spirits sets off the results of already extensive observation, and the judgments of a refined (though far too fastidious and exclusive) taste. These 'Memoirs' were reprinted about ten years ago, but are now, we believe, very little known. The tale of Caliph Vathek, however, which was originally *written in French*, and published before the author had closed his twentieth year, has, for more than half a century, continued in possession of all the celebrity which it at once commanded.

'For correctness of costume,' says Lord Byron, 'beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations

tions; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be a translation. As an Eastern tale, even "Rasselas" must bow before it: his "Happy Valley" will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."'—*Life and Works*, vol. viii. p. 25.

Vathek is, indeed, without reference to the time of life when the author penned it, a very remarkable performance; but, like most of the works of the great poet who has thus eloquently praised it, it is stained with some poison-spots—its inspiration is too often such as might have been inhaled in the 'Hall of Eblis.' We do not allude so much to its audacious licentiousness, as to the diabolical levity of its contempt for mankind. The boy-author appears already to have rubbed all the bloom off his heart; and, in the midst of his dazzling genius, one trembles to think that a stripling of years so tender should have attained the cool cynicism of a *Candide*. How different is the effect of that Eastern tale of our own days, which Lord Byron ought not to have forgotten when he was criticising his favourite romance. How perfectly does *Thalaba* realize the ideal demanded in the Welsh Triad, of 'fulness of erudition, simplicity of language, and purity of manners.' But the critic was repelled by the purity of that delicious creation, more than attracted by the erudition which he must have respected, and the diction which he could not but admire:—

> 'The low sweet voice so musical,
> That with such deep and undefined delight
> Fills the surrender'd soul.'

It has long been known that Mr. Beckford prepared, shortly after the publication of his 'Vathek,' some other tales in the same vein—the histories, it is supposed, of the princes in his 'Hall of Eblis.' A rumour had also prevailed, that the author drew up early in life some account of his travels in various parts of the world; nay, that he had printed a few copies of this account, and that its private perusal had been eminently serviceable to more than one of the most popular poets of the present age. But these were only vague reports; and Mr. Beckford, after achieving, on the verge of manhood, a literary reputation, which, however brilliant, could not satisfy the natural ambition of such an intellect—seemed, for more than fifty years, to have wholly withdrawn himself from the only field of his permanent distinction. The world heard enough of his gorgeous palace at Cintra (described in 'Childe Harold'), afterwards of the unsubstantial pageant of his splendour at Fonthill, and latterly of his architectural caprices at Bath. But his literary name seemed to have belonged to another age; and perhaps, in this point of view, it may not have been unnatural

natural for Lord Byron, when comparing 'Vathek' with other Eastern tales, to think rather of 'Zadig' and 'Rasselas,' than

'Of Thalaba—the wild and wondrous song.'

The preface to the present volumes informs us that they include a reprint of the book of travels, of which a small private edition passed through the press forty years ago, and of the existence of which—though many of our readers must have heard some hints—few could have had any *knowledge*. Mr. Beckford has at length been induced to publish his letters, in order to vindicate his own original claim to certain thoughts, images, and expressions, which had been adopted by other authors whom he had from time to time received beneath his roof, and indulged with a perusal of his secret lucubrations. The mere fact that such a work has lain for near half a century, printed but unpublished, would be enough to stamp the author's personal character as not less extraordinary than his genius. It is, indeed, sufficiently obvious that Mr. Rogers had read it before he wrote his 'Italy'—a poem, however, which possesses so many exquisite beauties entirely its own, that it may easily afford to drop the honour of some, perhaps unconsciously, appropriated ones; and we are also satisfied that this book had passed through Mr. Moore's hands before he gave us his light and graceful 'Rhymes on the Road,' though the traces of his imitation are rarer than those which must strike every one who is familiar with the 'Italy.' We are not so sure as to Lord Byron; but, although we have not been able to lay our finger on any one passage in which he has evidently followed Mr. Beckford's vein, it will certainly rather surprise us should it hereafter be made manifest that he had not seen, or at least heard an account of, this performance, before he conceived the general plan of his 'Childe Harold.' Mr. Beckford's book is entirely unlike any book of travels *in prose* that exists in any European language; and if we could fancy Lord Byron to have written the 'Harold' in the measure of 'Don Juan,' and to have availed himself of the facilities which the *ottava rima* affords for intermingling high poetry with merriment of all sorts, and especially with sarcastic sketches of living manners, we believe the result would have been a work more nearly akin to that now before us than any other in the library.

Mr. Beckford, like 'Harold,' passes through various regions of the world, and, disdaining to follow the guide-book, presents his reader with a series of detached, or very slenderly connected, sketches of *the scenes that had made the deepest impression on himself*. He, when it suits him, puts the passage of the Alps into a parenthesis. On one occasion, he really treats Rome as if

it

it had been nothing more than a post-station on the road from Florence to Naples; but again, if the scenery or the people strike his fancy, he has as royal a reluctance to move on, as his own hero showed when his eye glanced on the 'grands caractères rouges, tracés par la main de Carathis?' . . . . '*Qui me donnera des loix?*—s'écria le Caliphe.'

'England's wealthiest son' performs his travels, of course, in a style of great external splendour.

'Conspicuus longé cunctisque notabilis intrat'—

courts and palaces, as well as convents and churches, and galleries of all sorts, fly open at his approach: he is caressed in every capital—he is *fêté* in every chateau. But though he appears amidst such accompaniments with all the airiness of a Juan, he has a thread of the blackest of Harold in his texture; and every now and then seems willing to draw a veil between him and the world of vanities. He is a poet, and a great one too, though we know not that he ever wrote a line of verse. His rapture amidst the sublime scenery of mountains and forests—in the Tyrol especially, and in Spain—is that of a spirit cast originally in one of nature's finest moulds; and he fixes it in language which can scarcely be praised beyond its deserts—simple, massive, nervous, apparently little laboured, yet revealing, in its effect, the perfection of art. Some immortal passages in Gray's letters and Byron's diaries, are the only things, in our tongue, that seem to us to come near the profound melancholy, blended with a picturesque of description at once true and startling, of many of these extraordinary pages. Nor is his sense for the *highest* beauties of art less exquisite. He seems to us to describe classical architecture, and the pictures of the great Italian schools, with a most passionate feeling of the grand, and with an inimitable grace of expression. On the other hand, he betrays, in a thousand places, a settled voluptuousness of temperament, and a capricious recklessness of self-indulgence, which will lead the world to identify him henceforth with his Vathek, as inextricably as it has long since connected Harold with the poet that drew him; and then, that there may be no limit to the inconsistencies of such a strange genius, this spirit, at once so capable of the noblest enthusiasm, and so dashed with the gloom of over-pampered luxury, can stoop to chairs and china, ever and anon, with the zeal of an auctioneer—revel in the design of a clock or a candlestick, and be as ecstatic about a fiddler or a soprano as the fools in Hogarth's *concert*. On such occasions he reminds us, and will, we think, remind every one, of the Lord of Strawberry-hill. But even here all we have is on a grander scale. The oriental prodigality of his magnificence shines out even about trifles. He buys a library where the other would have cheapened

a missal. He is at least a male Horace Walpole; as superior to the 'silken Baron,' as Fonthill, with its York-like tower embosomed among hoary forests, was to that silly band-box which may still be admired on the road to Twickenham.

One great charm of this book is in the date of its delineations. We have of late been surfeited with sketches of things as they are: here all is of the past; and what an impression is left of the magnitude of those changes that have, within the memory of one still vigorous mind, swept over the whole existence of the European nations. Mr. Beckford's first letters are dated at Ghent and Antwerp in June, 1780—the week after Lord George Gordon's riots. The Netherlands are still the Austrian Netherlands—the prince-bishopricks of the Rhine are still in their entire pomp and dignity of ceremonial sway—Venice is still a republic—no voice of reform has disturbed the 'purple' abbots of Spain and Portugal—in France, the pit has indeed been dug, but it is covered with flowers; and as this voluptuous stranger roves from court to court, all he sees about him is the uncalculating magnificence of undoubting security.

We have no discussions of any consequence in these volumes: even the ultra-aristocratical opinions and feelings of the author—who is, we presume, a Whig—are rather hinted than avowed. From a thousand passing sneers, we may doubt whether he has any religion at all; but still he *may* be only thinking of the outward and visible absurdities of popery—therefore we have hardly a pretext for treating these things seriously. In short, this is meant to be, as he says in his preface, nothing but 'a book of light reading;' and though no one can read it without having many grave enough feelings roused and agitated within him, there are really no passages to provoke or justify any detailed criticism either as to morals or politics. We shall, therefore, find little more to do on this occasion, than to exemplify the justice of the praises which we have been bestowing on the author's descriptive powers, by a few extracts; and we shall endeavour to be as miscellaneous as possible in the character of our selections.

We begin with a specimen of our traveller's lightest manner: here is his account of a Sunday evening at the court of the Elector of Bavaria—July the 23d, 1780. Nothing can be more lively than it is; and the latter part of the scene is to this hour as perfectly *German* as anything in Sir Francis Head's 'Bubbles:'—

'We were driven in the evening to Nymphenburg, the Elector's country palace, the *bosquets*, *jet d'eaux*, and *parterres* of which are the pride of the Bavarians. The principal platform is all of a glitter with gilded Cupids, and shining serpents spouting at every pore; beds of poppies, holyhocks, scarlet lychnis, and other flame-coloured flowers

flowers border the edge of the walks, which extend till the perspective appears to meet, and swarm with ladies and gentlemen in party-coloured raiment. The Queen of Golconda's gardens, in a French opera, are scarcely more gaudy and artificial. Unluckily, too, the evening was fine, and the sun so powerful, that we were half-roasted before we could cross the great avenue and enter the thickets, which barely conceal a very splendid hermitage.

'Amongst the ladies was Madame la Comtesse, I forget who, a production of the venerable Haslang, with her daughter, Madame de Baumgarten, who has the honour of leading the Elector in her chains. These goddesses, stepping into a car, vulgarly called a cariole, the mortals followed, and explored alley after alley, and pavilion after pavilion. Then, having viewed Pagodenburg, which is, as they told me, all Chinese, and Marienburg, which is most assuredly all tinsel, we paraded by a variety of fountains in full squirt; and though they certainly did their best (for many were set agoing on purpose), I cannot say I greatly admired them.

'The ladies were very gaily attired; and the gentlemen, as smart as swords, bags, and pretty clothes would make them, looked exactly like the fine people one sees represented on Dresden porcelain. Thus we kept walking genteelly about the orangery till the carriage drew up and conveyed us to Mr. Trevor's. Immediately after supper, we drove once more out of town, to a garden and tea-room, where all degrees and ages dance jovially together till morning. Whilst one party wheel briskly away in the waltz, another amuse themselves in a corner with cold meat and Rhenish. That despatched, out they whisk amongst the dancers, with an impetuosity and liveliness I little expected to have found in Bavaria. After turning round and round with a rapidity that is quite astounding to an English dancer, the music changes to a slower movement, and then follows a succession of zigzag minuets, performed by old and young, straight and crooked, noble and plebeian, all at once, from one end of the room to the other. Tallow-candles, snuffing and stinking; dishes changing, at the risk of showering down upon you their savoury contents; heads scratching; and all sorts of performances going forward at the same moment; the flutes, oboes, and bassoons snorting, grunting, and whining with peculiar emphasis—now fast, now slow, just as Variety commands, who seems to rule the ceremonial of this motley assembly, where every distinction of rank and privilege is totally forgotten. Once a week—on Sundays, that is to say—the rooms are open, and Monday is generally far advanced before they are deserted. If good-humour and coarse merriment are all that people desire, here they are to be found in perfection.'

As a contrast, take this rapid glimpse among the Tyrol forests: it comes but a few pages after, for on the present occasion the author made but a short stay in Germany—his anxiety was all for Italy.

'There seemed no end to these forests, except where little irregular spots of herbage, fed by cattle, intervened. Whenever we gained an eminence, it was only to discover more ranges of dark wood, variegated with meadows and glittering streams. White clover, and a profusion of sweet-scented flowers, clothe their banks; above waves the mountain-ash, glowing with scarlet berries; and beyond, rise hills, and rocks, and mountains, piled upon one another, and fringed with fir to their topmost acclivities. Perhaps the Norwegian forests alone equal these in grandeur and extent. Those which cover the Swiss highlands rarely convey such vast ideas. There the woods climb only half-way up their ascents, which then are circumscribed by snows; here no boundaries are set to their progress; and the mountains, from their bases to their summits, display rich, unbroken masses of vegetation.

'As we were surveying this prospect, a thick cloud, fraught with thunder, obscured the horizon, whilst flashes of lightning startled our horses, whose snorts and stampings resounded through the woods. The impending tempest gave additional gloom to the firs, and we travelled several miles almost in total darkness. One moment the clouds began to fleet, and a faint gleam promised serener intervals; but the next, all was blackness and terror: presently, a deluge of rain poured down upon the valley, and in a short time, the torrents beginning to swell, raged with such violence as to be forded with difficulty. Twilight drew on just as we had passed the most terrible; then ascending a mountain, whose pines and birches rustled with the storm, we saw a little lake below. A deep azure haze veiled its eastern shore, and lowering vapours concealed the cliffs to the south; but over its western extremities hung a few transparent clouds; the rays of a struggling sunset streamed on the surface of the waters, tinging the brow of a green promontory with tender pink. I could not help fixing myself on the banks of the lake for several minutes, till this apparition faded away.'

The first opening of Italy is given with equal spirit; but we can afford only one or two paragraphs of a truly splendid chapter.

'The pass is rocky and tremendous, guarded by the fortress of Covalo, in possession of the Empress Queen, and only fit, one should think, to be inhabited by her eagles. There is no attaining this exalted hold but by the means of a cord, let down many fathoms by the soldiers, who live in dens and caverns, which serve also as arsenals and magazines for powder; whose mysteries I declined prying into, their approach being a little too aërial for my earthly frame. A black vapour, tinging their entrance, completed the romance of the prospect, which I never shall forget . . . . .

'For two or three leagues it continued much in the same style; cliffs nearly perpendicular on both sides, and the Brenta foaming and thundering below. Beyond, the rocks began to be mantled with vines

vines and gardens. Here and there a cottage, shaded with mulberries, made its appearance; and we often discovered on the banks of the river, ranges of white buildings with courts and awnings, beneath which numbers of women and children were employed in manufacturing silk. As we advanced, the stream gradually widened, and the rocks receded; woods were more frequent, and cottages thicker strown. About five in the evening, we left the country of crags and precipices, of mists and cataracts, and were entering the fertile territory of the Bossanese. It was now I beheld groves of olives, and vines clustering the summits of the tallest elms; pomegranates in every garden, and vases of citron and orange before almost every door. The softness and transparency of the air soon told me I was arrived in happier climates; and I felt sensations of joy and novelty run through my veins, upon beholding this smiling land of groves and verdure stretched out before me. A few glowing vapours, I can hardly call them clouds, rested upon the extremities of the landscape, and through their medium the sun cast an oblique and dewy ray. Peasants were returning home from the cultivated hillocks and cornfields, singing as they went, and calling to each other over the fields; whilst the women were milking goats before the wickets of the cottage, and preparing their country fare.'

The whole journey from hence to Venice is painted with the same easy lightness of colouring: but we must hurry at once to 'the glorious city in the sea,' and extract the author's description of the view which presented itself to him when fairly established in a hotel on the Great Canal.

'The rooms of our hotel are spacious and cheerful; a lofty hall, or rather gallery, painted with grotesque in a very good style, perfectly clean, floored with a marble stucco, divides the house, and admits a refreshing current of air. Several windows, near the ceiling, look into this vast apartment, which serves in lieu of a court, and is rendered perfectly luminous by a glazed arcade, thrown open to catch the breezes. Through it I passed to a balcony, which impends over the canal, and is twined round with plants, forming a green festoon, springing from two large vases of orange trees, placed at each end. Here I established myself to enjoy the cool, and observe, as well as the dusk would permit, the variety of figures shooting by in their gondolas. As night approached, innumerable tapers glimmered through the awnings before the windows. Every boat had its lantern, and the gondolas, moving rapidly along, were followed by tracks of light, which gleamed and played upon the waters. I was gazing at these dancing fires, when the sounds of music were wafted along the canals, and as they grew louder and louder, an illuminated barge, filled with musicians, issued from the Rialto, and stopping under one of the palaces, began a serenade, which stilled every clamour and suspended all conversation in the galleries and porticoes till, rowing slowly away, it was heard no more. The gondoliers, catching

catching the air, imitated its cadences, and were answered by others at a distance, whose voices, echoed by the arch of the bridge, acquired a plaintive and interesting tone. I retired to rest, full of the sound, and long after I was asleep the melody seemed to vibrate in my ear.'

In all great cities the market-place, in the early morning, is a scene of lively attraction; but the market on the great canal of Venice is the most picturesque of them all. This is the author's first morning in Venice:—

'It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the grand canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables, on rafts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a wave. Loads of grapes, peaches, and melons arrived and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers, hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes, I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and, upon inquiry, I found they were noble Venetians, just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit before they *retired to sleep for the day.*

'Whilst I was observing them, the sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the grand canal, to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the Senate, in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing, except one old priest, who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high altar, still wrapped in shadows. The sunbeams began to strike against the windows of the cupola just as I left the church, and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St. Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio. When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportion and grand effect of the whole in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticos, of towers, opening on every side, and extending out of sight. The Doge's palace, and the tall columns at the entrance of the Piazza of St. Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile, and the cupolas of the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. To behold at one glance these stately fabrics, so illustrious in the records of former ages, before which, in the flourishing times of the republic, so many valiant chiefs and princes have landed, loaded with oriental spoils, was a spectacle I had long and ardently desired. I thought of the days of Frederick Barbarossa,

Barbarossa, when looking up the Piazza of St. Mark, along which he marched, in solemn procession, to cast himself at the feet of Alexander III. and pay a tardy homage to St. Peter's successor. Here were no longer those splendid fleets that attended his progress; one solitary galeass was all I beheld, anchored opposite the palace of the doge, and surrounded by crowds of gondolas, whose sable hues contrasted strongly with its vermilion oars and shining ornaments. A party-coloured multitude was continually shifting from one side of the piazza to the other; whilst senators and magistrates, in long black robes, were already arriving to fill their respective offices.

'I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees, creeping to their devotions; and, whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately, some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults, so that I eat my grapes and read Metastasio undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

'After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting like a mirror the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister, supported on Ionic pillars beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals, sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the *chef d'œuvre* of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel, decent sort of people, well used to the mode of their times, and accustomed to miracles.

'Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables, covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, if one might judge from their appearance. These sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster; a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticos, that engross every breath of air; and what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it whenever they have a mind.'

As a pendant to this morning piece, we give an evening one, of the same localities. If the former has all the vivacity of a Cannaletti, this will carry every reader back to the comedy of Goldoni.

'At this hour, anything like restraint seems perfectly out of the question; and, however solemn a magistrate or senator may appear in

in the day, at night he lays up wig, and robe, and gravity, to sleep together, runs intriguing about in his gondola, takes the reigning sultana under his arm, and so rambles half over the town, which grows gayer and gayer as the day declines.

'Many of the noble Venetians have a little suite of apartments, in some out-of-the-way corner, near the Grand Piazza, of which their families are totally ignorant. To these they skulk in the dusk, and revel undisturbed with the companions of their pleasures. Jealousy itself cannot discover the alleys, the winding passages, the unsuspected doors, by which these retreats are accessible. Many an unhappy lover, whose mistress disappears on a sudden with some fortunate rival, has searched for her haunts in vain. The gondoliers themselves, though the prime managers of intrigue, are often unacquainted with these interior cabinets. When a gallant has a mind to pursue his adventures with mystery, he rows to the piazza, orders his bark to wait, meets his goddess in the crowd, and vanishes from all beholders. Surely, Venice is the city in the universe best calculated for giving scope to the observations of a Devil upon Two Sticks. What a variety of lurking-places would one stroke of his crutch uncover!

'Whilst the higher ranks were solacing themselves in their casinos, the rabble were gathered in knots round the strollers and mountebanks, singing and scaramouching in the middle of the square. I observed a great number of Orientals amongst the crowd, and heard Turkish and Arabic muttering in every corner. Here the Sclavonian dialect predominated; there some Grecian jargon almost unintelligible. Had Saint Mark's church been the wondrous tower, and its piazza the chief square of the city of Babylon, there could scarcely have been a greater confusion of languages. The novelty of the scene afforded me no small share of amusement, and I wandered about from group to group, and from one strange exotic to another, asking and being asked innumerable ridiculous questions, and settling the politics of London and Constantinople almost in the same breath. This instant I found myself in a circle of grave Armenian priests and jewellers; the next, amongst Greeks and Dalmatians, who accosted me with the smoothest compliments, and gave proof that their reputation for pliability and address was not ill-founded.

'I was entering into a grand harum-scarum discourse with some Russian counts or princes, or whatever you please, just landed, with dwarfs, and footmen, and governors, and staring like me about them, when Madame de Rosenberg arrived, to whom I had the happiness of being recommended. She presented me to some of the most distinguished of the Venetian families, at their great casino, which looks into the piazza, and consists of five or six rooms, fitted up in a gay, flimsy taste, neither rich nor elegant; where were a great many lights, and a great many ladies, negligently dressed, their hair falling very freely about them, and *innumerable adventures written in their eyes.* The gentlemen were lolling upon the sofas or lounging about the

the apartments. The whole assembly seemed upon the verge of gaping, till coffee was carried round. This magic beverage diffused a temporary animation; and, for a moment or two, conversation moved on with a degree of pleasing extravagance; but the flash was soon dissipated, and nothing remained save cards and stupidity.'

We close the letters from Venice with this little record of the celebrated editor of Homer, M. de Villoison. Mr. Beckford encounters him while busy in the Ducal Library.

'Whilst I was intent upon my occupation, a little door, I never suspected, flew open, and out popped Monsieur de Villoison, from a place where nothing I believe but broomsticks and certain other utensils were ever before deposited. This gentleman, the most active investigator of Homer since the days of the good bishop of Thessalonica, bespatters you with more learning in a minute than others communicate in half-a-year; quotes Arabic, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, &c., with formidable fluency, and drove me from one end of the room to the other, with a storm of erudition. Syllables fell thicker than hail, and in an instant I found myself so weighed down and covered, that I prayed, for mercy's sake, to be introduced, by way of respite, to a Laplander, whom he leads about as a curiosity; a poor harmless, good sort of a soul, calm and indifferent, who has acquired the words of several oriental languages to perfection—ideas he has in none.

'We went all together to view a collection of medals in one of the Gradanigo palaces, and two or three inestimable volumes filled with paintings that represent the dress of the ancient Venetians: so that I had an opportunity of observing to perfection all the Lapland nothingness of my companion. What a perfect void! Cold and silent as the Polar regions; not one passion ever throbbed in his bosom; not one bright ray of fancy ever glittered in his mind; without love or anger, pleasure or pain, his days fleet smoothly along: all things considered, I must confess I envied such comfortable apathy.'

This poor Laplander had probably had his loves and angers, his pleasures and his pains, just as abundantly as either M. de Villoison or Mr. Beckford; but he was as little likely to be excited by the medals in the Gradanigo palace, or the 'inestimable volumes,' representing the ancient Venetian costumes, as the French or English virtuoso would have been to partake his enthusiasm in the hunting of a bear, or the devouring of a seal's blubber. What *nonchalance* may be the disguise of intense bigotry!

We now open the first of these volumes, where the author has taken up his residence at Florence. His descriptions of that city, and its almost unrivalled treasures of art, are worthy of all praise; but we are more particularly pleased with an excursion to Vallombrosa, which opens as follows:—

'At last, after ascending a tedious while, we began to feel the wind blow sharply from the peaks of the mountains; and to hear the murmur

murmur of groves of pine. A paved path leads across them, quite darkened by boughs, which, meeting over our heads, cast a gloom and a chillness below that would have stopped the proceedings of reasonable mortals, and sent them to bask in the plain; but, being not so easily discomfited, we threw ourselves boldly into the forest. It presented that boundless confusion of tall straight stems I am so fond of, and exhaled a fresh aromatic odour that revived my spirits.

'The cold to be sure was piercing, but, setting that at defiance, we galloped on, and entered a vast amphitheatre of lawns and meadows, surrounded by thick woods beautifully green. The steep cliffs and mountains, which guard this retired valley, are clothed with beech to their very summits, and on their slopes, whose smoothness and verdure equal our English pastures, were dispersed large flocks of sheep. The herbage, moistened by streams which fall from the eminences, has never been known to fade; thus, whilst the chief part of Tuscany is parched by the heats of summer, these upland meadows retain the freshness of spring. I regretted not having visited them sooner, as autumn had already made great havoc amongst the foliage. Showers of leaves blew full in our faces as we rode towards the convent, placed at an extremity of the vale, and sheltered by firs and chestnuts, towering one above another.

'Whilst we were alighting before the entrance, two fathers came out and received us into the peace of their retirement. We found a blazing fire, and tables spread very comfortably before it, round which five or six over-grown friars were lounging, who seemed, by the sleekness and rosy hue of their countenances, not totally to have despised this mortal existence.

'My letters of recommendation soon brought the heads of the order about me, fair round figures, such as a Chinese would have placed in his pagoda. I could willingly have dispensed with their attention: yet to avoid this was scarcely within the circle of possibility. All dinner, therefore, we endured an infinity of nonsensical questions, but as soon as that was over, I lost no time in repairing to the lawns and forests. The fathers made a shift to waddle after, as fast and as complaisantly as they were able, but were soon distanced. Now I found myself at liberty, and pursued a narrow path overhung by rock, with bushy chestnuts starting from the crevices. This led me into wild glens of beech-trees, mostly decayed, and covered with moss—several were fallen. It was amongst these the holy hermit Gaulbertus had his cell. I rested a moment upon one of their huge branches, listening to the roar of a waterfall which the wood concealed. The dry leaves chased each other down the steeps on the edge of the torrents with hollow rustlings, whilst the solemn wave of the forests above most perfectly answered the idea I had formed of Vallombrosa,—

"Where the Etrurian shades
High overarch'd embower."

This celebrated convent was, when Mr. Beckford visited it, entire in

in its magnificence, and we would willingly pursue our quotation; but, while engaged with this work, another has been laid on our table, in which we find the same scenery described with hardly inferior power, and with a gentleness of feeling, to dwell on which for a moment ere we pass on—may soothe as well as interest our readers. In verse and in prose Lady Charlotte Bury has painted the

'Beautiful gloom of Vallombrosa's bowers'

with a skill and a grace which must do honour even to her name—

'The pathway narrows as the steps ascend;
The boughs, o'erarching, meet in fond embrace;
The fragile branches of the birch-tree bend,
And with majestic chestnuts interlace;
Boldly th' indented leaves, with spiral grace,
Come sharply out from the Italian blue
Of heaven's unclouded vault—whose smiling face
Shows Florence oft, in clear though distant view,
Rising from storied vale, in tones of silver hue.'

'The road from Florence to Valle Ombrosa, though less sublime of feature than that which conducts higher into the Apennines, possesses its own peculiar and very great charm. The sudden and delightful breaks of landscape scenery which open to the view, changing in character from close to expansive, and from mild to rugged, can never fail to diversify thought. Here, too, the Arno, untainted by the many-coloured earths which tinge its waters in the immediate neighbourhood of Florence, pours along a translucent stream, fringed at intervals by graceful reeds and flowers, and overhung at others by umbrageous trees, till at length it reaches the Ponte à Sieve. There the river bearing that name unites its tributary waters to the *Fiume-Maéstro* of Tuscany, and the road, crossing an ancient and picturesque bridge, passes under the gateway of the frowning tower which overhangs the torrent, and turning to the east becomes more rugged and difficult of access.

'The whole accompaniment of the scene assumes an alpine aspect, a character which the route retains as it proceeds through the pine and chesnut woods, till it opens on the skyey plain, in which is spread out the long line of the Certosa, where one is tempted to cry out with Tasso—

"Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede!"

Then succeeds (what human transport lasts?) a sense of disappointment, when the smooth and grassy level meets the view, and the extensive building stretches out in the distance, with too decorative an aspect to assimilate with the feelings previously brought into play. But as the eye pursues its range, and dwells on the majestic wooded theatre beyond, this sensation in its turn subsides, and others of a far different nature succeed.

'In walking through the long-deserted apartments of the convent, its

its devastated walls and despoiled treasures excite the melancholy interest attached to all mementos of departed greatness; and, without waiting to analyze the justice of regret, it is a sentiment which for the time supersedes all others.

'In former days, the revenue of the Certosa amounted to above forty thousand crowns annually; its farms were in a high state of cultivation, and its tenantry wealthy and prosperous.

'The beneficence of the monks was proverbial: during the rigours of winter, the poor received liberal charities; and in the summer season, the Foresteira of the Certosa (the Cloistral Inn, so to speak) was full of pilgrims and travellers, who were munificently entertained, whatever might be their religion or their rank. Doubtless this profuse distribution of the riches of the community obtained for them a reciprocity of advantages; but their liberality ought not to be churlishly referred to selfish motives alone; the award of Omnipotence has pronounced that "the liberal soul shall be made fat;" and so it generally is, even as regards this life; yet still the generous mind will be ever ready to concede its belief, that there are others of its own stamp, who act from nobler impulse than that of selfishness; and whatever interested motives may have influenced some of the individuals of the community of Valle Ombrosa, in the distribution of their courtesies and wealth, to the greater part may be attributed the higher views of pure Christian charity.

'Many were the persons who contributed to enrich this institution: none endowed it with more wealth than the famed Empress Matilda—and genius paid it the higher tribute of talents and art. When the strife of faction deluged the plains of Tuscany with blood, this peaceful shrine offered an asylum to the humanising influence of literature and science. . . . . .

'The treasures of every denomination which had been so long held sacred even by the most lawless hands, were at length plundered by the French during the last period of the revolution—which, indeed, occasioned throughout Italy the dispersion of everything that the unsparing cupidity of man could remove. It could not, however, plunder the country of its rocks, and woods, and streams; or the thousand recollections of by-gone ages, attached to its locality. These must ever remain imperishable monuments for future travellers to venerate and to love.'—*Three Sanctuaries of Tuscany*, p. 6.*

Since we are among monastic scenes, we may here introduce part of a very striking letter which Mr. Beckford devotes (in a different part of his work) to a visit of some length which he paid in 1787 to the *Grande Chartreuse* itself. We are not aware that there

* This work, if published in a less expensive form, would, we have little doubt, be as popular as its whole execution is creditable to the fancy and feeling of the authoress. It is accompanied by various exquisite engravings, after the designs of the late Rev. John Bury, in whom it now appears the world has lost a truly great artist, though the modesty of his character prevented him from making any public display of his extraordinary accomplishments during his too short life.

there is anything more characteristic of him in his highest and best vein, throughout the whole of these volumes.

'I paced in silence up the path which led to the great portal. When we arrived before it, I rested a moment, and looking against the stout oaken gate, which closed up the entrance to this unknown region, felt at my heart a certain awe, that brought to my mind the sacred terror of those in ancient days going to be admitted into the Eleusinian mysteries. My guide gave two knocks; after a solemn pause, the gate was slowly opened, and all our horses having passed through, it was again carefully closed.

'I now found myself in a narrow dell, surrounded on every side by peaks of the mountains, rising almost beyond my sight, and shelving downwards till their bases were hidden by the foam and spray of the water, over which hung a thousand withered and distorted trees. The rocks seemed crowding upon me, and, by their particular situation, threatened to obstruct every ray of light; but, notwithstanding the menacing appearance of the prospect, I still kept following my guide up a craggy ascent, partly hewn through a rock, and bordered by the trunks of ancient fir-trees, which formed a fantastic barrier, till we came to a dreary and exposed promontory, impending directly over the dell.

'The woods are here clouded with darkness, and the torrents, rushing with additional violence, are lost in the gloom of the caverns below; every object, as I looked downwards from my path, that hung midway between the base and the summit of the cliff, was horrid and woeful. The channel of the torrent sunk deep amidst frightful crags, and the pale willows and wreathed roots spreading over it, answered my ideas of those dismal abodes, where, according to the Druidical mythology, the ghosts of conquered warriors were bound. I shivered whilst I was regarding these regions of desolation, and, quickly lifting up my eyes to vary the scene, I perceived a range of whitish cliffs, glistening with the light of the sun, to emerge from these melancholy forests.

'On a fragment that projected over the chasm, and concealed for a moment its terrors, I saw a cross, on which was written, VIA CRUCIS. The cliffs being the heaven to which I now aspired, we deserted the edge of the precipice, and ascending, came to a retired nook of the rocks, in which several copious rills had worn irregular grottos. Here we reposed an instant, and were enlivened with a few sunbeams piercing the thickets, and gilding the waters that bubbled from the rock; over which hung another cross, inscribed with this short sentence, which the situation rendered wonderfully pathetic, O SPES UNICA! the fervent exclamation of some wretch disgusted with the world, whose only consolation was found in this retirement.

'We quitted this solitary cross to enter a thick forest of beech-trees, that screened, in some measure, the precipices on which they grew, catching however, every instant, terrifying glimpses of the torrent below: streams gushed from every crevice on the cliffs, and falling

falling over the mossy roots and branches of the beech, hastened to join the great torrent, athwart which I, every now and then, remarked certain tottering bridges; and sometimes could distinguish a Carthusian crossing over to his hermitage, that just peeped above the woody labyrinths on the opposite shore.

'Whilst I was proceeding amongst the innumerable trunks of the beech-trees, my guide pointed out to me a peak rising above the others, which he called the Throne of Moses. If that prophet had received his revelations in this desert, no voice need have declared it holy ground, for every part of it is stamped with such a sublimity of character, as would alone be sufficient to impress the idea.

'Having left these woods behind, and crossing a bridge of many lofty arches, I shuddered once more at the impetuosity of the torrent; and, mounting still higher, came at length to a kind of platform, before two cliffs, joined by an arch of rock, under which we were to pursue our road. Below, we beheld again innumerable streams, turbulently precipitating themselves from the woods, and lashing the base of the mountains, mossed over with a dark sea-green.

'In this deep hollow such mists and vapours prevailed, as hindered my prying into its recesses; besides, such was the dampness of the air, that I hastened gladly from its neighbourhood, and, passing under the second portal, beheld with pleasure the sunbeams gilding the Throne of Moses.

'It was now about ten o'clock, and my guide assured me I should soon discover the convent. Upon this information I took new courage, and continued my route on the edge of the rocks, till we struck into another gloomy grove. After turning about it for some time, we entered again into the glare of daylight, and saw a green valley, skirted by ridges of cliffs and sweeps of wood before us. Towards the farther end of this inclosure, on a gentle acclivity, rose the revered turrets of the Carthusians, which extended in a long line on the brow of the hill: beyond them, a woody amphitheatre majestically presents itself, terminated by spires of rock and promontories lost amongst the clouds. The roar of the torrent was now but faintly distinguishable, and all the scenes of horror and confusion I had passed were succeeded by a sacred and profound calm. I traversed the valley with a thousand sensations I despair of describing, and stood before the gate of the convent with as much awe as some novice or candidate newly arrived to solicit the holy retirement of the order. As admittance is more readily granted to the English than to almost any other nation, it was not long before the gates opened; and whilst the porter ordered our horses to the stable, we entered a court watered by two fountains, and built round with lofty edifices, characterized by a noble simplicity. The interior portal opening discovered an arched aisle, extending till the perspective nearly met, along which windows, but scantily distributed between the pilasters, admitted a pale, solemn light, just sufficient to distinguish the objects with a picturesque uncertainty. We had scarcely set our feet on the pavement

pavement when the monks began to issue from an arch about half way down; and passing in a long succession from their chapel, bowed reverently, with much humility and meekness, and dispersed in silence, leaving one of their body alone in the aisle. The Father Coadjutor (for he only remained) advanced towards us with great courtesy, and welcomed us in a manner which gave me far more pleasure than all the frivolous salutations and affected greetings so common in the world beneath. After asking us a few indifferent questions, he called one of the lay brothers, who live in the convent, under less severe restrictions than the fathers, whom they serve, and ordering him to prepare our apartment, conducted us to a large square hall, with casement windows, and what was more comfortable, an enormous chimney, whose hospitable hearth blazed with a fire of dry aromatic fir, on each side of which were two doors, that communicated with the neat little cells destined for our bed-chambers.

* * * * *

'We had hardly supped before the gates of the convent were shut; a circumstance which disconcerted me not a little, as the full moon gleamed through the casements, and the stars, sparkling above the forests of pines, invited me to leave my apartment again, and to give myself up entirely to the spectacle they offered. The coadjutor, perceiving that I was often looking earnestly through the windows, guessed my wishes; and, calling the porter, ordered him to open the gates, and wait at them till my return. It was not long before I took advantage of this permission; and, escaping from the courts and cloisters of the monastery, all hushed in death-like stillness, ascended a green knowl, which several ancient pines strongly marked with their shadows; there, leaning against one of their trunks, I lifted up my eyes to the awful barrier of surrounding mountains, discovered by the trembling silver light of the moon, shooting directly on the woods which fringed their acclivities. The lawns, the vast woods, the steep descents, the precipices, the torrents, lay all extended beneath, softened by a pale blueish haze, that alleviated, in some measure, the stern prospect of the rocky promontories above, wrapped in dark shadows. The sky was of the deepest azure: innumerable stars were distinguished with unusual clearness from this elevation, many of which twinkled behind the fir-trees edging the promontories. White, grey, and darkish clouds came marching towards the moon, that shone full against a range of cliffs, which lift themselves far above the others. The hoarse murmur of the torrent, throwing itself from the distant wildernesses into the gloomy vales, was mingled with the blast that blew from the mountains. It increased; the forests began to wave; black clouds arose from the north; and, as they fleeted along, approached the moon, whose light they shortly extinguished. A moment of darkness succeeded; the gust was chill and melancholy; it swept along the desert, and then subsiding, the vapours began to pass away, and the moon returned; the grandeur of the scene was renewed,

renewed, and its imposing solemnity was increased by her presence. Inspiration was in every wind.

'I followed some impulse which drove me to the summit of the mountains before me; and there, casting a look on the whole extent of wild woods and romantic precipices, thought of the days of St. Bruno. I eagerly contemplated every rock that formerly might have met his eyes; drank of the spring which tradition says he was wont to drink of; and ran to every pine, whose withered appearance bespoke the most remote antiquity, and beneath which, perhaps, the Saint had reposed himself, when worn with vigils, or possessed with the sacred spirit of his institutions. It was midnight before I returned to the convent and retired to my quiet chamber, but my imagination was too much disturbed, and my spirits far too active to allow me any rest for some time. I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by a furious blast, which drove open my casement, for it was a troubled night, and let in the roar of the tempest. In the intervals of the storm, in those moments when the winds seemed to pause, the faint sounds of the choir stole upon my ear, but were swallowed up the next instant by the redoubled fury of the gust, which was still increased by the roaring of the waters.'

Not less magnificent—to return to the early travels of 1780—is our author's account of his arrival at Rome, from Sienna—and his youthful impressions on first beholding St. Peter's.

'We set out in the dark. Morning dawned over the Lago di Vico; its waters, of a deep ultra-marine blue, and its surrounding forests catching the rays of the rising sun. It was in vain I looked for the cupola of St. Peter's, upon descending the mountains beyond Viterbo. Nothing but a sea of vapours was visible.

'At length they rolled away, and the spacious plains began to show themselves, in which the most warlike of nations reared their seat of empire. On the left, afar off, rises the rugged chain of Apennines, and on the other side, a shining expanse of ocean terminates the view. It was upon this vast surface so many illustrious actions were performed, and I know not where a mighty people could have chosen a grander theatre. Here were space for the march of armies, and verge enough for encampments; levels for martial games, and room for that variety of roads and causeways, that led from the capital to Ostia. How many triumphant legions have trodden these pavements! how many captive kings! What throngs of cars and chariots once glittered on their surface! savage animals dragged from the interior of Africa, and the ambassadors of Indian princes, followed by their exotic train, hastening to implore the favour of the senate. During many ages, this eminence commanded almost every day such illustrious scenes, but all are vanished; the splendid tumult is passed away; silence and desolation remain. Dreary flats, thinly scattered over with ilex, and barren hillocks crowned by solitary towers, were the only objects we perceived

perceived for several miles. Now and then, we passed a few black, ill-favoured sheep straggling by the way's side, near a ruined sepulchre, just such animals as an ancient would have sacrificed to the *manes*. Sometimes we crossed a brook, whose ripplings were the only sounds which broke the general stillness, and observed the shepherd's huts on its banks, propped up with broken pedestals and marble friezes. I entered one of them, whose owner was abroad, tending his herd, and began writing upon the sand, and murmuring a melancholy song. Perhaps the dead listened to me from their narrowed cells. The living I can answer for—they were far enough removed.

'You will not be surprised at the dark tone of my musings in so sad a scene; especially as the weather lowered, and you are well acquainted how greatly I depend upon skies and sunshine. To-day I had no blue firmament to revive my spirits; no genial gales, no aromatic plants to irritate my nerves, and lend at least a momentary animation. Heath and a greyish kind of moss are the sole vegetation which covers this endless wilderness. Every slope is strewed with the relics of a happier period; trunks of trees, shattered columns, cedar beams, helmets of bronze, skulls, and coins, are frequently dug up together.

'I cannot boast of having made any discoveries, nor of sending you any novel intelligence. You knew before how perfectly the environs of Rome were desolate, and how completely the papal government contrives to make its subjects miserable. But who knows that they were not just as wretched in those boasted times we are so fond of celebrating? All is doubt and conjecture in this frail existence, and I might as well attempt proving to whom belonged the mouldering bones which lay dispersed around me, as venture to affirm that one age is more fortunate than another. Very likely the poor cottager under whose roof I reposed is happier than the luxurious Roman, upon the remains of whose palace, perhaps, his shed is raised; and yet that Roman flourished in the purple days of the empire, when all was wealth and splendour, triumph and exultation. I could have spent the whole day by the rivulet, lost in dreams and meditations, but recollecting my vow, I ran back to the carriage and drove on. The road not having been mended, I believe, since the days of the Cæsars, would not allow our motions to be very precipitate. "When you gain the summit of yonder hill, you will discover Rome," said one of the postilions; up we dragged, no city appeared. "From the next," cried out a second, and so on, from height to height, did they amuse my expectations. I thought Rome fled before us, such was my impatience; till, at last, we perceived a cluster of hills with green pastures on their summits, inclosed by thickets, and shaded by flourished ilex. Here and there a white house, built in the antique style, with open porticos, that received a faint gleam of the evening sun, just emerged from the clouds and tinting the meads below. Now domes and towers began to discover themselves in the valley, and St. Peter's to rise above the magnificent roofs of the Vatican. Every step we

advanced the scene extended, till, winding suddenly round the hill, all Rome opened to our view.

'Shall I ever forget the sensations I experienced upon slowly descending the hills, and crossing the bridge over the Tiber? When I entered an avenue between terraces and ornamented gates of villas, which leads to the Porto del Popolo, and beheld the square, the domes, the obelisk, the long perspective of streets and palaces opening beyond, all glowing with the vivid red of sunset, you can imagine how I enjoyed my beloved tint, my favourite hour, surrounded by such objects. You can fancy me ascending Monte Cavallo, leaning against the pedestal which supports Bucephalus; then, spite of time and distance, hurrying to St. Peter's in performance of my vow.

'I met the Holy Father, in all his pomp, returning from vespers —trumpets flourishing, and a troop of guards drawn out upon Ponte St. Angelo. Casting a respectful glance upon the Moles Adriani, I moved on, till the full sweep of St. Peter's colonnade opened upon me. The edifice appears to have been raised within the year, such is its freshness and preservation. I could hardly take my eyes from off the beautiful symmetry of its front, contrasted with the magnificent though irregular courts of the Vatican, towering over the colonnade, till, the sun sinking behind the dome, I ran up the steps, and entered the grand portal, which was on the very point of being closed.

'I knew not where I was, or to what scene transported; a sacred twilight concealing the extremities of the structure, I could not distinguish any particular ornament, but enjoyed the effect of the whole. No damp air, or fœtid exhalation offended me. The perfume of incense was not yet entirely dissipated. No human being stirred. I heard a door close with the sound of thunder, and thought I distinguished some faint whisperings, but am ignorant whence they came. Several hundred lamps twinkled round the high altar, quite lost in the immensity of the pile. No other light disturbed my reveries, but the dying glow, still visible through the western windows. Imagine how I felt upon finding myself alone in this vast temple, at so late an hour. Do you think I quitted it without some revelation?

'It was almost eight o'clock before I issued forth, and pausing a few minutes under the porticos, listened to the rush of the fountains. Then traversing half the town, I believe, in my way to the Villa Medici, under which I am lodged, fell into a profound repose, which my zeal and exercise may be allowed, I think, to have merited.

'October 30th.—Immediately after breakfast I repaired again to St. Peter's, which even exceeded the height of my expectations. I could hardly quit it. I wished his holiness would allow me to erect a little tabernacle within this glorious temple. I should desire no other prospect during the winter; no other sky than the vast arches glowing with golden ornaments, so lofty as to lose all glitter or gaudiness. But I cannot say I should be perfectly contented, unless I could obtain another tabernacle for you. Thus established, we would take our evening walks on the field of marble; for is not the pavement vast

enough for the extravagance of the appellation? Sometimes, instead of climbing a mountain, we should ascend the cupola, and look down on our little encampment below. At night I should wish for a constellation of lamps dispersed about in clusters, and so contrived as to diffuse a mild and equal light. Music should not be wanting; at one time to breathe in the subterraneous chapels, at another to echo through the dome."

The future creator of Fonthill is apparent in these last paragraphs; or should we not rather say, the former creator of the 'Palais des Sens?' We must now pass on to Mr. Beckford's long and interesting series of letters from his favourite Portugal, where, as is well known, he for many years fixed his residence:

'Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow;
But now, as if a thing unblest by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!"

One of his first visits, on reaching Lisbon, was to the palace of the old Marquis of Marialva, with whose family he soon formed relations of the most intimate friendship:—

'The court-yard, filled with shabby two-wheeled chaises, put me in mind of the entrance of a French post-house; a recollection not weakened by the sight of several ample heaps of manure, between which we made the best of our way up the great staircase, and had near tumbled over a swinging sow and her numerous progeny, which escaped from under Mr. Horn's legs, with bitter squeakings.

'This hubbub announced our arrival, so out came the grand prior, his nephew, the old abade, and a troop of domestics. All great Portuguese families are infested with herds of these in general ill-favoured dependants, and none more than the Marialvas, who dole out every day three hundred portions, at least, of rice and other eatables, to as many greedy devourers.

'The grand prior had shed his pontifical garments, and did the honours of the house, and conducted us with much agility all over the apartments, and through the *manège*, where the old marquis his brother, though at a very advanced age, displays feats of the most consummate horsemanship. He seems to have a decided taste for clocks, compasses, and timekeepers; I counted no less than ten in his bed-chamber, four or five in full swing, making a loud hissing; they were chiming and striking away (for it was exactly six) when I followed my conductor up and down half-a-dozen staircases, into a saloon hung with rusty damask.

'A table in the centre of this antiquated apartment was covered with rarities brought forth for our inspection: curious shell-work, ivory crucifixes, models of ships, housings embroidered with feathers, and the Lord knows what besides, stinking of camphor enough to knock one down.

'Whilst we were staring with all our eyes, and holding our hand-

kerchiefs to our noses, the Count of V——,* Viceroy of Algarve, made his appearance in grand pea-green, and pink and silver gala, straddling and making wry faces, as if some disagreeable accident had befallen him. He was, however, in a most gracious mood, and received our eulogiums upon his relation, the new bishop, with much complacency. Our conversation was limpingly carried on in a great variety of broken languages—Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, French, and English, had each their turn in rapid succession. The subject of all this *poly-glottery* was the glories and piety of John V., regret for the extinction of the Jesuits, and the reverse for the death of Pombal, whose memory he holds in something not distinctly removed from execration. This flood of eloquence was accompanied by the strangest, most buffoonical grimaces, and slobberings, I ever beheld; for the viceroy, having a perennial moistness of mouth, drivels at every syllable.

'One must not, however, decide too hastily upon outward appearances. This slobbering, canting personage is a distinguished statesman and good officer, pre-eminent amongst the few who have seen service, and given proofs of prowess and capacity.

'To escape the long-winded narrations which were pouring warm into my ear, I took refuge near a harpsichord, where Policarpio, one of the first tenors in the queen's chapel, was singing and accompanying himself. The curtains of the door of an adjoining dark apartment being half drawn, gave me a transient glimpse of Donna Henriquetta de L., Don Pedro's sister, advancing one moment and retiring the next, eager to approach and examine us exotic beings, but not venturing to enter the saloon during her mother's absence. She appeared to me a most interesting girl, with eyes full of graceful languor. But of what do I talk?—I only saw her pale and evanescent, as one fancies one sees objects in a dream. A group of lovely children (her sister's, I believe) sat at her feet upon the ground, resembling genii, partially concealed by folds of drapery, in some grand allegorical picture by Reubens or Paul Veronese.

'Night approaching, lights glimmered in the turrets, terraces, and every part of the strange huddle of buildings of which this moriscolooking palace is composed. Half the family were engaged in reciting the litanies of saints, the other in freaks and frolics—perhaps of no very edifying nature. The monotonous staccato of the guitar, accompanied by the low, soothing murmur of female voices, singing modenhas—formed altogether a strange though not unpleasant combination of sounds.

'I was listening to them with avidity, when a glare of flambeaux, and the noise of a splashing and dashing of water, called us out upon the verandas in time to witness a procession scarcely equalled since the days of Noah. I doubt whether his ark contained a more heterogeneous collection of animals than issued from a scalera with fifty oars, which had just landed the old Marquis of M—— and his son Don

* Father of the first Marquis of Loulé.

José,

José, attended by a swarm of musicians, poets, bull-fighters, grooms, monks, dwarfs, and children of both sexes fantastically dressed.

'The whole party, it seems, were returned from a pilgrimage to some saint's nest or other on the opposite shore of the Tagus. First jumped out a hump-backed dwarf, blowing a little squeaking trumpet three or four inches long—then a pair of led captains, apparently commanded by a strange old swaggering fellow, in a showy uniform, who, I was told, had acted the part of a sort of brigadier-general in some sort of an island. Had it been Barataria, Sancho would soon have sent him about his business; for, if we believe the scandalous chronicle of Lisbon, a more impudent buffoon, parasite, and pilferer, has seldom existed.

'Close at his heels stalked a savage-looking monk, as tall as Samson, and two Capuchin friars, heavily laden, but with what sort of provision I am ignorant: next came a very slim and sallow-faced apothecary, in deep sables—completely answering in gait and costume the figure one fancies to one's self of Senhor Apuntador in Gil Blas—followed by a half-crazed improvisatore, spouting verses at us as he passed under the balustrades against which we were leaning.

'He was hardly out of hearing, before a confused rabble of watermen and servants, with bird-cages, lanterns, baskets of fruit, and chaplets of flowers, came gamboling along to the great delight of a bevy of children, who, to look more like the inhabitants of heaven than even nature designed, had light fluttering wings attached to their rosy-coloured shoulders. Some of these little theatrical angels were extremely beautiful, and had their hair most coquetishly arranged in ringlets.

'The old Marquis is doatingly fond of them; night and day they remain with him, imparting all the advantages that can possibly be derived from fresh and innocent breath to a declining constitution. The patriarch of the Marialvas has followed this regimen many years, and also some others which are scarcely credible. Having a more than Roman facility of swallowing an immense profusion of dainties, and making room continually for a fresh supply, he dines alone every day between two silver canteens of extraordinary magnitude. Nobody in England would believe me, if I detailed the enormous repast I saw spread out for him; but let your imagination loose upon all that was ever conceived in the way of gormandizing, and it will not in this case exceed the reality.

'As soon as the contents, animal and vegetable, of the principal scalera, and three or four other barges in its train, had been deposited in their respective holes, corners, and roosting-places, I received an invitation from the old Marquis to partake of a collation in his apartment. Not less, I am certain, than fifty servants were in waiting; and, exclusive of half-a-dozen wax torches, which were borne in state before us, above a hundred tapers of different sizes were lighted up in the range of rooms, intermingled with silver braziers and cassolettes, diffusing a very pleasant perfume.

'I found

'I found the master of all this magnificence most courteous, affable, and engaging. There is an urbanity and good-humour in his looks, gestures, and tone of voice, that prepossesses instantaneously in his favour, and justifies the universal popularity he enjoys, and the affectionate name of father, by which the queen and royal family often address him. All the favours of the crown have been heaped upon him by the present and preceding sovereigns; a tide of prosperity uninterrupted even during the Grand-Vizieriat of Pombal. "Act as you judge wisest with the rest of my nobility," used to say the King Don Joseph to this redoubted minister: "but beware how you interfere with the Marquis of Marialva!"

'In consequence of this decided predilection, the Marialva palace became a sort of rallying point, an asylum for the oppressed, and its master, in more than one instance, a shield against the thunderbolts of a too powerful minister. The recollections of these times seem still to be kept alive; for the heart-felt respect, the filial adoration I saw paid the old Marquis, was indeed most remarkable; his slightest glance was obeyed, and the person on whom they fell, seemed gratified and animated. His sons, the Marquis of Tancos and Don Josè de Meneses, never approached to offer him anything, without bending the knee; and the Conde de Villaverde, the heir of the great House of Anjeja, as well as the Viceroy of Algarve, stood in the circle which was formed around him, receiving a kind or gracious word with the same thankful earnestness as courtiers who hang upon the smiles and favour of their sovereign. I shall long remember the grateful sensations with which this scene of reciprocal kindness filled me: it appeared an interchange of amiable sentiments: beneficence diffused without guile or affectation; and protection received, without sullen or abject servility.

'How preferable is patriarchal government of this nature, to the cold theories pedantic sophists would establish, and which, should success attend their selfish, atheistical ravings, bid fair to undermine the best and surest props of society. When parents cease to be honoured by their children, and the feelings of grateful subordination in those of helpless age or condition are unknown, kings will soon cease to reign, and republics to be governed by the councils of experience. Anarchy, rapine, and massacre, will walk the earth, and the abode of demons be transferred from hell to our unfortunate planet.'

Since 1780, our unfortunate planet has verified a good deal of these dark anticipations; but even as yet we see only the beginning of the end. Our next extract is from an evening walk in Lisbon; and it includes one of the author's richest displays of Sybarism.

'The night being serene and pleasant, we were tempted to take a ramble in the Great Square, which received a faint gleam from the lights in the apartments of the palace, every window being thrown open to catch the breeze. The archbishop-confessor displayed his goodly

goodly person at one of the balconies. From a clown this now most important personage became a common soldier—from a common soldier, a corporal—from a corporal, a monk; in which station he gave so many proofs of toleration and good humour, that Pombal, who happened to stumble upon him by one of those chances which set all calculation at defiance, judged him sufficiently shrewd, jovial, and ignorant, to make a very harmless and comfortable confessor to Her Majesty, then Princess of Brazil. Since her accession to the throne, he is become archbishop in partibus, grand inquisitor, and the first spring in the present government of Portugal. I never saw a sturdier fellow. He seems to anoint himself with the oil of gladness, to laugh and grow fat in spite of the critical situation of affairs in this kingdom, and just fears all its true patriots entertain of seeing it once more relapsed into a Spanish province.

'At a window over his right reverence's shining forehead we spied out the Lacerdas—two handsome sisters, maids of honour to the queen, waving their hands to us very invitingly. This was encouragement enough for us to run up a vast many flights of stairs to their apartment, which was crowded with nephews and nieces, and cousins, clustering round two very elegant young women, who, accompanied by their singing-master, a little square friar with greenish eyes, were warbling Brazilian *modenhas*.

'Those who have never heard this original sort of music must, and will remain ignorant of the most bewitching melodies that ever existed since the days of the Sybarites. They consist of languid, interrupted measures, as if the breath was gone with excess of rapture, and the soul panting to meet the kindred soul of some beloved object; with a childish carelessness they steal into the heart, before it has time to arm itself against their enervating influence; you fancy you are swallowing milk, and are admitting the poison of voluptuousness into the closest recesses of your existence. At least such beings as feel the power of harmonious sounds are doing so; I won't answer for hard-eared, phlegmatic northern animals.

'An hour or two past away almost imperceptibly in the pleasing delirium these siren notes inspired, and it was not without regret I saw the company disperse and the spell dissolve. The ladies of the apartment, having received a summons to attend her majesty's supper, curtsied us off very gracefully—and vanished.

'In our way home we met the sacrament, enveloped in a glare of light, marching in state to pay some sick person a farewell visit, and that hopeful young nobleman the Conde de Villanova,* preceding the canopy in a scarlet mantle, and tingling a silver bell. He is always in close attendance upon the host, and passes the flower of his days in this singular species of danglement. No lover was ever more jealous of his mistress than this ingenuous youth of his bell; he cannot endure any other person should give it vibration. The parish

* Afterwards Marquis of Abrantes.

officers

officers of the extensive and populous district in which his palace is situated, from respect to his birth and opulence, indulge him in this caprice, and indeed a more perseverent bell-bearer they could not have chosen. At all hours and in all weathers he is ready to perform this holy office. In the dead of the night, or in the most intense heat of the day, out he issues, and down he dives, or up he climbs, to any dungeon or garret where spiritual assistance of this nature is demanded.

'It has been again and again observed, that there is no accounting for fancies; every person has his own, which he follows to the best of his means and abilities. The old Marialva's delights are centred between his two silver recipiendaries—the marquis, his son's, in dancing attendance upon the queen—and Villanova's in announcing with his bell to all true believers the approach of celestial majesty. The present rage of the scribbler of all these extravagancies is Modenhas, and under its prevalence he feels half tempted to set sail for the Brazils, the native land of these enchanting compositions, to live in tents such as the Chevalier de Parny describes in his agreeable little voyage, and swing in hammocks, or glide over smooth mats, surrounded by bands of youthful minstrels, diffusing at every step the perfume of jessamine and roses.'

We now pass to Madrid where our traveller arrived in the winter season of 1787; and made acquaintance with a Turkish ambassador, whom he paints with all his eastern *gusto*.

'Roxas, most eager to enter upon his office of cicerone, fidgeted to the window, observed we had still an hour or two of daylight, and proposed an excursion to the palace and gardens of the *Buen Retiro*. Upon entering the court of the palace, which is surrounded by low buildings, with plastered fronts, sadly battered with wind and weather, I spied some venerable figures, in caftans and turbans, leaning against a door-way. My sparks of orientalism instantly burst into a flame at such a sight. "Who are those picturesque animals?" said I to our conductor; "is it lawful to approach them?" "As often as you please," answered Roxas; "they belong to the Turkish Ambassador, who is lodged, with all his train, at the *Buen Retiro*, in the identical apartments once occupied by Farinelli, where he held his state levees and opera rehearsals;—drilling ministers one day, and tenors and soprani the other: if you have a mind, we will go upstairs and examine the whole menagerie."

'No sooner said, no sooner done. I cleared four steps at a leap, to the great delight of his sublime Excellency's pages and attendants, and entered a saloon spread with the most sumptuous carpets, and perfumed with the fragrance of the wood of aloes. In a corner of this magnificent chamber sat the ambassador, Achmet Vasi Effendi, wrapped up in a pelisse of the most precious sables, playing with a light cane he had in his hand, and every now and then passing it under the noses of some tall handsome slaves, who were standing in a row

a row before him. These figures, fixed as statues, and, to all appearance, equally insensible, neither moved hand nor eye. As I advanced to make my *salem* to the Grand Seignor's representative, who received me with a most gracious nod of the head, his interpreter announced to what nation I belonged, and my own individual warm partiality for the Sublime Porte.

'As soon as I had taken my seat in a ponderous fauteuil of figured velvet, coffee was carried round in cups of most delicate china, with gold enamelled saucers. Notwithstanding my predilection for the East, and its customs, I could hardly get this beverage down, it was so thick and bitter. Whilst I was making a few wry faces in consequence, a low murmuring sound, like that of flutes and dulcimers, accompanied by a sort of tabor, issued from behind a curtain which separated us from another apartment. There was a melancholy wildness in the melody, and a continual repetition of the same plaintive cadences, that soothed and affected me.

'The ambassador kept poring upon my countenance, and appeared much delighted with the effect his music seemed to produce upon it. He is a man of considerable talent, deeply skilled in Turkish literature; a native of Bagdad; rich, munificent, and nobly born, being descended from the house of Barmek; gracious in his address, smooth and plausible in his elocution; but not without something like a spark of despotism in a corner of his eye. Now and then I fancied that the recollection of having recommended the bowstring, and certain doubts whether he might not one day or other be complimented with it in his turn, passed across his venerable and interesting physiognomy.

'My eager questions about Bagdad, the Tomb of Zobeïda, the vestiges of the *Dhar al Khalifat*, or Palace of the Abassidæ, seemed to excite a thousand remembrances which gave him pleasure; and when I added a few quotations from some of his favourite authors, particularly Mesihi, he became so flowingly communicative, that a shrewd, dapper Greek, called Timoni, who acted as his most confidential interpreter, could hardly keep pace with him. Had not the hour of prayer arrived, our conversation might have lasted till midnight. Rising up with much stateliness, he extended his arms to bid me a good evening, and was assisted along by two good-looking Georgian pages to an adjoining chamber, where his secretaries, dragoman, and attendants were all assembled to perform their devotions, each on his little carpet, as if in a mosque; and it was not unedifying to witness the solemnity and abstractedness with which these devotions were performed.'

Our last specimen of this charming book shall be extracted from a letter describing the author's first visit to the Escurial.

'I hate being roused out of bed by candle-light, of a sharp wintry morning; but as I had fixed to-day for visiting the Escurial, and had stationed three relays on the road, in order to perform the journey

 expeditiously,

expeditiously, I thought myself obliged to carry my plan into execution. The weather was cold and threatening; the sky red and deeply-coloured. Roxas was to be of our party, so we drove to his brother, the Marquis of Villanueva's, to take him up. He is one of the best-natured and most friendly of human beings, and I would not have gone without him on any account; though in general I abhor turning and twisting about a town in search of anybody, let its soul be never so transcendent.

'It was past eight before we issued out of the gates of Madrid, and rattled along an avenue on the banks of the Manzanares, full gallop, which brought us to the Casa del Campo, one of the king's palaces, wrapped up in groves and thickets. We continued a mile or two by the wall of this inclosure, and leaving La Sarsuela, another royal villa, surrounded by shrubby hillocks on the right, traversed three or four leagues of a wild, naked country; and, after ascending several considerable eminences, the sun broke out, the clouds partially rolled away, and we discovered the white buildings of this far-famed monastery, with its dome and towers detaching themselves from the bold background of a lofty, irregular mountain.

'We were now about a league off, and the country wore a better aspect than near Madrid. To the right and left of the road, which is of a noble width, and perfectly well made, lie extensive parks of green-sward, scattered over with fragments of rock and stumps of oak and ash trees. Numerous herds of deer were standing stock still, quietly lifting up their innocent noses, and looking us full in the face with their beautiful eyes, secure of remaining unmolested, for the king never permits a gun to be discharged in these inclosures.

'The Escurial, though overhung by melancholy mountains, is placed itself on a very considerable eminence, up which we were full half an hour toiling—the late rains having washed this part of the road into utter confusion. There is something most severely impressive in the façade of this regal convent, which, like the palace of Persepolis, is overshadowed by the adjoining mountain; nor did I pass through a vaulted cloister into the court before the church, solid as if hewn out of a rock, without experiencing a sort of shudder, to which, no doubt, the vivid recollection of the black and blood-stained days of our gloomy Queen Mary's husband not slightly contributed. The sun being again overcast, the porches of the church, surrounded by grim statues, appeared so dark and cavern-like, that I thought myself about to enter a subterraneous temple set apart for the service of some mysterious and terrible religion; and when I saw the high altar, in all its pomp of jasper steps, ranks of columns one above the other, and paintings filling up every interstice, full before me, I felt completely awed.

'The sides of the recess in which this imposing pile is placed, are formed by lofty chapels almost entirely occupied by catafalts of gilt enamelled bronze. Here, with their crowns and sceptres humbly prostrate at their feet, bare-headed and unhelmed, kneel the figures,

as large as life, of the Emperor Charles V., and his imperious son, the second Philip, accompanied by those of their unhappy consorts, and ill-fated children. My sensations of dread and dreariness were not diminished upon finding myself alone in such company, for Roxas had left me to deliver some letters to his Right Reverence the Prior, which were to open to us all the arcana of this terrific edifice—at once a temple, a palace, a convent, and a tomb.

'Presently my amiable friend returned, and with him a tall old monk with an ash-coloured forbidding countenance, and staring eyes, the expression of which was the farthest removed possible from any thing like cordiality. This was the mystagogue of the place, the prior in *propriâ personâ*, the representative of St. Jerome, as far as this monastery and its domain is concerned, and a disciplinarian of celebrated rigidness. He began examining me from head to foot, and, after what I thought rather a strange scrutiny, asked me, in broad Spanish, what I wished particularly to see; then turning to Roxas, said, loud enough for me to hear him, "He is very young—does he understand what I say to him? But as I am peremptorily commanded to show him about, I suppose I must comply, though I am quite unused to the office of explaining our curiosities. However, if it must be it must, so let us begin and not dally. I have no time to spare, you well know, and I have quite enough to do in the choir and the convent."

'After this not very gracious exordium, we set forth on our tour. First, we visited some apartments with vaulted roofs, painted in arabesque, in the finest style of the sixteenth century; and then a vast hall, which had been used for the celebration of mass whilst the great church was building, where I saw the *Perla* in all its purity—the most delicately finished work of Raphael—and the *Pesce*, with its divine angel, graceful infant, and devout young Tobit, breathing the very soul of pious unaffected simplicity. My attention was next attracted by that most profoundly pathetic of pictures—Jacob weeping over the bloody garment of his son—the loftiest proof in existence of the extraordinary powers of Velasquez in the noblest walk of art.

'These three pictures so absorbed my admiration, that I had little left for a host of glorious performances by Titian and the highest masters, which cover the plain, massive walls of these conventual rooms with a paradise of glowing colours. So I passed along, almost as rapidly as my grumbling cicerone could desire, and followed him up several flights of stairs, and through many and many an arched passage and vestibule, all of the sternest Doric, into the choir, which is placed over the grand western entrance, right opposite, at the distance of more than two hundred feet, to the high altar and its solemn accompaniments. No regal chamber I ever beheld can be compared, in point of sober harmonious majesty, to this apartment, which looks more as if it belonged to a palace than a church.

'The series of stalls, designed in a severer taste than was common in the sixteenth century, are carved out of the most precious woods the

the Indies could furnish. At the extremity of this striking perspective of onyx-coloured seats, columns, and canopies, appears, suspended upon a black velvet pall, that revered image of the crucified Saviour, formed of the purest ivory, which Cellini seems to have sculptured in moments of devout rapture and inspiration. It is by far his finest work: his Perseus at Florence is tame and laboured in comparison.

'In a long narrow corridor, which runs behind the stalls, pannelled all over like an inlaid cabinet, I was shown a beautiful little organ in a richly-chased silver case, which accompanied Charles V. in his African expedition, and must often have gently beguiled the cares of empire; for he played on it, tradition says, almost every evening. That it is worth playing upon even now, I can safely vouch, for I never touched any instrument with a tone of more delicious sweetness; and touch it I did, though my austere conductor, the sour-visaged prior, looked doubly forbidding on the occasion.

'If the stalls I have just mentioned are less exuberantly ornamented than those I have seen at Pavia, and many other monasteries, the space above them,—the ceiling, in short, of this noblest of choirs, displays the most gorgeous of spectacles; the heavens, and all the powers therein. Imagination can scarcely conceive the pomp and prodigality of pencil with which Luca Giordano has treated this subject, and filled every corner of the vast space it covers with well-rounded forms, that seem actually starting from the glowing clouds with which they are environed.—"Is not this fine?" said the monk; "you can have nothing like it in your country."'

Here we close our citations, which, though strung together as carelessly as possible, must, we think, produce altogether a powerful impression of the strength, the grace, and the varied animation of the author's manner. We risk nothing in predicting that Mr. Beckford's Travels will henceforth be classed among the most elegant productions of modern literature: they will be forthwith translated into every language of the Continent—and will keep his name alive, centuries after all the brass and marble he ever piled together have ceased to vibrate with the echoes of *Modenhas.*

ART. VIII.—*Excursions in the North of Europe, through parts of Russia, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, in the years* 1830 *and* 1833. By John Barrow, Junior. London. 1834.

FOREIGNERS are apt to complain of the supercilious preference which Englishmen give to their own country, but at least they cannot say that it is *sans connoissance de cause.* The great majority of those French writers who assure their readers that France is the finest country in the world—the most polished—

the

the most social—the most fertile—the most prolific—the most picturesque—the most favoured, in short, by God, and the most ornamented by man, of all terrestrial tracts—have a sure and certain basis for at least the *sincerity* (if not the abstract *truth*) of their assertions: they have taken the preliminary precaution of seeing no other. The Englishman, on the other hand, is never very loud in general encomiums on his own country; and although it is evident, that, on the whole, he prefers it, in all its moral, and in many of its natural, aspects, to other regions, he does not give his opinion without having at least endeavoured to form an accurate idea of his neighbours by personal inspection and comparison. In all countries there have been a few—*pauci quos æquus amavit Jupiter*—who have sought knowledge of this kind by actual travel; Denmark is proud of Niebuhr and Spor, Prussia of her Humboldt, Russia of Pallas—and France quotes her Choiseul, her Volney, and her Chateaubriand; but *every* Englishman is a kind of Anarcharsis—ay, and not English*men* alone, but English*women* and English *youths* are to be found in every—(the most distant and desolate, as well as more accessible and inviting)—region of the world. A Frenchman; young, rich, and titled,—if he had been smitten by so extraordinary a mania as the love of nature and the pursuit of science—would have attained a great reputation by studying, as Buffon did, the natural world in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and the moral world in the *Bibliothèque Royale*. If he had thought, like our Sir Joseph Banks, of visiting, in person, the Arctic regions, and then making a voyage round the World, his friends would have moderated his enthusiasm by a *lettre de cachet*, and limited his travels to Charenton, or at least to a *maison de santé*. But, on the other hand, no Englishman thinks his education perfect, till, after the usual course of domestic instruction, he studies mankind—not through the spectacles of books, but with his own eyes; and strives to improve his intellect by the same course in which the wisest hero of antiquity (though somewhat against his will) earned his wisdom:—

'Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.'

The little work before us suggests, by its very title-page, such considerations as these. The elder Mr. Barrow was known to the public—before he attained the important situation he has so long and so usefully filled—as an extensive traveller; and now we see the same spirit of laudable curiosity reproduced in his son, who, it seems, has employed the scanty vacations of his subordinate official year, not in the ordinary relaxation of a country excursion, or of a visit to a watering-place, but in visiting Gottenburgh and Moscow—St. Petersburg and Dronthiem—the steppes of Russia, and the mountains of Finland. If the work were

were less meritorious than it is, we should still have applauded the *spirit* of the undertaking; but, in fact, the execution is fully equal to the purpose, and we have seldom read a more amusing narrative than this young gentleman has composed under circumstances where most men would, if they had undertaken such a journey at all, have 'travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren.' But nothing is barren to an inquisitive and candid traveller: he, like the studier of nature in a narrower sphere,—

'Finds tongues in trees—books in the running brooks—
Sermons in stones—and good in every thing!'

But our readers are not to imagine that Mr. Barrow sermonises, or fatigues us with dissertations. He contents himself with relating what he sees and feels, and whatever occasions his statements may afford for moral or political considerations, he very properly leaves them—for the most part at least—to his readers' own ingenuity, content on his part to supply, in a plain and unaffected narrative, practical materials for theoretical disquisition. His youth, and that modesty which ought always to accompany youth, forbid his obtruding his own opinions; and—as some of his predecessors on the same ground have rather rashly done, drawing general conclusions from insulated facts, and information necessarily imperfect. He that reads Mr. Barrow will find a *compagnon de voyage*, and not a lecturer; a traveller who shows us what is to be seen, but does not, like poor Smollett, decide that all the women of a district are red-haired scolds, because he happened to meet with one landlady whose complexion was rather too fair, while her language was rather too coarse.

From such a work, which avoids equally all flights of eloquence, all depths of disquisition, and all the *papillonage* of sentiment, it is obvious that extracts cannot be easily selected, so as to give any idea of its aggregate merit. But with this preparatory caution, we shall lay before our readers a few passages, as specimens of the style and spirit in which it is written.

We pass over the voyage by steam to St. Petersburg—though it gives occasion for some sensible observations on the facility and certainty which that power has conferred on modern travellers—and the land journey to Moscow—which affords some curious sketches of the state of society along the road which *separates*, rather than *unites*, the two capitals—to arrive at the following description of a principal portion of Moscow:—

'Immediately without the sacred gate of the Kremlin is the "Beautiful Place," or square. Most of the buildings that enclose it are modern, and some of them recent. It contains the best shops in Moscow. An arcade extends the whole distance along one side of the

the square, under which is a bazaar, consisting of one continued line of shops, or rather stalls, for they are deserving of no better name, where jewellery, books, wearing apparel, and every article that can be thought of, may be purchased just as in the Palais Royal of Paris, but in a much humbler style. We were here assailed on all sides by a crowd of long-bearded, dirty-looking persons, who pressed round us anxiously endeavouring to induce us to purchase their goods—so urgent that we found it difficult to shake them off. One has heard of bowing a person out of a room, but here the danger was to be bowed in; for in going along we were frequently either actually pushed into their shops with all possible civility, or obliged to walk into them in order to avoid coming in too close contact with their beards, of which I felt a kind of horror, for they were very much akin to a Jew's beard. But the greatest difficulty we had was to get past one of the shops in which *quass* was sold.

'At the outside of each of these *gin-shops* are invariably stationed two or three young men, or big boys, drest up in a pink-coloured coat which folds over the breast, and is tied in with a sash at the waist; and loose blue trowsers, which are tucked into a clumsy pair of boots. They wear their hair very long, reaching on each side more than half-way down the arm, and divided in the centre. When any one passes near one of these shops, these decoy-ducks plant themselves directly in his way, and commence a series of salutations, bowing almost to the ground—their hair falling down like a horse's tail each time, and entirely covering the face. The appearance and the manner of these youths were truly ludicrous.'—pp. 109, 110.

From this visit to Moscow, Mr. Barrow returned to St. Petersburg, and, proceeding to Abo, crossed the Gulf of Bothnia to Stockholm, and thence returned by Copenhagen to Travemunde and Hamburgh.

The ease and expedition of travelling in Finland are greater than we were prepared to expect:—

'A great part of the road to Abo is kept in beautiful order; and the posting is remarkably cheap, averaging from about three halfpence to twopence a mile for each horse. Our light waggon hurried along at a great rate, sometimes with a rapidity that rendered it, as we thought, dangerous: on one occasion, in particular, we were driven by a little boy not more than eleven or twelve years old, who drove the poor horses at a full gallop for a whole stage over a road which twisted and turned among rocks in every possible direction. We had to pass several small wooden bridges, over brooks rippling down the valleys, and here our young driver appeared to take great delight in galloping at a tremendous rate down the hill and across these bridges, by which such an impetus was given to the vehicle, that we were at the top of the next on the other side in a moment.

The three horses were always harnessed abreast, and the third was of

of no use whatever, being merely loosely tied to the carriage by a slight rope. The driver had no control over this horse: he ran with the others as a matter of course, but would now and then take it into his head to stop short, or turn round, and bring his nose right into the carriage; there was nothing to prevent his doing so whenever he pleased, and the driver was invariably obliged to dismount from his seat to replace him in his proper position. The expedition with which they change horses is surprising, fully equalling that of our mail-coaches; but we invariably experienced a sad delay in settling the pay of the different drivers, who, strange to say, were generally unwilling to be paid in silver, and near the end of the journey, positively refused to accept it, and insisted upon receiving paper-money.' —pp. 130-132.

We were sorry to find the following statement under the head of Stockholm:—

'Having passed a Sunday at Stockholm, we were desirous of attending divine service, and were directed to a chapel, which we found to be a Wesleyan Methodist chapel,—the only church, as we afterwards learned, in which the English residents at Stockholm have the choice of attending service. Among the congregation we observed our ambassador and his family. The English residents, it may be presumed, are too few or too poor to support a clergyman of the Established Church.'—p. 157.

Why should our minister (he has not, we believe, the rank of *ambassador*) be driven to the necessity of resorting for divine worship to a Methodist meeting-house? Had his Excellency no chapel? Could he not, at least, have had a chaplain? We well remember, that for many years the service of the Church of England was performed in the ambassador's *house* in Paris—as much, at least, might have been expected in the Protestant court of Stockholm. As to the English residents being too poor and too few to support a clergyman, that would be an additional reason for having a chaplain *to the mission;* but as the Wesleyans are, after all, a sort of branch of the Church, we have little doubt that where *they* are able to support a chapel, the legitimate members of the Church itself might, with even a very moderate share of zeal and attention, have anticipated them.

'The roads in Sweden are good, and, like those in Finland, are kept in the highest possible order. The expense of posting is very trifling compared with that of most countries in Europe excepting Finland, and, as we have since found Norway.'—p. 166.

Our traveller left the main road, in the course of this journey, to visit the celebrated Fall of Trolhätten, which, according to his description, far surpasses any even in Switzerland for grandeur and sublimity.

'It

'It forms the only outlet of the waters of the great Wenern Lake, as the Falls of Niagara do that of the four great North American lakes, and I should suppose that, in regard to the mass of water discharged, they are inferior only to these celebrated transatlantic falls. The accompanying scenery of wood and mountain is wild and romantic, and the effect was considerably heightened on this day, by the state of the weather, which was so stormy as to amount almost to what seamen call a gale of wind; the clouds, at the same time, presenting a dark and wild aspect, gave additional effect to the foaming torrent as it rushed from rock to rock.

'We could perceive no less than five distinct falls, across the second of which is thrown a narrow wooden bridge, leading to a small rocky island, which breaks the fall. We crossed this bridge not without some difficulty, and not without danger, owing to the slippery state it was in from the spray continually breaking over it, which it did with sufficient violence to carry a person off his legs, even had it not been slippery; this, in fact, did happen to my fellow-traveller, who was very nearly swept away by the foaming waters, his foot having slipt whilst crossing the bridge. The only mode of escaping was to watch the spray, by which it was no easy matter to avoid being caught. It is not easy to conjecture how this bridge could have been constructed across the roaring torrent which rolls with such headlong impetuosity. It is at best but an insecure structure, and seems momentarily liable to be carried away. The sides are entirely open, there being merely a hand-rail at the top, about the height of the middle of a man's body, to steady the passenger, so that the danger of being washed through was not altogether ideal, and I was by no means sorry to find myself once more safe upon *terra firma*.'—pp. 166-169.

Our last extract from this first tour shall relate to Elsineur, a scene in which the genius of Shakspeare has interested the sensibilities of all mankind—*except*, as it would seem, *the Danes themselves!*

'We passed the night at Elsineur, at a very clean and comfortable inn, kept by an Englishman, who was civil and attentive.

'The Danes have an undoubted right to all that belongs to the history of Hamlet, as Saxo Grammaticus, their own historian, (if he *was* a Dane, which is not quite certain,) has narrated it; but the connexion of Elsineur with the name of Hamlet would probably long ago have ceased, had not our Shakspeare embellished and immortalized the story. Scarcely had we seated ourselves, when we were reminded of *Prince Hamlet's Garden*, which of course we visited, and regretted to find in a neglected and ruinous state. The pond, or rather that which had once been a pond, and in which they tell you the fair Ophelia—who, by the way, was no Ophelia of theirs, but the sole creation of "fancy's child,"—was drowned, is completely dried up, and choked with weeds. Having appropriated the garden and the

pond, they might as well have kept up that illusion by planting the fatal "willow," which we are told—

——————"grows ascaunt the brook
And shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream."

'An Englishman could not fail to be delighted with the bare imagination that he was regarding some relic or scion of that treacherous tree, from which poor Ophelia met her death.

"There, on the pendent boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke—
When down her weedy trophies—and herself—
Fell in the weeping brook."

But though this garden exhibits no brook, nor willow, nor other traces of Hamlet or of Ophelia, and though as a garden it hardly deserves the name, it serves as a promenade for the inhabitants of the town—is delightfully situated—and some of its walks are well shaded with trees.'—pp. 178, 179.

This is surely very agreeably narrated—with a happy mixture of the sensibility which Shakspeare excites, and of the pleasantry which Danish indifference provokes.

Mr. Barrow, and his companion Mr. Rouse, had left London on the 26th of June, and returned on the 1st of September; having accomplished a journey of about 4000 miles by sea and land in the space of sixty-eight days, without any accident, with little inconvenience, and with only one really bad night's lodging.

His second tour, with the same companion, was made in 1833, through less frequented, and, as to natural objects, more interesting scenes. They proceeded, as before, to Hamburgh, and by Copenhagen to Christiania—all—with the exception of a day and a half's journey by land from Hamburgh to Travemunde on the Baltic—by steam.

'Christiania gave us the idea of being a quiet, dull town. The most frequented part towards the evening was the ramparts, which surround a point of land projecting into the bay, and form a delightful promenade. The houses in the suburbs or outskirts are generally of wood, but there are also within the town several of brick, covered with plaster or stucco. The view of the town and its beautiful bay, when seen from the surrounding hills, is highly picturesque, and will amply repay the traveller for the trouble of ascending them. These are all skirted with villas and grounds in cultivation, which contribute much to the cheerful appearance of Christiania. These little villas, belonging to the merchants and traders, are called *Leckken;* they are surrounded with meadows, to give pasture to a cow or two for their milk, and orchards, producing apples, cherries, and gooseberries; even pears and apricots are said to grow in the open air, but we saw none. Though the Scotch and the spruce firs and birch chiefly compose the forests that climb up the Scandinavian mountains, the ash, the lime-tree, the elm, the alder, the sycamore, and the hazel, grow in great

great vigour and beauty in all the valleys, even to the sixty-third degree of latitude, and indeed many degrees higher. Oaks are common in the southern districts, but there are no beeches in any part of Norway.'—pp. 210, 211.

'The streets of Christiania are wide and straight, but the houses are straggling and irregular; at every cross street, or nearly so, there is a large cistern or well, cased with wood, into which a constant stream of water is made to flow, so that the inhabitants can supply themselves with this necessary article whenever it may suit their convenience. In some of the back streets the houses are almost entirely of wood, very low, but neatly and curiously carved. The pavement of all the streets is wretched.

'The house in which the *Storthing*, or Norwegian parliament, meet for conducting the business of the state, is amongst the best in the city, and has a very handsome portico of wood. This meeting is held only once in every three years, unless anything of great importance should require its assembling. They commence their sittings in the month of February, and continue till the end of August; and the hours of attendance are from nine in the morning till nine in the evening, with an interval in the middle of the day of an hour or so, when they retire to dinner.

'I never saw an assemblage of men wearing the appearance of sages so strongly as the members of the Storthing. They were mostly of a certain age; clad generally in coarse grey woollen coats—their hair long, and flowing over their shoulders—and their whole deportment grave, sober, and intent on the business before them. The president was reading a paper, which lasted the whole time we were there, and of which each member appeared to have a printed copy. What the subject was I know not, but it seemed to occupy their whole attention: there was no moving about, but all kept their seats, with their hats off, and observed the greatest silence and decorum.'—pp. 213-215.

The route from Christiania to Tronyem (Drontheim of the maps), nearly due north, proceeds alternately over arms of the sea, called *fiords*, and the rocky ridges which separate them; so that the whole journey is a succession of lake and mountain, and both of the most romantic character. The mode of travelling is described as follows:—

'Preparatory to our leaving Christiania we were advised to purchase two small, light carriages, called here *carrioles*, in which we were to be our own drivers over that part of the country we intended to traverse. We were assured that this would be the most comfortable and convenient, as well as independent, and, at the same time, economical, mode of travelling, generally adopted by travellers who could singly manage to drive a horse in harness. The cost of each carriole was about five pounds; and for this trifling sum we purchased what would in any country be called elegant little carriages.'—pp. 216, 217.

The following description of one stage of this wild journey will afford a fair specimen of the whole:—

'Early on the following morning we hired a good-sized boat, and, after some little difficulty in getting our carrioles embarked, prepared to proceed on the Sogne fiord, which we were told was the only mode of pursuing our journey. We also engaged five men to row us down this arm of the fiord, at a specie dollar a head, the value of which is 3*s.* 4*d.* We ascertained, as nearly as we could, that the distance we had to go was not less than twenty-eight English miles. When all was ready, we embarked on this inlet of the sea, though here at a very considerable distance from it. Our agreement was, that one of the men was to pull two oars, so that altogether we were considered to pay for and to row six oars. Our boatmen were remarkably fine fellows, and pulled a regular and steady stroke; and the oars, being broad and flat at the end, took great hold of the water. The boats were light, and, like the whale-boats, were of the same shape at the bow and stern, both of which rise very much out of the water, and run to a sharp edge. The long tiller they make use of is rather awkward and uncouth, extending very much into the boat, and consequently an annoyance to the passengers. Their general appearance, however, might be called elegant, and the workmanship excellent. Our boatmen had taken care to provide plenty of provisions for themselves, and at the end of two or three hours, at most, they pulled to the shore, where they landed in a cove made by some rocks, and there regaled themselves at their leisure.

'The mountains on either side of this enclosed branch of the fiord descended abruptly to the water's edge, down the ravines and chasms of which fell numerous full and broad cascades, six or eight being visible at the same moment. At one time this branch of the fiord exhibited a fine expansive lake; again it became so narrow, as to give the appearance of a river hemmed in between two rocky banks. The first branch on which we had to row is called *Urland*, out of which we turned southerly into another arm of the same fiord, called *Nærön*; the two may be considered as one continued lake, enclosed between mountains of great picturesque beauty, some of them rising perpendicularly, like the side of a gigantic wall, to the stupendous height of 4600 to 5400 feet. The weather was beautiful, and as we rowed along the lake, not a breath of wind was felt sufficient to raise a ripple on the water; but the intense heat of the sun was almost intolerable; and whilst we were suffering from its piercing rays, it was somewhat vexatious to look up to the snow-clad mountains, and still more so to see large patches of it lying very low down in the crevices and other places, to which the sun has never had access.

'It would be endless to describe, or rather to attempt to describe, the ever-varied beauties of the face of nature, exhibited the whole way from Christiania to Bergen.'

To help the very imperfect view which we can give of these natural features, we must add a sketch of the inhabitants.

'The

'The men mostly wear a red skull-cap, not unlike those which are worn by the Greeks, short jackets, and trousers. Each man has a large knife attached to his side, generally speaking, by a leather waist-belt, on which is frequently some number of brass ornaments. The knife is a most useful instrument to the native peasantry of Norway, equally adapted to cut wood, and to cut their bread and cheese, and, indeed, to perform as much and as varied service as the little dagger of Hudibras, and some of them a great deal more: for with this knife they make their own furniture, chairs, tables, saddles, harness, carts, and wheels; also chests, boxes, bowls, basins, spoons, drinking-cups; in short, all kinds of wooden-work, some specimens of which are very ingeniously carved. Necessity, the great mother of invention, has made them all artisans. There is no trade, in fact, that a Norwegian peasant cannot, and does not, when required, turn his hand to; he unites in his own person that of a carpenter, blacksmith, weaver, rope-maker, tailor, shoemaker, joiner, and cabinet-maker. But all this is matter of necessity, and the production is probably not worth the labour and time bestowed upon it, except that both time and labour, if not thus employed, might be lost in indolence and inactivity. "Whoever," says Von Buch, in the true Johnsonian style, "makes so many things, must make them badly, and will not be able to do with the bad what he could have done with better." But the question here is not whether good is preferable to bad, but where or how he is to procure what is better? Having no market to go to, he is glad to compromise between excellence and utility, between what is good and what is indispensable. Nor are instances of the higher qualities wanting: in the Museum of Copenhagen are many curious specimens of carving in wood by the Norwegian peasants, and among others a bust of Christian V., executed by a simple cow-herd, who, when the king paid a visit to Tronyem, in the year 1688, stood in the way he had to pass, with a knife in his hand, and cut out so complete a likeness of his countenance, without having any other opportunity of seeing him, that it was sent, as a great curiosity, to Copenhagen, where it still remains in the Royal Museum.'—pp. 252, 253.

Dronthiem, though chiefly built of wood, is a considerable town—perhaps we should say *city*, for it has a cathedral. Our traveller always spells the name of this place *Tronyem*, which he thus justifies:—

'The name of this town, which the English call *Drontheim*, is spelled by the Norwegians *Trondhjem*, and pronounced *Tronyem*; which latter form I have ventured to adopt, as more convenient than the correct orthography, of which no mere English reader could guess the true pronunciation.'—p. 337.

And he then alleges the authority of Clarke to the same purpose. The Doctor says in the Preface to his 'Scandinavia,' &c.—

'*Trunyem* is the real name of the place. It was the wish of many of its literary inhabitants that this should be duly stated to the English nation, with a view, if it be possible, to abolish the nick-names of *Drontheim*

Drontheim and *Dronton*, bestowed upon this city by the Irish, who, from their intercourse with *Norway*, first gave rise to those appellations. It is not a more low and vulgar barbarism to write *Lunnun* instead of *London*, than it is to substitute *Drontheim*, or *Dronton*, in lieu of *Tronyem*.'

Now as names of places should not be arbitrarily changed—(when we opened Mr. Barrow's book, and before we arrived at this explanation, we were exceedingly puzzled about what or where the *city of Tronyem* could be)—we shall offer a few words on this subject. We begin by observing, that the mere rule of *sound* is wholly inadmissible. Why do Mr. Barrow and Dr. Clarke both write *Antwerp*, *Copenhagen*, *Munich*, *Vienna*, *Naples*?—and why do they *not* write Calay and Bordo, for Calais and Bordeaux?—or, in England, *Sapsworth*, *Uxeter*, and *Cissiter*, for *Sawbridgeworth*, *Uttoxeter*, and *Cirencester*? Why does Dr. Clarke lay on the *Irish* the blame of giving this town the *nick-name* of *Drontheim*? We find, in La Martinière's great French Dictionary, the name written *Drontheim*; it is so in D'Anville's great Atlas; so in Malte Brun's more recent maps. It is so in every English work we have seen: and what is, under all the circumstances, very curious, it is given in Mr. Barrow's own map, with *superabundant accuracy*, by *two* names, and *neither* of them that which he contends for. His book calls it, as we see, *Tronyem*, but his map has TRONDHJEM or DRONTHEIM. But what is conclusive on the subject,—in the great official map published at Stockholm, in 1826, it is Drontheim—so that the mistake, at worst, is of *ei* instead of *ie*. And Dr. Clarke's allusion to the vulgarism of Lunnun for London is still more unlucky; for *Lunnun* is an attempt at expressing the popular pronunciation, in contradistinction to the correct orthography, which is the very principle that he is advocating.

'The object of greatest curiosity is the cathedral, or rather the remains of the ancient Gothic cathedral, which dates its origin from the eleventh century. Having suffered by fire about one hundred years ago, and since that time frequently undergone repairs, very little remains of the original structure; but that part which is kept up for the purposes of religious worship is not an unsightly building, and is preserved in good repair and neat order; and sufficient is left to show that the architecture was by no means wanting in good taste and execution. The part where the altar now stands is of ancient date; and some of the iron doors still remaining are curiously wrought.

'As we happened to be at Tronyem on the Sabbath, we attended cathedral service, and heard a good deal of singing and chanting, but certainly not of the best. The priest, who was a little, old man, delivered a sermon *extempore*, which occupied about an hour: he had not even a note-book before him, yet spoke with great fluency, and very emphatically.

emphatically. He never once looked up, but kept his eyes closed during the whole period of his preaching. The ladies were arranged on one side of the cathedral, and the gentlemen on the other.'—p. 338.

'Besides this cathedral, there are three other churches, all of them plain structures. The other public buildings are—an hospital for the aged and infirm, a workhouse, or house of industry, a public library and museum, and a public grammar-school: there are, besides, other schools on the Lancasterian plan; nor can it be said that literature is neglected, particularly that which relates to the history and antiquities of Norway. Most of the lower class can read and write, and a Bible and Psalter may be found in every house. But we were not prepared to meet, in this northern city, in the latitude of 63° N., so many of the more respectable part of the inhabitants well acquainted with, and conversant in, the English language; and still less could we have expected to find how well-informed they were in regard to passing events in England, in which they appeared to take a more than common interest: they knew perfectly well who had spoken on such and such a question in the House of Commons, and which side he took in the debate. Both here and in Bergen, everything that relates to England *seemed to create a deep interest.*'—p. 340.

So it used to be everywhere on the Continent; but the interest attached to our country is now manifestly much diminished, even in Germany, where it was wont to be the liveliest. A friend of ours who spent two or three months in the Rhenish provinces last summer, says, nothing struck him as more remarkable, that whereas, in former days, every newspaper was half-filled with details of English news, a week or two would now pass without any allusion to our national existence. All was France—or Russia.

From Dronthiem (for so we shall persist in *writing* it) our travellers returned to Christiania, and thence, by the route they had before twice taken, by Copenhagen and Hamburgh, to London; where they arrived on the 17th of August, after an absence of about six weeks, in which they appear to have seen as much variety and novelty of men, manners, and natural feature, as it is perhaps possible to condense into so short a space of time.

Though Mr. Barrow makes many sensible observations, and gives some curious statistical facts, his little volume does not pretend to be an authority on such high matters; but—as an easy, natural, and unaffected account of people and scenery little known but very interesting—it will be read with pleasure by those who have no opportunity or desire of personally visiting such remote scenes; and it cannot fail of being exceedingly useful to any travellers who may be tempted to pursue the same route.

ART.

ART. IX.—*Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China, in 1831, 1832, and 1833; with Notices of Siam, Corea, and the Loo-Choo Islands.* By Charles Gutzlaff. London. 12mo. 1834.

IN this little unpretending volume of the honest German, there is abundance of new and curious matter, which, in the hands of one of our modern travellers, would most probably have swollen out into the size and shape of a portly quarto. But Mr. Gutzlaff is as entirely free from the art of amplification, material or rhetorical, as he is from the ambition of fine writing: avoiding all learned disquisitions and elaborate descriptions, he contents himself with plain and simple statements of facts and occurrences, and with brief details of his conversations and intercourse with the people he visited, and among whom he occasionally resided. His extraordinary aptitude for acquiring not merely a knowledge of most of the ultra-Gangetic languages, but also of their various dialects, enabled him to converse freely with all descriptions of persons, from the highest to the lowest ranks; to the former of whom, some proficiency in the healing art gave him a more ready access. Like to those well-intentioned men, who feel it a paramount duty to abandon their country and connexions, as voluntary exiles into foreign lands, to instruct the heathen in the principles and precepts of the Christian religion, Gutzlaff never suffered worldly matters to interfere with this duty, which he considered the great and primary object of his life; yet he appears to have been less scrupulous than some of his religious brethren in the means he employed to accomplish his ends. The Rev. W. Ellis, the author of the well-known 'Polynesian Researches,' informs us that—

'Mr. Gutzlaff is a native of Stettin, in Prussia. In early life he gave indications of a spirit of adventurous enterprise, which was the means of procuring royal favour and patronage, which opened before him the fairest prospects in his native land; but these were to him less attractive than the privilege of preaching Christ to the heathen. Before proceeding to his distant field of labour, he visited England, became acquainted with many friends and supporters of missions, and among them Dr. Morrison, then on a visit to his native land, and displayed the most commendable diligence in seeking information likely to be useful in his future labours. The great Head of the Church appears to have endowed him with qualifications peculiarly suited to the important work to which his life is devoted. To a good constitution, and a frame capable of enduring great privations and fatigue, he unites a readiness in the acquisition of languages, a frankness of manner, and a freedom in communicating with the people, a facility in accommodating himself to his circumstances, blending so much of what appeared natural to the Chinese, with what was entirely new, that,

that, while they hailed him in some parts of the coast as "the child of the Western ocean," they professed to recognise him as a descendant of one of their countrymen, who had moved with the tide of emigration to some distant settlement.'—*Introduction*, pp. lxxxiii., lxxxiv.

Mr. Gutzlaff left Singapore for Siam in the year 1828, and having passed six months there, returned to the former place, where he united himself in marriage with Miss Newell, who had been employed under the London Missionary Society in the superintendence of female schools. This lady appears to have been a second Mrs. Judson, and in all respects suited to be the companion of the joys and toils inseparable from the life of a missionary. In the year 1830, she accompanied him to Siam, where she entered cordially and successfully into all his pleasant pursuits—'studying the languages of the people around them, administering to the sick, translating the Scriptures, and teaching both the rich and poor who came for instruction.' But in the course of one short twelvemonth, death removed this amiable woman from the side of her afflicted husband. The great loss he had sustained in the death of his beloved partner, a severe illness, and other circumstances, made him anxious to proceed on an intended voyage along the coast of China.

'The churches (says Mr. Ellis) of Christendom are under lasting obligations to this devoted missionary, for the exertions he has made to enter the empire of China, and to facilitate the more direct and extended communication of the gospel to its inhabitants. The enterprise was perilous in the highest degree;—danger, not imaginary, but actual and imminent, threatened: he embarked alone, amidst cold-blooded, treacherous barbarians; he went, emphatically, with his life in his hand;—but his aim was noble; his object, in its magnitude and importance, was worthy of the risk; and its results will only be fully realized in eternity. No Christian will read the account of his feelings and views, when entering and pursuing his first voyage, without becoming sensible of the efficacy and the value of the motives which could impel him onward in such a career, and the principles which could support him amidst the trials it imposed.'—*Introduction*, p. lxxxvii.

A trade to a considerable extent is carried on in Chinese junks, of about three hundred tons' burden, between the coast of China and Siam, owned chiefly by Chinese residents at the latter place. In one of these junks, Mr. Gutzlaff took a passage, being the first European, we believe, that ever embarked in such a machine; and the account he gives of the internal management and arrangement of these 'ancient craft of the Celestial Empire' is so novel and interesting, that we insert the whole:—

'Chinese vessels have generally a captain, who might more properly be styled a supercargo. Whether the owner or not, he has charge

charge of the whole of the cargo, buys and sells as circumstances require; but has no command whatever over the sailing of the ship. This is the business of the *ho-chang*, or pilot. During the whole voyage, to observe the shores and promontories are the principal objects which occupy his attention, day and night. He sits steadily on the side of the ship, and sleeps when standing, just as it suits his convenience. Though he has, nominally, the command over the sailors, yet they obey him only when they find it agreeable to their own wishes; and they scold and brave him, just as if he belonged to their own company. Next to the pilot (or mate) is the *to-kung* (helmsman), who manages the sailing of the ship: there are a few men under his immediate command. There are, besides, two clerks; one to keep the accounts, and the other to superintend the cargo that is put on board. Also, a comprador, to purchase provisions; and a *heang-kung*, or priest, who attends the idols, and burns, every morning, a certain quantity of incense, and of gold and silver paper. The sailors are divided into two classes: a few, called *tow-muh*, or head men, have charge of the anchor, sails, &c.; and the rest, called *ho-ke*, or comrades, perform the menial work, such as pulling ropes, and heaving the anchor. A cook and some barbers make up the remainder of the crew.

'All these personages, except the second class of sailors, have cabins; long, narrow holes, in which one may stretch oneself—but cannot stand erect. If any person wishes to go as a passenger, he must apply to the tow-muh, in order to hire one of their cabins, which they let on such conditions as they please. In fact the sailors exercise full control over the vessel, and oppose every measure which they think may prove injurious to their own interest; so that even the captain and pilot are frequently obliged, when wearied out with their insolent behaviour, to crave their kind assistance, and to request them to show a better temper.

'The several individuals of the crew form one whole, whose principal object in going to sea is trade, the working of the junk being only a secondary object. Every one is a shareholder, having the liberty of putting a certain quantity of goods on board; with which he trades, wheresoever the vessel may touch, caring very little about how soon she may arrive at the port of destination.

'The common sailors receive from the captain nothing but dry rice, and have to provide for themselves their other fare, which is usually very slender. These sailors are not, usually, men who have been trained up to their occupation; but wretches, who were obliged to flee from their homes; and they frequently engage for a voyage before they have ever been on board a junk. All of them, however stupid, are commanders; and if anything of importance is to be done, they will bawl out their commands to each other, till all is utter confusion. There is no subordination, no cleanliness, no mutual regard or interest.'—pp. 54-57.

Though the Chinese are in possession of their own original compass,—

compass,—the property of the magnet having been well known to them, as it would appear, ages before the discovery of it in Europe,—their navigation is still confined to the practice of coasting from one headland to another: they have no sea charts. In contrary winds or stormy weather, their chief trust is in the *goddess of the sea*, who is named *Matsoo-po*, and with whose image every vessel is furnished. Carefully shut up in a shrine, and before it a lamp perpetually kept burning, cups of tea, and other offerings, are daily ministered. The care of the goddess is intrusted to the priest, who never ventures to appear before her with his face unwashed. The gross superstitions of the seamen, in which they have been educated, may admit of palliation; but the worthy missionary's account of their immoral character and conduct places them in a most disgusting point of view:—

'The Chinese sailors are, generally, from the most debased class of people. The major part of them are opium-smokers, gamblers, thieves, and fornicators. They will indulge in the drug till all their wages are squandered; they will gamble as long as a farthing remains; they will put off their only jacket and give it to a prostitute. They are poor and in debt; they cheat and are cheated by one another, whenever it is possible; and when they have entered a harbour, they have no wish to depart till all they have is wasted, although their families at home may be in the utmost want and distress.'—p. 61.

Gutzlaff describes his cabin as 'a hole only large enough for a person to lie down in, and to receive a small box.' His six fellow-passengers were all gamblers, opium-smokers, and versed in every species of villany. The principal officers of the ship were also in a constant state of stupor from inhaling the fumes of opium. It is only surprising that any of these floating machines, considering the ignorance, the confusion, and disorder that are said to prevail therein, ever arrive at their place of destination; no wonder that vast numbers of them are wrecked every year. The one in question, however, succeeded in coasting up to the Tartarian gulf of Leau-tong, and returned in safety. On reaching Namoh, on the coast of Fokien, the following heart-sickening scene was exhibited:—

'As soon as we had anchored, numerous boats surrounded us, with females on board, some of them brought by their parents, husbands, or brothers. I addressed the sailors who remained in the junk, and hoped that I had prevailed on them, in some degree, to curb their evil passions. But, alas! no sooner had I left the deck, than they threw off all restraint; and the disgusting scene which ensued, might well have entitled our vessel to the name of Sodom. The sailors, unmindful of their starving families at home, and distracted, blinded, stupified by sensuality, seemed willing to give up aught and every thing they possessed, rather than abstain from that crime which entails

tails misery, disease, and death. Having exhausted all their previous earnings, they become a prey to reckless remorse and gloomy despair. As their vicious partners were opium-smokers and drunkards by custom, it was necessary that strong drink and opium should be provided; and the retailers of these articles were soon present to lend a helping hand. Thus, all these circumstances conspired to nourish vice, to squander property, and to render the votaries of crime most unhappy.'—p. 88.

Mr. Gutzlaff, however, consoles himself, in some measure, that, amidst such abominations, the feeble voice of exhortation was not entirely disregarded, and that some individuals willingly followed his advice—penetrated with a sense of guilt, and covered with shame. His visitors were very numerous: to some he distributed medicines, and to others the word of life. On shore, he observed most of the inhabitants in a state of great poverty, and many famishing for want of food, who greedily seized, and were thankful for, the smallest quantities of rice. Many, again, urged on by extreme poverty, had no other resource left than to become pirates, with whom the whole coast of China is infested, and who, during the night, frequently rob and plunder the trading junks in the harbours. We could not have imagined that anything so deplorable could exist in the general condition of the people in the maritime provinces of this great empire, along such a great extent of coast—an empire in which, according to the often-quoted eulogy of the Jesuit missionaries, 'the hungry are fed, the naked clothed, the aged honoured; and wherein all is happiness and harmony, under the most wise and benevolent government on the face of the earth, whose rulers watch over the people committed to their charge with parental solicitude.' The authors of the *Encyclopédie des Connoissances Humaines*, carried away by the florid and laudatory reports of the Catholic missionaries, persuaded themselves, or wished to persuade the world, that—

'the Chinese, who, by common consent, are superior to all the Asiatic nations in antiquity, in genius, in the progress of the sciences, in wisdom, in government, and in true philosophy, may, moreover, in the opinion of some writers, enter the lists, on all these points, with the most enlightened nations of Europe.'

The sagacious Pauw of Berlin, however, took a very different view of the Chinese character; and the embassy of Lord Macartney stripped it of much of that false glare which had been thrown around this paragon of nations by the Jesuit missionaries at the court of Pekin.

If tried only by the single test of their conduct and feelings with regard to the softer sex, the Chinese, on this ground alone, could not be considered in any other light than as barbarians. The

The higher classes are in the habit of purchasing females, who have previously been educated for sale, to serve as concubines, and to live under the same roof with their legitimate wives; but neither the concubines nor the wives are allowed to sit at the same table with, or even to appear in the presence of, their lord and master, either in the company of friends or strangers. Among the lower classes, the females of the most savage nations are not doomed to more degrading and slavish labour than are those of the Chinese. Like the females of savages, they are, moreover, as we have seen, frequently hired out by their fathers and husbands to the seamen of the junks that frequent the ports—so frequently, indeed, that it occurred at almost every place where the vessel that carried Mr. Gutzlaff stopped—one alone excepted—where, he says, 'there was not, in the whole place, nor even in the circuit of several English miles, one female to be seen.' Being rather surprised at so curious a circumstance, he learned, on inquiry, 'that the whole female population had been removed by the civil authorities, with a view to prevent debauchery among the many sailors who annually visited this port.' Its name is Kin-chow, in the gulf of Leau-tong, on the coast of Mantchou Tartary.

The Chinese have long been accused of carrying the horrid practice of infanticide to a frightful extent. 'At the beach of Amoy,' says Gutzlaff, 'we were shocked at the spectacle of a pretty new-born babe, which shortly before had been killed. We asked some of the bystanders what this meant; they answered, with indifference, "It is only a girl."' He says—

'It is a general custom among them to drown a large proportion of the new-born female children. This unnatural crime is so common among them, that it is perpetrated without any feeling, and even in a laughing mood; and to ask a man of any distinction whether he has daughters, is a mark of great rudeness. Neither the government nor the moral sayings of their sages have put a stop to this nefarious custom.'—p. 174.

Mr. Ellis speaks of a Chinese philosopher, who, in writing on the subject of education, and alluding to the ignorance of their women, and the consequent unamiableness of wives, exhorts husbands not to desist from instructing them; for, says he, with a *naïveté* that marks the estimation in which *he* at least held the intellectual character of the sex,—

'even monkeys may be taught to play antics—dogs may be taught to tread a mill—rats may be taught to run round a cylinder—and parrots may be taught to recite verses. Since, then, it is manifest that even birds and beasts may be taught to understand human affairs, how much more so may young wives, who, after all, are human beings.'

What

What a concession from a Chinese philosopher! It would seem, however, that there are places in China where the ladies are determined to exercise a freedom of action even beyond the usual privileges of the sex in more enlightened nations. At Ke-shan-so, a port in the province of Shan-tung, Mr. Gutzlaff tells us, 'the people seemed fond of horsemanship; and while we were here, the ladies had horse-races, in which they greatly excelled.' This is so novel and so refreshing a feature in the female condition generally of China, that we could not forbear wishing the worthy missionary had been less costive in his narrative of so unusual a practice, and entered into some little detail of this branch of female art, such as the mode of training, riding, betting, and other important matters connected with the female turf-club of China.

There are, however, among the lower orders of Chinese some redeeming qualities. From a country so overflowing in population, where thousands annually perish for want, emigration takes place, to a great extent, to the several islands of the Indian Archipelago, to Siam, Malacca, Prince of Wales's Island, and Singapore. The affection of these poor people for their homes and their kindred is as strong as that of the Swiss; neither time nor distance can withdraw their attention from the beloved objects they left behind in their native land. A part of their hard earnings is carefully hoarded and annually remitted to their kindred left behind. If an emigrant can send but a dollar, he will do so, and will fast in order to save it. Every letter he writes must be accompanied by some token, however trifling. These favourable traits are particularly dwelt upon by Mr. Gutzlaff.

On the banks of the river Pei-ho, which leads to the neighbourhood of the capital, Mr. Gutzlaff's attention was drawn to the miserable condition of the trackers of the barges, which is described to be just the same as that in which they were found by the embassies of Lords Macartney and Amherst—ragged, half-naked, and half-famished. 'They were very thinly clothed, and seemed to be in great want; some dry rice, that was given to them, they devoured with inexpressible delight.' The houses, whether of the rich or the poor, along the banks of this river are built of mud; those of the latter are miserable hovels of one apartment, most commonly having no other door but a screen of matting. 'I had much conversation,' says Gutzlaff, 'with these people, who seemed to be rude but hardy, poor but cheerful, and lively but quarrelsome. The number of these wretched beings is very great; and many, it is said, perish annually by the cold of winter:' yet it is under 40° of latitude.

The vessel proceeded up the river as high as Tien-sing, near which are noticed those large and innumerable *stacks of salt*—

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an accumulation sufficient to supply the whole empire. While here, our missionary says he had thoughts of proceeding to Pekin; and why he did not afterwards at least attempt this is not clearly stated. A visit to the capital of the Chinese empire, he tells us, was an object of no little solicitude; but he seems to be in doubt how this visit might be viewed by the Chinese government. Hitherto, he says, they had taken no notice of him, but it was expected the local authorities would now interfere. 'Almost friendless, with small pecuniary resources, without any personal knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, I was forced to prepare for the worst.' We soon find him, however, in the Gulf of Petche-lee, on the frontiers of Tartary, distributing his tracts and his medicines among the natives, who appear to have been more kind and civilized than in the lower parts of the coast.

On the night of the 9th of November the wind changed to the north-west, and in a few hours the rivers and creeks were frozen up. The sailors consoled themselves with fighting quails, and smoking opium day and night. At length they bent their course to the southward, and in about three weeks arrived in safety at Canton. The long personal inconveniences and perils, the poverty and scantiness of food, consisting almost entirely of rice and salted vegetables, endured by this honest missionary, and his determined perseverance to spread the Scriptures among this heathen people, are the strongest tests of his sincerity; 'it has long been,' he tells us, 'the firm conviction of his heart, that, in these latter days, the glory of the Lord will be revealed to China.'

The second voyage of Mr. Gutzlaff was in the ship Amherst, with Mr. Lindsay, some account of which we gave in a former Number,—on 'The Free Trade with China.' The first voyage brought him chiefly among the lower class of Chinese and Chinese seamen; but the second introduced him more largely into the society of mandarins and merchants. Among the latter there was a strong disposition to encourage commercial intercourse with strangers; while the former used every means, open and concealed, to prevent it, and were generally successful. This aversion, however, did not proceed from any dislike to foreigners, but from the fear of loss of office, or other punishment, should any complaint reach the court of Pekin; a circumstance which actually occurred, and the consequence was degradation and loss of place in two or three instances, where the officers did not succeed in 'driving away the barbarian ship.' Those persons hold their offices, their fortunes, and even their lives, at the mercy of their superiors; and the consequence is, that their whole conduct is but too generally a tissue of falsehood, hypocrisy, and duplicity. Every step they take is marked

marked by timidity and indecision; and, in their negotiations with strangers, they frequently entangle themselves in the most ludicrous embarrassments. Often did Gutzlaff make them ashamed of their conduct, by quoting against themselves the maxims of Confucius and *the ancients*, which they affect to observe as their rule of conduct, though at the same time acting in direct violation of them. Mr. Lindsay bears testimony to the extraordinary power over the minds of the Chinese, of all ranks, which our author obtained by his thorough acquaintance with the ancient classics, and the copious knowledge which he possessed of the Chinese language. On many occasions, he says, when Mr. Gutzlaff has been surrounded by hundreds of eager listeners, he has been interrupted by loud expressions of the pleasure with which they listened to 'his pithy, and indeed elegant language.'

At every port the Amherst touched at, along the whole of the eastern coast, tracts, of various kinds, in the Chinese language, were eagerly sought after; and these were not confined solely to religious subjects, but others on history, geography, and morality, containing both instruction and amusement, were copiously diffused. But that which most attracted their attention was a pamphlet, written by the late Mr. Marjoribanks, and translated by Dr. Morrison, 'Upon the English Nation;' a copy of which is said to have reached the emperor, and to have been carefully perused by him. 'Scarcely any means,' says Mr. Gutzlaff, 'adopted to promote a friendly intercourse, proved so effectual as the circulation of this paper.' 'Often,' he adds, 'when I came upon deck, all hands were stretched out to receive it; a scuffle would ensue, and loud complaints were vented by those whose wishes were not satisfied.' Mr. Gutzlaff would seem to have provided himself with little treatises on most subjects. At one place he found a number of persons in a temple, engaged in gambling: 'I presented them,' he says, 'with a tract on gambling, when they started up, astonished at our unexpected and unwelcome gift.'

Mr. Gutzlaff observes how difficult it is to ascertain in what manner this populous empire, of such an immense extent, can be kept together; but is convinced that it can by no means be ascribed to the wisdom of the theoretical laws of the Celestial Kingdom. Mr. Pauw tells us, which is partly true, that China is governed by the whip and the bamboo. It is certainly by a graduated and mitigated system of despotism, accompanied frequently with oppression and tyranny, that order is preserved among the greatest mass of human beings congregated on an equal space in any portion of the earth's surface. The emperor tyrannizes over his ministers, his ministers over the governors of provinces, and these over the whole series of subordinate officers—each acting with a sufficient

sufficient degree of arrogance in his own sphere; and yet all is considered—even personal castigation—to emanate from a paternal solicitude for the welfare of those committed to their care. But such a system could never have held together for such a length of time, had not the subjects, of all ranks and degrees, been carefully debarred from all intercourse with foreigners, from all knowledge of the language, the literature, or the institutions of other nations. Of all such knowledge they are, even at this time, most innocent; and it was the desire to prevent such a contamination that caused so many efforts to prevail on Lindsay and Gutzlaff to depart from their ports.

The mode pursued to get rid of the Amherst was different in different places—sometimes by offers of money and provisions, sometimes by putting on a bullying tone, frequently by coaxing, and now and then by a grand display of soldiers of the most miserable description, some of whom, the missionary sarcastically observes, had the word *valour* written on their jackets *behind*. On one occasion they were visited by two naval officers, who said, that if they failed in driving the ship away, they were to be degraded; and to show they were in earnest, they unscrewed the buttons on their caps, offering them to the party, as being no longer of use to themselves; they said they were all implicated, up to the governor and the commander-in-chief, who were in great tribulation at their remaining so long. 'One of the mandarins tried to weep, but the tears fell very sparingly; and, on the whole, this intended tragedy more resembled a farce than anything else.'

From the promontory of Shan-tung, the Amherst stretched over to the coast of Corea, which is studded with such a multitude of islands, that the sovereign may well style himself the 'King of Ten Thousand Islands.' The country is thinly inhabited, the land but little cultivated, and the people miserably poor. Their written characters are Chinese—their timidity and duplicity Chinese—their system of government Chinese—their religion, such as it is, also Chinese. They are supposed to be independent both of Japan and China, though they do pay a sort of tribute to the latter; they, however, said to the visiters, in order to get rid of them—'Our kingdom is a dependent state of China; we can do nothing without the imperial decree—this is our law. Hitherto we have had no intercourse with foreigners; how could we venture to commence it now?' They have but a few vessels, which are either employed in fishing, or in carrying on a trifling commerce with China, Japan, and Mantchou Tartary.

Leaving the coast of Corea, the Amherst proceeded to the Loo-Choo Islands, and came to an anchor in Napakiang Bay, in the

harbour of which were several Japanese vessels. The mandarins spoke the Chinese language fluently; and they were as friendly and courteous as Captain Basil Hall found them—but crafty, deceitful, and lying—which that clever person did not discover them to be; though the late Sir Murray Maxwell, as appears by his Journal, did. The honest missionary says, 'They were generally so very complimentary, and so excessive in their professions of friendship, that we were at a loss how to answer all their polite observations.' Neither are they such simple, innocent, and inoffensive beings as to be utterly ignorant of the use of money and of arms—a piece of intelligence that utterly confounded two great men, the one a financier, and the other a general. 'No money!' exclaimed Vansittart—'No arms!' whispered Buonaparte.

Their corporal punishments, too, are said to be as severe as those of Corea, which exceed even the example of China; and their jealousy of foreigners is fully equal to that of either. The Amherst's people were most politely treated, and closely watched, to prevent their holding communication, as far as could be done, with the natives. Mr. Gutzlaff had plenty of applications for his physic, but he could only distribute his little books by stealth. On the whole, he says, 'with all their deceit, we will freely acknowledge that they are the most friendly and hospitable people which we have met during all our voyage.'

About a twelvemonth after the return of the Amherst, another vessel, called the Sylph, well manned and armed, set out from Macao on a smuggling and free-trade expedition along the eastern coast of China, as far up as the Gulf of Leau-tung; and Mr. Gutzlaff, true to his predetermined purpose, 'rather to perish in the attempt of carrying the Gospel to China, than to wait quietly on the frontiers,' embarked in her on his third voyage to circulate among the heathen the 'book of life.' He found, that at every place where the Amherst had been, a great change had been effected in the conduct of the mandarins: they were less officious, apparently less frightened, and more indifferent—so that the intercourse of the visiters with the people now met with little interruption. The return of Mr. Gutzlaff was hailed with joy by all his old acquaintances, and he circulated tracts and physic to his heart's content. Furious gales and a tremendous sea drove the little vessel along the coast. 'Only one Lascar was swept away; we heard his dying groan, but could lend no assistance. It was a dark, dismal night; we were thoroughly drenched with water; horror hovered around us. Many a wave swept over our deck, but those which dashed against our poop were really terrible.'

On the 15th November they entered the Gulf of Leau-tung, and encountered a large fleet of junks, laden with Mantchou produce.

produce. The people, who were frank and open-hearted, advised them not to proceed farther to the northward, as they would soon meet with ice. The Mantchou people on shore were civil and intelligent; they appeared less idolatrous than the Chinese; but there was one temple dedicated to the Queen of Heaven, of which we are artlessly told that 'a few *blind* men were the *overseers*.' This puts us in mind of poor little Holman, the *blind* traveller, being sent out of Russia as a *spy*. They proceeded to the Bay of Kinchow, into which the great wall descends, and grounded on a sandbank. Their situation is described (in a manuscript journal kept by a son of Captain Jauncey, of the Navy) as horrible; a fierce northerly wind from the ice-fields of Kamtschatka blew down the bay; the depth of water decreased; the ship fell over on her beam-ends; the cold was so piercing that the Lascars were useless and helpless, and their lamentable cries were truly distressing; every spray of the sea froze into a sheet of ice. The land was twenty miles distant, but a party volunteered to go in the boat to seek assistance at the town of Kai-chow, among whom were thirteen helpless Lascars. When arrived within three miles of the shore, the boat grounded in two-and-a-half feet water, and it was some time before they got her off. 'Entirely covered with ice, we arrived,' says Gutzlaff, 'at a headland, and were received most humanely by some fishermen and a priest, but found no mercy among the mandarins.' All the hills were covered with snow; the Lascars were not able to walk, and it was found necessary to bathe their feet with rum to prevent them from being frost-bitten. A poor Mantchou fisherman carried them into his hut, and placed the Lascars in beds spread on a bench of brick-work, with flues underneath to warm them. One of these poor seamen died, and others went into fits.

The city of Kai-chow was ten miles off, whither Gutzlaff and a party went on foot, to claim assistance from the mandarins to get the ship afloat; but these unfeeling animals would neither give any themselves nor suffer others to do so: a strong southerly wind, however, set into the gulf, and the water rose to such a height that she floated off. The conduct of the people in general, both on the coast and in the interior, made ample amends for the brutality of the mandarins. 'In their habits and behaviour,' says Gutzlaff, 'they appeared very much like our peasantry; some of their farms were in excellent order, and plenty reigns everywhere.' Seeing a large building on a hill, Gutzlaff and his party made towards it. It proved to be a temple of Budha. The Padré (a true father Paul), with about a dozen priests, came out and addressed them in a gruff and inhospitable strain, but Gutzlaff reminded them of the precepts of Confucius concerning benevo-

lence and hospitality, and, having made them acquainted with their true situation, they now became all civility; the padré invited them in; a sumptuous dinner was served up, consisting of thirty or forty different dishes; among the delicacies were *biche-da-mar* and bird-nests' soups—such is the luxurious way in which mendicant monks and friars would seem to indulge in whatever part of the world they may be rooted.

Arrived at Kai-chow, the party was received by the mandarins, not merely with coolness, but great insolence; and though they were ultimately prevailed on to promise assistance, they secretly did everything that was unfriendly. The ship, however, as Mr. Gutzlaff informs us, 'got off by the interposition of God, who had ordered the south wind to blow, thus driving up more water upon the bank.' Too happy to avail themselves of the fortunate release, they forthwith stood to the southward.

The description of the island of Poo-to, one of the Chusan groupe, is so curious, and furnishes so strong an instance of the great extent to which the impostors of Budhism are still enabled to practise on the credulity of the public, that we shall close our brief account of these voyages with a short notice of it. The visiters, passing among large rocks covered with inscriptions, and among numerous temples, came suddenly on one of the latter, of an immense size, covered with yellow tiles. It was filled within with 'all the tinsel of idolatry,' together with various specimens of Chinese art, and many gigantic statues of Budha:—

'These colossal images were made of clay, and tolerably well gilt. There were great drums and large bells in the temple. We were present at the vespers of the priests, which they chanted in the Pali language, not unlike the Latin service of the Roman church. They held their rosaries in their hands, which rested folded upon their breasts; one of them had a small bell, by the tinkling of which their service was regulated; and they occasionally beat the drum and large bell to rouse Budha to attend to their prayers. The same words were a hundred times repeated.'—pp. 441, 442.

Mr. Gutzlaff says there are two large and sixty small temples, on a spot not exceeding twelve square miles, which is the area of the island, and on which two thousand priests were residing; that no females are allowed to live on the island, nor any laymen, except those in the service of the priests; but he observed a number of young fine-looking children, who had been purchased for the purpose of being initiated in the mysteries of Budhism. This numerous train of idlers have lands assigned for their support, and make up the rest by begging:—

'To every person who visits this island, it appears at first like a fairy land, so romantic is everything which meets the eye. Those large

large inscriptions hewn in solid granite, the many temples which appear in every direction, the highly picturesque scenery itself, with its many-peaked, riven, and detached rocks, and above all a stately mausoleum, the largest which I have ever seen, containing the bones and ashes of thousands of priests, quite bewilder the imagination.'—p. 444.

We cordially wish every success to the praiseworthy labours of this pious missionary, and that his most sanguine expectations may be realized. He should recollect, however, should disappointment cross his path and damp his ardour, that, although it is now three hundred years since the Catholic missionaries of the different orders entered China, with the view of making proselytes to the tenets of their respective creeds, there probably is not, at this hour, throughout the whole of that extensive empire, a single native Chinese—with the exception of some ten or a dozen educated at the Propaganda of Naples—that has the least knowledge of the Christian religion, or of the language, the civil institutions, or the moral condition, of any one nation of Europe: so little have their continued labours succeeded. His plan, however, of circulating not religious works only, but others calculated to excite and gratify curiosity on more worldly topics, appears to us a great improvement on the system of his Romish predecessors; and this *may* pave the way for better things.

ART. X.—1. *Helen; a Tale.* By Maria Edgeworth. 3 vols. London, 1834.

2. *Ayesha, the Maid of Kars.* By the Author of '*Zohrab,*' '*Hajji Baba,*' &c. 3 vols. London, 1834.

THIS season has been as prolific in novels as any of its predecessors; and, as usual, it has been but a melancholy business to contemplate the rapid succession of these ephemeral productions. One after another is announced with a flourish of penny trumpets:—the words 'vivid portraiture'—'keen satire'—'high imagination'—'intense passion'—and above all, 'genius' and 'power,' are kept standing in the booksellers' types, and put into unfailing requisition. A week more, and the wonder has been examined and talked of—another, and it is as completely forgotten as any of the nothings of the days of George III. These books are ruining the proprietors of circulating libraries, who alone buy them; and we are greatly mistaken if they be not injuring deeply their publishers. By encouraging the *cacoëthes scribendi* of inferior pens, they may now and then realize an immediate profit to themselves; but they, in the long run, accumulate *no valuable copyrights*

copyrights—without which no bookselling-house can prove the source of ultimate gain on any considerable scale. Are they not aware that at this moment, after all the innumerable editions that have appeared of such a work as 'Ivanhoe' or 'Old Mortality,' its copyright would fetch at least three times more money in the market than the copyrights of *all* the novels that were published in London between 1810 and 1830? Well may Sir Egerton Brydges say—

'Let us dismiss the frivolous embarrassments and disappointments of fashion, or the insane hobgoblins of a factitious enthusiasm. It is time to get rid of these epigrammatic, stilted, bandaged, glittering, foaming, lashed-up, frothy, high-seasoned productions of mercenary artists, exciting the appetites of the mob for the purpose of filling their own pockets. But even these stimulant ingredients would not be sufficient without the aid of the puff,—quite as gross and as multiplied as those of the quack-doctors, or the proprietors of Warren's blacking. It is strange that such obviously paid applauses should have any influence on the public favour; but it is clear that they have great influence, for the experience of booksellers would teach them not to throw away so much money in vain. They have so contrary an effect on me, that the moment I read one of those advertisements I take for granted that the book so announced is bad.'—*Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 358.

Sir Egerton's rule is a pretty safe one; it is to us unintelligible how any writer of common sense or delicacy can suffer his work and his name to be dealt with in the fashion here stigmatised; but still there is no denying that indications of real talent have been observable in several of the most disgustingly bepuffed and placarded productions of the present year. We have no doubt that the authors of more than one of them might, if contented with narrower limits, and modest enough to bestow more labour, have turned out works of fiction deserving of lasting favour. It is impossible not to admire, for example, the happily-sketched character of an Irish farmer's wife in Lady Blessington's 'Repealers,' and the variety of shrewd common-sense observations which occur every now and then in the midst of that flimsy book. Had her Ladyship cut down her three volumes to one, her novel might have had a fair chance of life. And we may say the same thing of Lady Stepney's 'New Road to Ruin,' for that performance, though still flimsier than the other, has flashes of delicate sentiment, and really feminine perception of the minutiæ of characters and manners, such as might well have arrested attention, had they not been squandered on an absurd plot, and that wire-drawn to extremity. The author of 'Rookwood,' again, has shown talents which no doubt might, and, as he is said to be a very young gentleman, will yet, we hope, produce a strong and fervid strain

strain of romance. But he must lop his luxuriancy, and chastise his taste. The odious *slang* with which he has interspersed his third volume is as false as base: and his energetic and animating picture of Turpin's ride to York needed not the setting off of such vulgar and affected ornaments. We expect much from this writer, else we should not have thought it worth our while to use language thus severe. He evidently possesses, in no common degree, the materials of success: a fresh and stirring fancy, and a style which, like that fancy, wants nothing but the bridle. His story, as it is, is one that never flags.

We have named at the head of our article two novels which no one will confound with the million of the tribe; but we have, on former occasions, discussed so largely the peculiar merits of their authors, that we need not at present be tempted into a detailed notice either of *Helen* or of *Ayesha*. If any of our readers had ever listened to the envious whispers, so indefatigably circulated among certain circles, to the effect that Miss Edgeworth's vein of creative fancy had been buried with her father—'Helen' will undeceive them, and vindicate that great and truly modest genius from any such disparaging suspicion. As writers of a reflective and introspective turn advance in the walk of life, they are likely to detach their imagination more and more from the broad and blazing contrasts which delight the eye and heart of youth; and it is no wonder that the interest of this tale, put forth after an interval of, we believe, nearly twenty years, should be of a more sober cast than Miss Edgeworth chose to dwell upon in some earlier works. But the interest is not the less potent on that account: on the contrary, we venture to say, that if any one will, after reading 'Helen,' turn to even the best of her old novels, he will feel, that in all the more profound and permanently pleasing beauties of moral delineation the artist has made marked progress. We may point to the skill with which her fable has been framed; the admirable but unobtrusive art with which she has contrived to exhibit what we may call the whole *gamut* of one particular virtue, and its opposite vice, in the different characters of the present novel—and this without producing any impression of a capricious or unnatural selection of *dramatis personæ;* the profusion of terse and pungent *sayings* scattered over its dialogue; and last, not least, the deep piercing pathos of various of its scenes;—and ask whether such a combination of excellences is not more than sufficient to make up for the absence of any such quaint, humorous oddities as used to delight the world in Miss Edgeworth's *Irish* romances. We cannot, however, but wish that she had laid the scene of her story in her native country, or, at all

all events, that she had never brought its heroes and heroines to London. No doubt, Miss Edgeworth represents one particular section of London society with perfect skill; but that section, she must permit us to hint, is one little worthy of engaging such a pen as hers—at least in anything more serious than an 'Essay on Bores.' Those who see this great town only in the character of lion or lioness, have little chance of getting out of the *trap* we allude to; but we venture to say, that if Miss Edgeworth had at any time lived here for two or three years on end, she would have found it quite necessary to break its painted barriers, and shake herself free, once for all, from the fry of notoriety-hunters, who think the whole business of life consists in sharp talk about authors and artists, and eternal three-cornered notes—'Blue, pink, and green—with all their trumpery.'

The main object of *Helen* is told in one ejaculation of a certain spinster who figures in it:—'I wish,' says Miss Clarendon, '*fib* were banished from the English language, and that *white lie* were drummed out after it.' The construction of the fable, however, appears to have been suggested by Crabbe's tale of the 'Confidant,' which had already been dramatised by the author of 'Elia.' But 'Miss Edgeworth's Cupid,' as Lord Byron once said, 'is somewhat of a Presbyterian.' The old-fashioned matter-of-fact *love*, that is sinfully gratified and severely punished in Crabbe's homely story, comes wonderfully refined and reformed out of Miss Edgeworth's crucible: in short, the *bastard* of the plain-spoken poet is replaced in the novel by a mis-affiliated *billet-doux*. This is quite as it should be; and the skill with which Miss Edgeworth has transferred the same leading idea, from the downright human beings of the village green to the gauze-curtained world, will be appreciated by any one who compares her elaborate fiction with the rapid sketch of her stern original.

So much for 'Helen'—from which, as it is already in every body's hands, we shall not be so superfluous as to make any extracts. We hope, now that Miss Edgeworth has once more condescended to amuse the public with a new work, she may be so good-natured as to repeat the experiment. We remember to have heard it said some years ago, that she had made considerable progress in two novels: one called *White Lies*—the other, *Taking for Granted*. The *White Lies* we have under this no-meaning title of 'Helen:' all the world, Miss Edgeworth may take it for granted, will be disappointed if she does not soon favour us with the other book; and we do not think she could re-christen it to any advantage.

Sir Walter Scott, by his own confession, was first led to write

novels by observing the success of Miss Edgeworth in availing herself of the peculiarities of Irish manners; and there can be no doubt that his success in intermingling civilized English personages among the wild creatures of the Highlands, in such pieces as 'Waverley,' and 'Rob Roy,' has been the source of all that is really good in the romances of Mr. Cooper, and the stimulating guide of Mr. Morier in his 'Zohrab,' but even more conspicuously in the novel which we have named at the top of this article—'Ayesha, the Maid of Kars.'

A young English nobleman, Lord Osmond, is travelling in the Turkish provinces, attended by a kidnapped Swiss turned into a Tartar courier, and a supple Greek, his valet. In the remote inland town of Kars, he sees and falls in love with Ayesha, the angelic daughter, as is supposed, of Soleiman Aga, a wealthy and phlegmatic old Turk, and Zabetta his wife, a daring intriguante from Tenedos, who has long since conformed to the religion of her lord.

In the progress of the story, Osmond's audacity in attempting to gain the affections of the lovely Turkish maiden excites the jealous indignation of the authorities of Kars, and thus a series of highly interesting perplexities and persecutions, dangers and escapes, is naturally enough introduced. The lover is rescued from the prison of the Pacha of Kars by the address of a Khurdish freebooter, to whom he had on a former occasion rendered an important service. This man conducts him to the castle of his captain, Cara Bey, a savage chief whose name inspires terror all over the Armenian frontier between the Turkish and the Russian territories. This robber-chief, on learning the nature of the offence which had consigned Osmond to the pacha's dungeon, is fired with the reported charms of Ayesha, and, having shut up the Englishman in one of his own *oubliettes*, he makes a midnight foray upon Kars, and succeeds in carrying off the damsel. Osmond, meanwhile, forms a friendship in his new prison with a young Russian, belonging to a regiment stationed on the neighbouring frontier; and they contrive to open a communication with the Muscovite commander—which ends in his being admitted into the Castle of Cara Bey, the seizure of the gang, and the emancipation of all the captives.

In the third volume, the scene passes to the Euxine—to Constantinople—to Rhodes; and the *dénouement* gives the discovery that Ayesha is no Turkish maiden, but the daughter of an English gentleman of rank, who had spent some years in travelling about the Levant—her conversion to Christianity—and her happy union with Lord Osmond.

We merely run over these names and leading features of the narrative,

narrative, to show that the author has taken a canvass wide enough to admit of a more extensive group of contrasts than he had ventured upon in the admirable novel of *Zohrab*; and we have every reason to congratulate him on the manner in which he filled up his outline. We have Turkish manners, in all their varieties—from the majestic Padishah himself down to the obscure Dogberries of a sequestered village—their wives, and slaves: we have some lively specimens of the Greek character; we have, in Cara Bey and his gang, a crew of ferocious outlaws, *devil-worshippers*, equally abhorring and abhorred by Mussulman and Christian; we have, finally, all these Orientals in immediate collision with Russians—and, throughout, with a perfect English gentleman. It must be allowed that here is ample room and verge enough for the *picturesque*; and the bold and dashing vigour of the execution lends itself with equal ease to all the multifarious objects of delineation.

We need say nothing about the grand improbabilities of the fable,—but *giving* him *them* once for all, the rest goes smoothly. A more animated and exciting story could hardly be conceived; and there runs through the whole of it, in the character of Ayesha herself, a strain of pure genial tenderness of conception, such as might be envied by any poet that ever wrote—

'Making a brightness in the shady place.'

At this time, when the Ottoman empire is so obviously on the verge of dissolution, a work portraying, with the graphic vigour of thorough knowledge, the manners and habits of Turks of many different classes, possesses a claim to far more attention than usually belongs to even the cleverest of novels. We have no doubt that *Ayesha* will do more to inform the public mind respecting this strange but most picturesque people, than even our author could have effected by a book of travels. Mr. Morier spent much of the earlier period of his life in the Turkish dominions, and his representations of Ottoman modes of thought and feeling have that nameless quality, which at once conveys to every mind the conviction that they are not only interesting, but *true*. To combine such a variety of materials into a harmonious picture of life and love, is to be a man of genius; and with genius, Mr. Morier unites the—in these days hardly rarer—quality of a classical taste. A manly and generous mind shines through all his pages; and his language has an easy idiomatic elasticity about it, which, as well as the lightness of his humour and the simplicity of his pathos, has often reminded us of Oliver Goldsmith.

We are perhaps not more called upon for extracts from such a work as this than in the case of 'Helen;' but two or three passages, which may be detached from the narrative of the second volume,

volume, without at all interfering with the interest of the novel, present a temptation which we are not disposed to resist. The scene in which Lord Osmond's baggage is overhauled by the dignitaries of Kars is one of these: it is in the happiest vein of the 'Hajji Baba in England:'—

'First, the contents of the portmanteau were exhibited. In succession were displayed waistcoats, neckcloths, shirts, drawers, and stockings, which drew forth the astonishment of all present, for they wondered what one man could possibly want with so many things, the uses of most of which were to them incomprehensible. They admired the glittering beauties of a splendid uniform-jacket, which its owner carried about to wear on appearing at courts and in the presence of exalted personages; but when they came to inspect a pair of leather pantaloons, the ingenuity of the most learned amongst them could not devise for what purpose they could possibly be used. For let it be known, that a Turk's trowsers, when extended, look like the largest of sacks used by millers, with a hole at each corner for the insertion of the legs. Will it, then, be thought extraordinary that the comprehension of the present company was at fault as to the pantaloons? They were turned about in all directions, inside and out, before and behind. The mufti submitted that they might perhaps be an article of dress, and he called upon a bearded chokhadar, who stood by wrapped in doubt and astonishment, to try them on. The view which the mufti took of them was, that they were to be worn as a head-dress, and accordingly, that part which tailors call the seat was fitted over the turban of the chokhadar, whilst the legs fell in serpent-like folds down the grave man's back and shoulders, making him look like Hercules with the lion's skin thrown over his head. "*Barikallah*—praise be to Allah!" said the mufti, "I have found it: perhaps this is the dress of an English pacha of two tails!" "*Aferin*—well done!" cried all the adherents of the law. But the pacha was of another opinion; he viewed the pantaloons in a totally different light, inspecting them with the eye of one who thought upon the good things of which he was fond. "For what else can this be used," exclaimed the chief, his dull eye brightening up as he spoke—"what else, but for wine? This is perhaps the skin of some European animal. Franks drink wine, and they carry their wine about in skins, as our own infidels do. Is it not so?" said he, addressing himself to Bogos the Armenian. "So it is," answered the dyer, "it is even as your highness has commanded."—"Well then, this skin has contained wine," continued the pacha, pleased with the discovery, "and, by the blessing of Allah! it shall serve us again."—"Here," said he to one of his servants, "here, take this, let the saka sew up the holes, and let it be well filled: instead of wine, it shall hold water." And, true enough, in a few days after, the pantaloons were seen parading the town on a water-carrier's back, doing the duty of mesheks. But it was secretly reported, that not long after they were converted

converted to the use for which the pacha intended them, and actually were appointed for the conveyance of his highness's favourite wine.

'In the lid of the portmanteau was discovered a boot-jack, with a pair of steel boot-hooks. These articles put the ingenuity of the Turks to a still greater test. How could they possibly devise that so complicated a piece of machinery could, by any stretch of imagination, have anything in common with a pair of boots, a part of dress which they pull off and on with as much ease as one inserts and reinserts a mop into a bucket? They thought it might have something to do with necromancy, then with astrology, but at length it struck them that the whole machine must be one for the purposes of torture;—what more convenient than the hinges for squeezing the thumb or cracking the finger joints—what better adapted than the boot-hooks for scooping out eyes? Such they decided it to be; and, in order to confirm the conclusion beyond a doubt, the pacha ordered his favourite scribe to insert his finger between the hinges of the boot-jack, which having done with repugnance, he was rewarded for his complaisance by as efficacious a pinch as he could wish, whilst peals of laughter went round at his expense. The instrument was then made over to the chief executioner, with orders to keep it in readiness upon the first occasion.

'The various contents of the dressing-case were next brought under examination. Every one was on the look-out for something agreeable to the palate, the moment they saw the numerous bottles with which it was studded. One tasted eau-de-Cologne—another lavender-water; both which they thought might or might not be Frank luxuries in the way of cordials. But who can describe the face which was made by the pacha himself, when, attracted by the brilliancy of the colour, he tossed off to his own drinking the greater part of a bottle of tincture of myrrh! The mufti was a man who never laughed, but even he, on seeing the contortions of his colleague, could not suppress his merriment; whilst the menials around were obliged to look down, their feet reminding them of the countenance they ought to keep, if they hoped to keep themselves free from the stick.

'Whilst this was taking place, the iman of the mosque, whose mortified looks belied his love of good things, quietly abstracted from the case a silver-mounted box, which having opened, he there discovered a paste-like substance, the smell of which he thought was too inviting to resist; he therefore inserted therein the end of his forefinger, and, scooping out as much as it could carry, straightway opened wide his mouth and received it with a smack. Soon was he visited by repentance:—he would have roared with nausea, had he not been afraid of exposing himself—he sputtered—he spat. "What has happened?" said one, with a grin. "*Bak*—see!" roared the pacha, who was delighted to have found a fellow-sufferer—"*Bak*—see! the iman is sick." The nature of the substance which he had gulped soon discovered itself by the white foam which was seen to issue from his mouth:

mouth: then other feelings pervaded the assembly—they apprehended a fit—they feared madness; in short, such was the state to which the unfortunate priest was reduced, that he was obliged to make a rapid escape from the assembly, every one making way for him, as one who is not to be touched. The reader need not be informed that he had swallowed a large dose of Naples soap.

'Many were the mistakes which occurred besides those above-mentioned, and which it would perhaps be tedious or trifling to enumerate. They pondered deeply over every article; they turned the books upside down, they spilt the mercury from the artificial horizon, broke the thermometers, displaced the barometer, scattered the mathematical instruments about, so that they never could be reinserted in the case. A small ivory box attracted their attention: it was so prettily turned, so neat, and so ornamental, that, like children quarrelling for a toy, each of them longed to possess it. At length it was ceded to the mufti. This sapient personage had enjoyed the pleasure of laughing at others, but as yet had not been laughed at himself. Twisting the box in all directions, at length he unscrewed it, much to his satisfaction, and seeing a small tube within, surrounded by a bundle of diminutive sticks, he concluded this must be the Frank's inkstand—the liquid in the tube being the ink, the sticks the pens. He was not long in inserting one of the sticks into the tube; he drew it out—and instantaneous light burst forth. Who can describe the terror of the Turk? He threw the whole from him, as if he had discovered that he had been dandling the *Shaitan* in person. "*Ai Allah!*" he exclaimed, with eyes starting from his head, his mouth open, his hands clinging to the cushions, his whole body thrown back:—"Allah, protect me! Allah, Allah, there is but one Allah!" he exclaimed in terror, looking at the little box and the little sticks, strewn on the ground before him, with an expression of fear that sufficiently spoke his apprehension that it contained some devilry, which might burst out and overwhelm him with destruction. Nor were the surrounding Turks slow in catching his feelings; they had seen the ignition, and had partaken of the shock. Every one drew back from the box and its contents, and made a circle round it; looking at it in silence, and waiting the result with terror, —low "Allah, Allahs!" broke from the audience, and few were inclined to laugh. At length, seeing that it remained stationary, the ludicrous situation of the mufti began to draw attention, and as he was an object of general dislike, every one, who could do so with safety, indulged in laughing at him. The grave Suleiman, who had seen more of Franks than the others, at length ventured to take up the box, though with great wariness: he was entreated, in the name of the Prophet! to put it down again by the pacha, who then ordered Bogos, the Armenian, to take up the whole machine, sticks and all, and at his peril instantly to go and throw it into the river: swearing, by the Koran and by all the imans, that if the devil ever appeared amongst them again, he would put not only him but every Armenian and Christian in Kars to death.

'There

'There only now remained the medicine-chest to be examined, but, seeing what had happened, every one appeared but little anxious to pursue the investigation, fearful of some new disaster. However, when Bogos had explained that it was to this the Frank had recourse when he required medicine, at that moment every Turk present seemed impelled with a desire to take some; and, indeed, they would have proceeded to help themselves, had not the Mufti interposed, who, still with the fear of some satanic influence before his eyes, entreated them to refrain. But an expedient occurred to him which he immediately put into practice. He sent for as many Jews as could be found upon the spur of the moment, and ordered them to appear before the pacha. A few of these miserable outcasts lived at Kars, under the severest of tyrannies, and if ever any misery was to be inflicted, were sure to come in for the first share. Very soon after the order had been given, some half-a-dozen of them were collected, and marshalled in a row at the end of the room. The bottles were taken out separately from the chest, and a certain quantity, *ad libitum*, of every medicine was administered to each of the Jews. They were then conducted into an outer room, where they sat in doleful mood, watching their approaching doom, like men condemned to some severe punishment, bewailing their misfortune, and in their hearts wishing for the destruction of their tyrants. The effects produced were as various as they were effectual: the Turks looked on in horror—the Jews were absorbed in disgust. "Allah, Allah!" was exclaimed by every looker-on; and by the time the whole ceremony had drawn to a close, they became all seriously convinced that their town had been visited by the great Evil One in person; the medicine-chest was put on one side with caution, and everything which related, directly or indirectly, to Osmond, was treated with becoming suspicion.'—vol. ii. pp. 37-40.

In another style we have been much struck with the description of Osmond's first encounter with the Khurdish captain, Cara Bey, and his little host of freebooters. The English gentleman has, during the latter part of the day, seen the castle of this redoubted scoundrel perched on a huge crag in the horizon. Night comes before they reach it; their road carries them through that deserted city of *Anni*, which Sir Robert Kerr Porter describes in his travels through Armenia:

'On a sudden, as they turned the abrupt angle of a defile, Osmond's eye was arrested by the vision of what he supposed was an immense city. Walls, houses, towers, cupolas, and battlements, arose before him in massive groups, exhibiting to his astonished mind not the small and insignificant structures of a common Asiatic town, but the severe and well-defined masses of ancient times, such as one fond of classic illusions might imagine to have been the residence of Greeks or Romans. Although some of its angles were glanced upon by the moon, its principal outlines were in deep shade; the whole bearing so dark, awful, and mysterious an appearance, that a poet might, without much exaggeration, have called it "The Spectre City." 'It

'It was not long before the travellers, having passed the first broken outskirts, began to wind through the desolate streets. There was not sufficient light to exhibit every detail of ruin, and an ignorant observer might have mistaken what he saw for a flourishing city, the inhabitants of which had suddenly been smitten by the plague, or with one consent had abandoned their homes and fled. The silence which prevailed was fearful, and struck involuntary horror. House succeeded house in sad array, and not a sound was heard. A magnificent structure, looking like a royal palace, lifted up its walls and towers, cutting the clear blue vault of heaven with its angular lines, and lighted up by the moon in its splendour. The travellers paced along at the foot of its walls; the only noise which broke the still air was that of the reverberating hoofs of their horses, heard in echoes throughout the long deserted courts. . . . At length, very distant and indistinct sounds, as if from the beating of a small drum, accompanied by strange screams of voices of men, either in pain or in frenzy, or in outrageous merriment, stole upon the ear, and broke the silent spell which seemed to have arrested every tongue.

'They had not proceeded far before they caught glimpses here and there of men's heads darkly peeping from behind the ruins; and occasionally groups of horses, with indications of troops on a march, were seen. These objects increased as they advanced, and it was evident that some predatory excursion was on foot. Men in the picturesque Kurdish costume, some on the watch, armed from head to foot, wielding the characteristic lance of that people—others asleep in recumbent attitudes—others, again, seated round fires, were now plainly seen, and bespoke the vicinity of their chief. A more striking moonlight scene could not well be imagined: overhanging turrets, broken battlements, lengthened walls, arose on all sides. Parts of the fragments, overgrown with wild vegetation, were lighted up by the pale gleaming of the moon, whilst the deepest shade concealed the remainder, and presented a series of outlines which became mysterious from being undefined.

'At length they reached the front of a large building, evidently the remains of a Christian church. Built in the form of a cross, one of its sides, in the centre of which was the principal entrance, was terminated by a lofty pediment, and opened upon the square in which the building was situated. A triangular steeple rose from the summit of the roof, and presented to the eye a form of architecture so like a European place of worship, that Osmond could scarcely believe that he was far away from the blessings of his own Christian country, and in the midst of ruthless barbarians. The whole square was full of armed men, evidently ready, at a moment's notice, to obey the call of their chief, who was now close at hand. Presently Hassan, with a look of agitation, casting his eyes behind him, and looking at Osmond, said, "In the name of Allah! let us dismount: the chief is here."'

* * * * *

'The great gate of the church, being unenclosed by doors, presented

sented to the sight of Osmond, as he approached it, an immense glare of torchlight, which fell upon the ruined and dilapidated ornaments of its interior, as well as upon a large crowd of variously-dressed people. The scene was as strange as it was impressive. In front was the ancient altar, backed by a recess of highly-wrought fretwork in stone, in the centre of which stood conspicuous the sacred emblem of the cross; the high ceiling, supported by heavy pillars with grotesque capitals, received the rays of the brilliant light, and disclosed many details of sculpture which would be interesting to the scientific traveller; whilst the walls, broken into heavy compartments, engraved with Armenian inscriptions, and diversified by carved window-frames of stone, showed, by the cracks and fissures which intersected them, that the hand of time was not to be cheated of its slow but certain labour.

'Osmond's eye could not rest upon objects which at another time would have absorbed his attention—but fell upon a figure recumbent in a half-indolent, half-animated attitude, on carpets spread on the ground, and against cushions which rested upon the very steps of the altar. To describe the countenance of this person, or give an idea of the sensation which his appearance produced in Osmond, would be difficult. His countenance seemed, as it were, the rallying point of every evil passion: he looked the very personification of wickedness. He was rather inclined to be fat and bloated; but his cheeks were pale and livid, his forehead of a marble whiteness, whilst the lower part of the face was dark and blue. The nose was strongly arched, the mouth drawn down and full, with two strong lines on either side, and the cheek-bones broad. But it was the eyes which gave the look of the demon to the whole. Their brilliancy was almost superhuman: it might be said, "they flashed intolerable day;" they shone through the shade of an overhanging brow, like torches within a cavern. There was an obliquity in their look which produced deformity, and gave a cast of villany to their expression—had they been well matched, they would have been accounted beautiful;—and, withal, the settled tone of the features was a fixed smile. He was remarkable for a scowl on the brow, and a smile on the lip—a smile denoting contempt of everything good, which did not vanish even at the sight of inflicted tortures and agonizing death. Such was the man before whom Osmond stood—and this was Cara Bey. In his person he was tall and muscular, and the breadth of his shoulders, and the deepness of his chest, spoke for his strength.

'Every object by which he was surrounded, showed him to be a voluptuary. He was waited upon by richly-dressed attendants; dancers, fantastically decked in brocades, velvets, and silks, with flowing ribbons, and a profusion of pendent hair, were doing their utmost, by studied contortions and measured attitudes, to draw forth his approbation; whilst all the ingredients for excess in wine and gluttony were placed before him.

'Osmond was allowed to stand unnoticed for some time, before Cara

Cara Bey took heed of him, or seemed to be aware of his presence. At length, Hassan having ventured to announce his arrival, whilst he made his obeisance, the monster cast his eyes upwards, and eyeing Osmond and his attendants in silence, scrutinizing them from head to foot, and looking too suspicious not to throw doubt upon the sincerity of his greeting, he said doggedly, "*Khosh geldin*—you are welcome!"'—*Ayesha*, vol. ii. pp. 80—86.

The whole character of this Cara Bey is drawn out with no ordinary skill and vigour; it is not, however, equal to the eunuch-king in *Zohrab—that*, we suspect, will always be considered as Mr. Morier's *chef-d'œuvre*.

ART. XI.—*History of the Revolution in England in* 1688. By the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh. 4to. pp. 784. London. 1834.

WE commenced the examination of this volume with the intention of considering merely its *literary* merit, and of giving some account of the life and writings of the amiable and accomplished author; but as we proceeded in the perusal, we have found the facts and sentiments so strangely exemplary of, and appropriate to, the prominent circumstances of the Revolution in which *we* are now struggling, that we feel ourselves irresistibly led to consider the work rather in the light of an important, and perhaps salutary, *political* lesson; and to postpone, for a season, our design of examining the merits of Sir James Mackintosh, as a mere historian and speculative moralist.*

There can be nothing, in the great features of the Revolution of 1688, new to us or any well-informed reader. We have already indicated, in former Numbers, the analogy between the unconstitutional proceedings of the government of James II. and those of the existing ministry; but in the present crisis, in the prospect of a national peril which absorbs all other considerations and seems to require every honest attempt to suspend and mitigate, even if it be impossible wholly to avert it, we feel it to be our conscientious duty to take every fair opportunity of awakening the public mind to an adequate sense of our danger. There is no other solid use in history—and statesmen have

* We are the more willing to adopt this course, because an authentic account of Sir James's personal career is expected shortly from a member of his own family, and the biographical sketch prefixed to the volume now before us has been drawn up by one who evidently possessed no access to any private documents, and who has, on various occasions, adopted a tone of disparagement and censure, such as ought not to have been hazarded without the exhibition of solid proofs.

This editor, by the way, is himself the author of a large part of the *History* now published. Sir James left his MS. unfinished; and the continuator, though a clever man, appears to have been oddly selected for *this* task—as he is not of Sir James's school.

counselled, and patriots have bled, and historians have written, in vain—if their posterity is not to take example by their acts and lessons from their counsels. But there is something in the peculiar circumstances of this work which appears to us to render it *peculiarly* authoritative at this crisis. Sir James Mackintosh began life as the advocate of the French revolution; his last act was to take a share in the present administration; and his last *vote** was in favour of the Reform Bill. He was a Whig and a minister—and his evidence, when it is reluctantly, or, we should rather say, *unintentionally*, given against his party, will probably have more weight than the testimony of an ordinary historian, and infinitely more than anything which we might urge on our own judgment or authority.

It is not on the general principles of the Revolution of 1688 that Sir James Mackintosh can instruct the present generation: the opinions of moderate Whigs and enlightened Tories were always the same on that subject. The intolerable illegality of the measures of James—the painful duty of resistance—the ultimate expediency, not to say necessity, of calling a new sovereign to the throne—and the wisdom of deviating in that call as little as possible from the old line of succession—are, we suppose, universally admitted. In all that Sir James says of the imperative causes and of the salutary consequences of that Revolution, it were idle to say that we agree—because every writer and every thinker is of the same opinion; and if we were now criticising the work itself, we should perhaps observe, that he has taken superfluous pains in proving that which nobody (except the Jacobites) ever denied, and which—since the extinction of that political sect—has never been questioned:—to use his own simple but expressive admonition to Auguste de Staël, who was elaborately proving some uncontroverted axiom,—'*We take all that for granted.*'

The lesson which the history of that Revolution can give to the present race of men is of a different, and of a more important, because more applicable and practical kind. The conduct of James and his cabinet shows, in the strongest light, how easily despotism can put on the abused mask of liberty, and bigotry and persecution make their approaches under the fraudulent pretences of toleration and charity! We there see that many,—almost all—of the patriotic professions, the liberal innovations, the popular reforms of the present day,—are copies or close imitations of the insidious practices of that rash, weak, hypocritical, and profligate administration. And when Sir James Mack-

* His last *speech* we cannot say—for that speech, like all his later writings, exhibited strong symptoms of doubt as to the soundness and salutary practical effects of the measures of his political friends.

intosh—

intosh—with all his enthusiasm for civil and religious liberty—feels it is his duty to expose the arts, by which those sacred words were prostituted to cover designs against both religion and freedom, we hope that *his* authority may tend to dispel a similar delusion, and to awaken the conscientious adherents—if there be any such—of Earl Grey's cabinet to a sense of similar dangers.

We readily acquit his Majesty's ministers of such ultimate designs as the cabinet of James arrived at; and it is hardly necessary to say, that between our own gracious and well-intentioned sovereign, and the perversity of conscience, and the obliquity of judgment of the unhappy James, there is no resemblance whatsoever. But although, in this point, *comparison* fails, *analogy* is strong. James's ministers obeyed *their* master, *the King*—our ministers obey *their* master, *the faction* whom they have made 'viceroys over the king.' The *form* is a little different—the substance is the same: the king's name being, in both cases, abused, and his power distorted from its just and legitimate course. But besides the analogy between the position of the Cabinets of 1688 and 1831, there are between our ministers and those of James many points of individual resemblance, and between the measures of both there is a striking and fearful similitude. In endeavouring to exemplify that similitude, we shall select from Sir James Mackintosh several passages which appear to us surprisingly descriptive of what has been going on in England for the last two or three years; placing them in the order most analogous to our present circumstances. We shall afterwards proceed to show, in more detail, how the principles of James's ministers are brought into practical operation by ours.

We begin by admitting, that neither the apostate Prime Minister—Sunderland, nor the crazy and intemperate Chancellor—Jeffreys, were originally desirous of going to the extreme lengths towards which they were first led by ambition and party spite, and then driven by a helpless necessity. They probably set out with no object but power and place; but, in their over-anxiety to preserve these, they set in motion a machine of mischief which they found they could not guide, and from which it became impossible to escape.

'The difficulties in which they had involved themselves were multiplied,' says Sir James, 'by the subtle and crooked policy of Sunderland, who, though willing to purchase his continuance in office by unbounded compliance, was yet extremely solicitous to adapt his various projects and reasonings to the circumstances of the moment. Placed between two precipices, and winding his course between them, he could find safety only by sometimes approaching one, and sometimes going nearer to the other.'—p. 225.

In this attempt to keep his place by desultory stops and desultory

advances—by courting occasionally the conservative party of the day against his own adherents, and then—by way of compensation—making a more furious plunge into the other extreme; and finally leaving every question more desperate than when he attempted to remedy it, Sunderland was the *primum mobile* of the mischief. By his external advantages of birth and fortune, joined to a polish and pliancy of manner which induced the king to forgive and forget the zeal and intemperance of his former opposition, he was perhaps the only man in England who could have kept together the discordant materials of which his ministry was composed—the only one who had the 'mingled indolence and impetuosity' which could breed such desperate resolves, and the baleful influence which could secure their execution. But alone he would not have sufficed to such extensive mischief. There were still laws in England, and it was necessary to pervert *them* and poison the fountains of justice, before the frame of the constitution could be radically disorganized. He found, for this purpose, a fit associate and agent in Lord Chancellor Jeffreys.

'A person,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'whose elevation to unusual honour and trust is characteristic of the government that he served.

'His powers of mind were extraordinary; his elocution, flowing and spirited; and, after his high preferment, in the *few* instances where he preserved temper and decency, the native vigour of his intellect shone forth, and threw a transient dignity over the coarseness of his deportment.'—p. 11.

'The union of a powerful understanding with boisterous violence and the basest subserviency singularly fitted him for the tool of a tyrant. He had that reputation for boldness which many men possess, as long as they are personally safe, by violence in their counsels and in their language.'—p. 12.

'His scurrilous invectives, and the tones and gestures of menace with which he was accustomed to overawe juries, roused the indignation, instead of commanding the acquiescence, of the Lords. As this deportment cuts off all honourable retreat, the contemporary accounts are very probable, which represent him as sinking at once from *insolence* to *meanness*.'—p. 45.

Sir James Mackintosh, though he notices cursorily a case of the Lord Chancellor's '*flaming drunkenness*' on a solemn occasion, thought it, we suppose, beneath the dignity of history to preserve the details of what he describes as '*insolence and meanness*.' We are sorry for it; we should have liked to compare them with some modern proceedings; which are, we think, curious—nay, important—enough, to deserve to be rescued from the ephemeral fate of a newspaper report.

We should be curious to know whether Jeffreys ever, in his place in parliament—where it was his special duty to preserve and give

give the example of decency and order—characterized an opinion of one of the *bishops* as

'*a cloak for hypocrisy—a trap for tender consciences—and only suited to the uses of* HYPOCRITES *and* JESUITS!'—

whether he ever ventured—when a noble Peer had denied that he had committed some technical irregularity imputed to him by the Chancellor—to reply,

'*That it did not follow, as a matter of course, that because a person denied having done a thing, he did not, in point of* FACT, *do it. The noble Duke might have thought he was not doing so, but that did not alter the* FACT. *He had heard persons deny, a thousand times,* FACTS, *of which they were afterwards convicted!*'

('Homo disertus non intelligit eum quem contradicit laudari a se!'*)—But when censured for this 'unparalleled indecorum,' we suspect Jeffreys had too proud a spirit to have defended himself by saying,

'*That he had* NOT *contradicted the noble Duke* as to matter of FACT, but only as to matter of *opinion.*'

We should like to know whether, a bill having been, on debate and division, admitted by the House of Lords to a second reading, Jeffreys ever entered a protest in such terms as the following:—

'Dissentient, because it appears to me extremely *discreditable* to any legislative assembly to entertain a measure, &c.

'Because it *avowedly seeks to check drunkenness;* as if that were the only vice now calling for prevention,' &c.

'Because it appears to me, that countenancing a measure so framed and liable to such objections, *is calculated to lower the authority of this House,* exposing it to be *charged* with motives *neither creditable to its wisdom and impartiality,* &c.'—*Times, May* 19, 1834.

We doubt whether it ever could have happened to Jeffreys, to tell individual Peers that there was *no business to be* done on a certain night, and when they, on this assurance, had withdrawn, to introduce two bills of great importance, which there was every reason to believe those very Peers would have stayed to oppose. We do, however, think it not unlikely, that if Jeffreys had done so and had been subsequently reproached for it by one of the Peers so deceived, he might have answered—not by apology for his error, or regret at the misapprehension, whichever it was—but by—

'*assuring the noble Lord, and he begged that he might weigh and deliberate upon it as much as he pleased—that he* (the Lord Chancellor) *would not go out of his way an inch—no, not a hair's breadth—to save any measure of his from the observations, or any speech of his from being answered, by either the noble Earl, or the* ILLUSTRIOUS *Duke, or the noble*

* Cic. Phil. ii.

Duke.

Duke. There might be some other Lords *whose presence he could dispense with on certain occasions, but* THEIR *absence or presence was alike indifferent to him!!!*'

We leave such exhibitions of good manners, good temper, good logic, and good faith, to the indignant pen of future Mackintoshes.

The other members of King James's cabinet either retired so early, or were so little influential in the choice or conduct of measures, that the historian has done little more than tell their names and sketch their characters. They appear in the first act, but had little or no share in the subsequent business of the piece. One of high birth and prospects, of no ordinary talents, and known to be well affected to the church and its connexion with the state—impaired his usefulness by having too long, and too often complied and co-operated with men of directly opposite principles. Another was discredited by his inconsistency—by having been a zealous member of former and adverse administrations, and by having changed, within a short period, every principle of his life, except the love of office. Another filled a considerable place with credit, but had little ostensible share in the public councils, and was rather a diligent officer who confined himself to his own department, than a minister taking an active part in the general direction of the state. Such men became mischievous, not by their own intentions, but by giving countenance to their more prominent and bolder colleagues, and by misleading the public to believe, that as long as persons of moderation and constitutional principles remained in the cabinet, no serious injury could be intended to the institutions of the country. Both they and the public discovered the mistake—but too late. They had participated, like many other well-meaning men, says Sir James Mackintosh, in the invasion of our *civil* institutions; but when the design of overthrowing the *church* was openly avowed, they resisted and retired. Their secession did at the moment no good—on the contrary, it left the Prime Minister, the Chancellor, and their satellites, more at liberty to pursue their iniquitous designs, and they were not sorry to throw off a cloak which, from having been a shelter, had now become an embarrassment. The abler persons among the retiring ministers, however, retrieved in a great measure their character, and were thereby enabled, at a subsequent period, to contribute mainly to the restoration of the ancient constitution.

The foreign policy of James's Cabinet stood on a base double in appearance—single in reality. An intimate, or rather subservient, alliance with *France*—and an implacable and almost personal enmity to *Holland* and its sovereign; in every point of view a most disgraceful and disastrous combination: for, as Sir James Mackintosh truly urges, Holland is the natural ally of England,

land, not only by their common danger from France, 'but by no obscure resemblance of national character, by the strong sympathies of religion and liberty, by the remembrance of the glory of England founded on her aid to Holland,' (p. 308,) and by many other circumstances which conciliated the mutual esteem of the two nations. But all these considerations of ancient friendship—the obligations of treaties—national interest, and European policy, were alike disregarded; the countenance of France was necessary to the success of the meditated overthrow of our own institutions, and our *natural ally* was sacrificed to our *natural enemy*. That *overthrow of our domestic institutions* was the first and the greatest concern—foreign affairs were thought of only as subsidiary to that more vital object.

In a time of profound peace, of internal prosperity, with a people cognizant of their rights, and substantially attached to their constitution, it was clear that the mere violence of arbitrary assumption could not have been safely tried. With consummate skill, therefore, it was determined to proceed, not by assault, but by siege—sap, and mine—regular advances, parallels, and covered ways; in short, as Sir James Mackintosh observes, 'to use the *forms of law*, to overturn all law.'

The first great obstacle was in the two Houses of Parliament, which in their old composition had been proved to be effective, and (with all their errors) incorruptible guardians of the liberties of England; from them, and particularly from the House of Commons in its unmutilated state, the innovating cabinet had everything to dread. Both houses were in an especial manner attached to the Church, and in an angry *dissolution* of a House of Commons which the ministry could not seduce or intimidate, Sir James Mackintosh detects the determination formed (though not yet avowed) to overthrow the Church—

'The dissolution of parliament announced a final breach between the Crown and the Church.'—p. 182.

But to dissolve one refractory House of Commons was not enough—they must secure the future composition of that body in their own principles. For this purpose, and in order to influence all future elections,

'*Commissioners* were appointed to be the regulators of *Corporations*, with full power to remove and appoint freemen and corporate officers at their discretion. Duncombe (and another) *regulated* the corporation of London'—(*not Hertford*)—'from which they removed 1500 *freemen*.'—p. 187.

Indeed, the *Freemen* of all the towns, from their numbers, independence, and their general attachment to the Established Church, were peculiarly obnoxious to the ministers, whose measures

measures were especially directed to deprive *them* of the elective franchise. These Commissioners

'were sent into every part of the country, to make the *necessary* changes in the Corporations.'—p. 187.

And as they could have no *legal* authority, a device was resorted to, to give them a *colourable* one—

'they were furnished with letters from the Secretary of State.'—p. 187.

By this pretended purification but real persecution and spoliation of the Corporations, which had always been the *humble*, but not on that account less faithful and efficient, depositaries of the liberties of England and the rights of the Protestant Church; and by

'granting to *other* towns' (especially selected) 'the privilege of sending Members to Parliament, it is evident that the King possessed the fullest means of *subverting the constitution* BY LAW.'—p. 200.

This alike ingenious and flagitious device—of destroying the *law by the law*—was tried in a variety of shapes,—and attracts, as it deserved to do, Sir James Mackintosh's particular notice and indignation:—

'The servile ingenuity of ASPIRING LAWYERS was therefore set at work, to devise some new expedient for more easily *destroying the constitution according to the forms of law*.'—p. 78.

But although the Corporations, partly by intimidation and partly by their deference for the *King's name*, were induced to submit to the inquisitorial processes directed against them—although *near two hundred* cities, towns, and boroughs were *deprived of their ancient charters*—and although the elective franchise was thus virtually—but still under the *colour of law*—transferred to the ministerial faction in the different districts,—still ministers found themselves unable to accomplish their design. They therefore had recourse to another expedient—they affected a great kindness for the *Dissenters*, and by declamations and 'declarations in favour of *religious toleration*,' endeavoured, and for a time with success, to draw into their views the various description of Prostestant sectaries; and we read that a leading quaker and several dissenting divines became the tools of the ministerial projects; but

'neither the command obtained by the Crown over the Corporations, nor the division among Protestants excited by the promised toleration, had sufficiently weakened the opposition to the measures of the court.'—p. 182.

One formidable obstacle still remained: the *House of Lords*, in which English liberty had had its birth, still watched over its existence,

istence, and was determined to resist both the *violence* and the *arts* by which it was threatened. *It* was neither to be *seduced* by the elegant fallacies and plausible duplicity of the First Minister, nor *intimidated* by the brutal violence of the Chancellor, of whose extravagancies we have already given Sir James Mackintosh's not overcharged account.

Sunderland,

'not content with the ordinary means of seduction, and with the natural progress of desertion, meditated a plan for subduing the obstinacy of the Upper House by the creation of the requisite number of new peers, devoted to his Majesty's measures. He proposed to *call up* by writ the elder sons of friendly lords, which would increase the present strength without the incumbrance of new peerages, whose future holders might be independent. Some of the *Irish*, and probably of the *Scotch* nobility, whose rank made their elevation to the English peerage specious, also attracted his attention.'*—p. 200.

But he soon discovered that ultimately, he should not be able

'to subdue the resistance of the peers by new creations,'—p. 182—

partly, no doubt, for the reasons assigned by Sir James, that—when created—these peers, or their successors, might become independent, but more probably from the knowledge, that for every peer added to his party by such a flagrant violation of their independence as *an order*, two would be diminished from the number of his adherents. He therefore was driven to another expedient—

'*Flectere* si nequeo *superos*, *Acheronta* movebo,'—

and he set every engine at work to unite all the Dissenters of all classes in the support of his administration. James's Cabinet had all along professed a great regard for, and reliance upon, the Irish Roman Catholics. It was, as Mackintosh very truly observes—

'hoped that the *revolution in Ireland* would supply the means of securing the obedience of his English subjects by intimidation or force.' —p. 130.

To secure Ireland in favour of the ministerial measures was, therefore, the first object. The means were a series of audacious attacks on the Protestants of that part of the empire.

'In Ireland, the king's professions of equality and impartiality in the distribution of office between the two adverse communions were speedily and totally disregarded. Catholics were promoted in numbers so disproportionate to the relative property, estimation, and abilities for business, that they must have been regarded by the Protestants

* While Lord Grey was endeavouring 'to subdue the House of Lords by creations,' it is curious to observe how exactly he followed Sunderland's plan. *Called up*—Uxbridge, Grey of Groby, Tavistock, Stanley, &c. *Scotch*—Errol, Kinnaird, Dunmore, Belhaven, Falkland, &c. *Irish*—Fingal, Leitrim, Headfort, Meath, Sefton, Ludlow, &c.,—all within a few months.

with

with the utmost apprehensions as indications of sinister designs.'—p. 124.

A *repeal* of the Act of Settlement—the main bond of the English connexion—was the favourite object of the Irish leaders, but

'the *repeal* was not adopted. Motives of policy, and some apprehensions of too sudden a shock to the feelings of the Protestants in Great Britain, retarded the final adoption of this measure.'—p. 126.

But although the ministers were afraid to indulge their Irish allies by consenting to the *repeal*, they endeavoured to propitiate them by all minor concessions.

'The royal confidence and direction of public affairs were transferred from the Protestant Tories, in spite of their services and sufferings, into the hands of a faction, who, as their title to power was zeal for the advancement of popery, must be called *papists*, though some of them professed the Protestant religion.'—p. 130.

It is not surprising, that in such a state of affairs, 'the Irish Protestants should feel all the evils of insecurity and alarm.' Indeed, Sir James adds, they were justified, not only by the general course of the ministerial policy, but by particular circumstances of aggravation—

'by the *character*, *temper*, and *manner* of *the lord deputy*—by the triumphant, and sometimes threatening, conduct of their Catholic neighbours—by the recollection of bloody civil wars—and by the painful consciousness which haunts the possession of confiscated property.'—p. 125.

The consequence was, that

'the Protestants, who were the wealthiest traders, as well as the most ingenious artisans, began to emigrate'—p. 125—

and thereby not only impaired the English connexion, but the sources of civilization and prosperity in Ireland itself.

All these intrigues, however, with the Irish, had a tendency to make the ministerial projects more difficult in England; and it became necessary to make some bolder attempts to conciliate and seduce the *Protestant* Dissenters. Indeed, it was apparent, says Sir James, that

'the measures of the king's domestic policy consisted rather in encroachments on the Church, than in measures of relief to the Catholics.'—p. 133.

For this purpose, the ministers professed a great liberality of sentiment on all religious points, and endeavoured—by a declaration of indulgence to all sectarians—

'to divide the Protestants, and to obtain the support of all the nonconformists. It was not unreasonably hoped, that the dissenting sects were irresistibly inflamed against the *Establishment*, and that they

they were at length brought to prefer their own personal and religious liberty to vague and speculative opposition to *the necessary and only bond of union* between the discordant communities who were called Protestants.'

But, lest the theory should not be sufficiently seductive, many practical advantages were held out to the Dissenters, and, amongst others,

'all restrictions on toleration were removed by the permission granted to all persons to serve God, after their own manner, in private houses, chapels, or houses built or hired for the purpose.'—p. 151.

Such were the hypocritical and impious pretexts by which men, without any religious principle and actuated in truth only by party and adherence to office, endeavoured (and but too successfully) to cajole the Dissenters into the league against the Established Church. All, however, that had been hitherto done constituted a series of cautious and timid approaches to the great object, which satisfied neither the Papists nor Dissenters; the time was *now* come when shuffling and intrigues would be no longer tolerated by the innovating party, and the government was obliged to pull off its mask, and avow its determination to overthrow the Church—or, which is the same thing, the legal and constitutional connexion between Church and State. Mark, how they set about it.

'Measures of a bolder nature were now resorted to on a more conspicuous stage. The two great *Universities* of Oxford and Cambridge—the most opulent and splendid literary institutions of Europe—were from their foundation under the government of the clergy.

'Their constitution was not much altered at the Reformation; the same reverence which spared their monastic regulations happily preserved their rich endowments; and though many of their members suffered at the close of the civil war for their adherence to the vanquished party, the corporate property was undisturbed; and their studies flourished both under the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. Their fame as seats of learning, their station as the ecclesiastical capitals of the kingdom, and their ascendant over the susceptible minds of all the youths of family and fortune, now rendered them the *chief scene of the decisive contest between James and the Established Church.*'—p. 135.

This was considered a master-stroke towards obtaining the complete co-operation of the Dissenters.

'It was natural enough to suppose that they would show no warm interest in the Universities from which they were excluded, and that they would thankfully accept the blessings of safety and repose, without too curiously examining whether the grant of these advantages was consistent with the principles of the constitution.'—p. 155.

The plausibility of the principle of universal toleration was so great,

great, that some highly respectable individuals were deluded into a support of the ministerial projects; amongst them Sir James Mackintosh regrets to find the name of Mr. Locke, and, though he cannot excuse the error, he endeavours to explain and attenuate it—

'Compassion, friendship, liberality, and toleration led him to support a system of which the success would have undone his country, and afforded a remarkable proof that, in the complicated combinations of political morality, a virtue misplaced may produce as much immediate mischief as a vice.'—p. 171.

With great earnestness we request the attention of Mr. Professor Sedgwick to this passage, and we beg of him to consider that the object of this severe but just censure was Mr. Locke, and the writer Sir James Mackintosh!

Against the combined efforts of the king and the ministry, enforced by *illegal Commissions* and *packed Committees of the Privy Council*, and supported by hosts of Papists and Protestant Dissenters, the mild but firm opposition of a few collegiate recluses was triumphant: and it should never be forgotten that the *liberties of England* were, on this occasion, fought for and rescued in the halls and chapels of Oxford and of Cambridge. Exasperated at this unexpected defeat, from bodies whose general temper had promised no resistance, and who had no power but the moral influences of reason and conscience, the Court now flew at higher game. The Bishops of England had been long reviled for their supposed subservience to the Crown; and the ministers hoped—and many even of those who respected their persons and their office, feared—that their reluctance to meddle in politics, and, above all, to do anything that could savour either of faction or intolerance, might induce them, *for peace sake*, to submit to measures introduced under the plausible professions of Christian charity and universal toleration. The bishops, however, felt that there were duties higher than even toleration or loyalty—those which they owed to God and to the Church; all the violence of James and his ministers was baffled and defeated by their meek but insurmountable resistance—and the spirit of true constitutional freedom, first awakened in the seminaries of education, was fostered and fanned, by the ministers of religion, into a blaze, pure and bright, that illumined the nation, and served as a beacon of safety to the almost sinking liberties of England.

Here Sir James Mackintosh closes his history, and here we close our extracts from the important, and, if duly considered, invaluable lesson which he has given us. We have more than once expressed our doubts, whether nations, any more than individuals, are made wise by experience, in cases where passion and interest

are

are concerned; but if the example of the reign of James II. be lost upon us—if we are obstinately blind to the extraordinary coincidence between the events of those days and of our own—if we do not see that the UNIVERSITIES and the CHURCH are *now*, as they were *then*,—the sacred arks of our civil and religious covenants—and if we do not tremble for those holy things when we see their shrines marked out for mutilation and plunder—then, indeed, we shall abjure all reliance on the utility of history, and shall agree that Sir James Mackintosh might just as well have republished *an old almanac!*

But while the analogy between those times and ours is thus striking,* it is impossible not to see that *our danger is greater.* The designs of James's ministers tended immediately to the arbitrary authority of the Crown—a result odious in itself, and which, when brought into full view, united against him and them the great body of the nation, including, at last, even those sectaries (the papists excepted) who had been for a time deluded by the insidious and hypocritical measures of the administration. The Corporations, though mutilated, were not destroyed; and James's ministry had failed to obtain a subservient parliament. In our case, that which Sunderland and Jeffreys had attempted in vain—namely, the transfer, *by due form of law*, of the main power of the state into the hands of the Dissenters—has been substantially operated by the Reform Bill, which has given the sectaries of all classes a predominance in the House of Commons, of which every week, every day, brings additional evidence. The People, too, who saw with so much terror the attempts of James to alter the balance of the Constitution in favour of the Crown, now see with pleasure, at least with complacency, an alteration equally unconstitutional, but in their own favour. Mankind are slow to learn the prudent virtue of self-denial; and although they have seen, in all ages and countries, that an unbalanced democracy has never failed to produce an unlimited despotism, they always expect that their own case is to be an exception to the general rule, and they cannot foresee any danger in throwing the whole power of the state into 'the hands of the People, for whose use and benefit all power is conferred.' They rely on their own good sense—they talk of the advanced state of the human intellect—of the lights of the age—and they forget that men, in the nineteenth century, have the same prejudices and passions, follies and vices, as those of the seventeenth—with less, probably, of those moral principles which tend to abate presumption—to

* Mr. Cobbett, who, whatever else may be thought of him, will be admitted to have strong common sense—'*Rusticus abnormis sapiens crassâque Minervâ*'—said in the debate on Mr. Rice's Cambridge petition:—'*The King's Ministers are now doing what James II. was dethroned for attempting to do.*'—*Debate, March* 25, 1834.

restrain

restrain ambition—to limit extravagance—and, in short, to regulate and discipline the public mind to its social duties.

A corollary from this position of affairs is, that the executive and legislative parts of our constitutional machine have changed places—parliament used to be a check on the crown—the crown is now hardly a check on the parliament—the latter is become the real executive. It, directly or by its committees, does *all the business* of the state, or at least *all that is done* of the business of the state. There are no longer any bounds to its attributes and activity. It cannot, indeed, be said to show much either of diligence or talents in *those* matters which used to be considered the first great duties of the House of Commons—but it exhibits a wonderful appetite for *everything else* —and particularly for all those little or extraneous matters, which used to belong—from their nature, to the especial discretion of the crown or to the jurisdiction of the tribunals—or, from their personality and minuteness, to the public offices, or even to police magistrates. These are all evoked—generally by appeal, but sometimes as original causes—before the House of Commons, which is every hour engrossing, more and more, all the details of the executive administration. This, in a constitutional point of view, is sufficiently alarming, as portending—what happened in France, in the Constituent Assembly and the Convention, and caused all the errors and crimes of both—the absorption of the whole power of the state into the hands of one body.

But there is a *small* though not unimportant circumstance which completes the parallel between the French legislative assemblies and our reformed House of Commons, and is, in our opinion, highly dangerous and unconstitutional, both in practice and as a precedent. Before the accession of the present ministers, when the *House* sat, all *committees* were, *ipso facto*, adjourned, and with good reason;—for the attendance of members on the business of the *House* is their *first and paramount duty*, to which attendance in committees is only subordinate and ancillary. But *now* it seems to have become the practice—by what law, or usage, or reason, we cannot guess—for the *House* and its twenty *committees* to go on sitting *at the same time*. At present, we believe, this only occurs during the morning sittings of the House—but it is of the *principle* which we complain. The men of business and authority are naturally named on committees, by every party which wishes for a fair discussion and decision—we have heard that Sir Robert Peel was at one time named on above a dozen simultaneous committees—and we believe it often happens that the majority of attending members are on *some* committee. One or other of two things

things must then happen—either that the business of the committee must be left to inferior or perhaps interested persons, and a risk incurred of injustice, both public and private, or—as is, we believe, generally the case—the sittings of *the House itself* abandoned to the persons the least deserving public confidence and attention. Yet, as these debates in the *House* are reported, these third or fourth rate orators and statesmen obtain an opportunity of sending forth into the country—uncontradicted, unrefuted, and unexplained—the most crude fancies and the most mischievous doctrines.

The practical absurdity and unconstitutionality of this course was, on a late occasion, accidentally exhibited—the Chancellor of the Exchequer wished to bring on the Poor Laws Amendment Bill on some particular night—members who had various notices and measures on the order-book refused to give way—'then,' says the Noble Lord, 'I must go on with the Poor Laws Bills at the morning sittings'—but Mr. Goulburn stopped that scheme by asking, 'Do you mean to discuss the Poor Laws in the absence of the most intelligent members of the House who are sitting on the committees; or, do you mean to abandon the committees to that class of members, if such there be, who take no interest in the Poor Laws?' Mr. Goulburn's observation was successful on this particular occasion—but the same objection might be made *every day*, when matters as important as even the Poor Laws are brought into constant discussion. Very important debates on the Corn Laws—the Tea Trade—the question of Tithes—and that subject which is more particularly the object of our present solicitude—the attack upon the Church and the Universities—were carried on in these morning sittings. On notice from Mr. Spring Rice that he meant to present a petition on this latter subject from some members of the University of Cambridge—Mr. Goulburn, Sir H. Inglis, Sir Robert Peel, and no doubt all other leading members, made it their business to attend the debate, which lasted for three mornings, and which was, in all its bearings, one of the most, if not the very most, important of the whole session—but what, in the meantime, became of the innumerable public and private interests which were afloat in the committees upstairs? On the other hand, twenty debates on the same subject have arisen *without notice*, and the friends of the Church have had, on these numerous occasions, no opportunity of rebutting and refuting accumulated misstatements and reiterated calumnies. The practical mischief and injustice of all this is obvious; but the ultimate effects of the principle and precedent are much more alarming, and if followed up—as they seem but too likely to be—

will

will end in producing *Executive Committees* exactly like those of the Long Parliament and of the French Convention.

But it is not in administrative matters alone that the popular branch has, since the Reform Bill, trenched on the Executive. We hesitate not to say, that even the last and most peculiar prerogative of the crown—the choice of its ministers—has been actually transferred, not merely to the House of Commons, but even to the individual constituencies. Most of the recent alterations which the king found it expedient to make in the choice of his political servants have been negatived by local constituencies; and the rejection of his Majesty's secretary at war and attorney-general, two lords of the Treasury, and one lord of the Admiralty, sufficiently testify the republican transfer which has already been made of the power of government. If this is to go on, there will be a total subversion of the Constitution—an annihilation of the monarchical power—a destruction of the very machine of government—operated by no violence—by no usurpation—but according to the due course and form of that *law* which we have been so blind—so insane—as to substitute for our ancient representative system. Individual instances have occurred, and no doubt will again arise, in which local circumstances, aided and influenced by all the arts of intrigue and corruption, may enable the ministry to procure the re-election of some office-holder more lucky than the rest. Such instances will prove nothing against the general system. We wonder that they have not more frequently occurred; but we shall wonder still more, if every session that passes, and, above all, every dissolution of Parliament, does not render the general evil more obvious and more irremediable. If Lord Grey and his colleagues—the creators of the new constituencies—in the height of a power and popularity for which they have made such sacrifices—are liable to such affronts—to such failures—what is to be expected for future governments, who shall have not such services to plead, or such means of influence to employ? In fact, the ministers have become not the servants of the Crown, but directly of the People, and of local classes of the people!—We have already seen more than one public officer *evading* his duty to his colleagues and his sovereign for fear of offending a particular constituency on some favourite point; by and bye we shall see the duty not *evaded*, but boldly *disregarded*, and the security of the *seat* prudently preferred to the interests of the Crown. Already—as in obedience to *their* sovereign, James's cabinet were driven to those measures for which they are historically infamous, so our ministers, in obedience to *their* new masters, the ten-pound householders, are forced into measures which we know that they never contemplated, and which

which we have every reason to believe that they disapprove and regret.

Of this we have a flagrant example in the attack on the UNIVERSITIES and the CHURCH; upon which, as the most important of all the important questions now afloat, (and what is there that is not at sea?) we think it proper to make, in sorrow and alarm, a few observations. It offers a practical commentary on Sir James Mackintosh's views, and exhibits at once the weakness of the government and the dangers of the state.

We are not going to demonstrate the *necessity*, or even to argue the *expediency* of the union, in a Christian country, between the Church and the State—we should be ready to discuss that question both on the higher and the lower ground, but that would lead us from our present object;—which is—not so much to examine the demerits of the measures of the administration—as to show the *animus* in which those measures are conceived, and the influences by which they are dictated. Suffice it to say, that an Established Church is an integral part of the British constitution: as much so as trial by jury—as the throne, or the peerage, or the House of Commons itself: in fact, it is more ancient than any of them; and the development of our liberties, the growth of our external renown and our internal prosperity, have been—we will not so far beg the question as to say *produced by*, but at least we may say—implicated and vitally connected with our religious Establishment. Theorists may have imagined a monarchical and christian state without a national religion, but, until our day, no practical statesman or writer, that we know of, had supported such a proposition: at all events, nothing is more certain, than the fact that we have just stated—*the Established Church is part and parcel of the British Constitution*. It were waste of time to attempt to prove that fundamental axiom. From the moment, however, that the Reform Bill—*fons malorum*—was broached, the enemies of the Church, sectarians and infidels, began to advance a contrary doctrine—at first incidentally, loosely, and vaguely; but of late, decidedly, boldly, and imperiously.

In the king's speeches to his Parliament, as well as on other less formal but hardly less solemn occasions, his Majesty was represented as professing the sound old doctrine of '*Church and State*,' and as in substance pledging himself to the maintenance of '*the Established Church*.' King James's declarations were hardly more cordial; but, unfortunately, all these royal *professions* have been, in every instance, the prologues to a series of *practical measures* of disorganization and spoliation, which for eighteen months have kept the Churches—both the Irish and English branches of it—in a state of trial, alarm, and *agony*.

There seems reason to hope and believe that the Cabinet—whatever may have been the private sentiments of individual ministers—had at first no intention to injure seriously, much less to overthrow, the Established Church; their object was probably only to keep their places by propitiating the Dissenters; and they, or at least some of them, conscientiously believed, that by making certain sacrifices to public clamour, they were placing the Church on stronger ground, and would be better enabled to resist, even if they did not avert, future and more formidable attacks. It seems surprising that men of common sagacity did not at once perceive the fallacy of this temporary and deceptive system, which must at length dissatisfy all parties. Churchmen were almost unanimous in denying that the alleged abuses existed; and entirely so in asserting that, if they did, the proposed measures were not the fittest remedy: while the Dissenters, accepting the *principle of interference* as a confession of error and weakness on the part of the Church, laughed at the idea that any internal amelioration of *her* constitution, either in temporalities or doctrine, could interest *them*—*their* object not being the purification and increased stability of the Church; but, on the contrary, its degradation and destruction! The ministerial measures had, therefore, this radical error at bottom,—that—while they professed to be intended for the benefit of those who deprecated and rejected them with the utmost earnestness and dislike—they were secretly designed to flatter others who had no concern in the matter, and could only be pleased by them in the expectation that such exterior repairs were preliminary to the destruction of the whole edifice. When the latter began to suspect not only that the repairs were intended to stay the destruction, but that they were to be called upon to pay for them, they were driven to throw off the mask, to complain openly of deception and treachery, and to avow that nothing could be less satisfactory to them than the *amendment* of a system which their real designs doomed to *annihilation*. Nothing, therefore, was ever more absurd in policy or unjust in practice, than to force upon the Church what the ministers chose to call remedies, but which her friends lamented as dangerous innovations, and her enemies denounced as fraudulent tricks.

The ministers were surprised and alarmed at a result which every impartial looker-on had foreseen. Of the opposition of the Church, they, backed by the Dissenters in Parliament, would have made light; but for the dissatisfaction of the Dissenters they were not prepared; they had mistaken plausible complaints advanced, by way of feelers, for their real ultimate object—the skirmishers for the main body—and were astonished to find, that when the advanced posts were yielded up, there appeared, instead of peace and reconciliation, a bolder and more inflamed front of hostility,

hostility. The ministry then saw the futility of attempting to captivate the Dissenters by merely *reforming* the Church—and the necessity of giving them some *substantive* and *solid* marks of consideration and encouragement, at the expense of the Protestant Establishment.

Amongst the grievances which the Dissenters alleged, the most plausible, and that, therefore, which they made the stalking-horse of their other designs, was the law which obliged them to be married according to the rites of the Church of England. It was, they alleged, in the highest degree repugnant to their feelings and absurd to their reason, that they should be obliged to conform, in so merely personal a concern, to a rite, of which they neither acknowledged the necessity, nor admitted the doctrine, nor approved the form. Now, in truth, this complaint was not against the Church but against the *law;* and the law was enacted, so as to include dissenters, not at the desire of the Church or churchmen, but for the advantage of Dissenters themselves. Some classes of dissenters (as the Quakers and Jews) are expressly excluded from the operation of the marriage-act, and there could not be—so far as the Church was concerned—any objection to have excepted any other *defined* class of dissenters who should have desired it. The great irregularity and consequent immorality which had attended the loose state of the old law, in this most important and fundamental concern of domestic and social life, occasioned the introduction of the marriage-act, the object of which was to give more certainty and solemnity to so important a contract—to prevent abuses to which the name of marriage had been prostituted—to save the young and giddy from their own folly, and the simple and innocent from the seduction of others; and to afford a common standard and general register, by which the validity of marriages and the legitimacy of children could be ascertained. The motives which induced the legislature to call in the aid of the Church towards the accomplishment of these objects are obvious. The doctrine of the Established Church was, in those narrow-minded days, considered as the general rule, and sectarianism as only the exception; and, as the members of the Establishment considered the matrimonial union as a religious tie which ought to be ratified by the rites of the church, the law adopted that *national feeling* as the *general rule*—some general rule being obviously necessary in a matter so delicate, and where there were such temptations to irregularity and fraud, and where the fraud would operate, not merely against one victim, but against innocent posterity. If the law had applied its rites and its protection to the members of the church alone, and

left the marriages of dissenters unprovided for, it would have aggravated the mischief it intended to remedy; every impetuous boy—every giddy girl—every artful seducer of either sex, would have only had to disclaim, *pro tempore*, communion with the church, in order to effect their folly or their wickedness. The state of the dissenters themselves would have been, if they had been excluded from the protection of the marriage-act, intolerable—they would have been left without any legal means of contracting and of evidencing their marriages; because, with the variety of shades of opinions which different sects might entertain as to the abstract nature of the contract and the form that each of them might have preferred, it would have been impracticable in any legislative act to have provided for *all possible* cases of real or affected scruples—particularly, as we have before stated, in a matter in which the strongest passions of our nature would have sought for impunity and indulgence under the shelter of scruples, however absurd, irrational, or fraudulent.

But some of the Dissenters allege that our marriage rite disturbs their *conscience*. We think we can show that this also is a pretence, and that it is no case of *conscience* at all! Mankind was, and still is, divided on this subject into two great classes:—the one who look on marriage as a religious contract, and with them the religious sanction *is* matter of conscience;—the other class—including most of the Dissenters—who look upon it as a *civil contract*, and with them, of course, there could be no question of *conscience*—we mean *religious* conscience. The church ceremony is as to *them* mere surplusage—a legal form which they may deem in itself idle or absurd, but which affects conscience no more than any other idle form—such, for instance, as *sealing* a deed—which the law might render necessary to the validity of an act. When those, therefore, who look on marriage as a *civil contract*, talk of *conscientious* scruples about undergoing the clerical ceremony, they present an idea and they employ a term which belong not to them, but to those who consider it as a religious obligation—and whose conscience would really have cause to be offended if the religious sanction were to be withheld. In different countries in which marriage is *by law* a civil contract, there are different forms—and some of these appear idle and insufficient even for their own purpose;—but no one who believes marriage to be *only* a civil contract ever objects, on the score of *conscience*, to these legal formularies. A case that frequently happens will explain the distinction we mean to establish. An American, or a Frenchman, marries an English woman. To satisfy the law of the gentleman's country, they are married by the magistrate; but to satisfy her own *conscience*, the lady

lady insists on being also married by the rites of *her* church. *Her* conscience, which requires the religious ceremony, does not prevent her complying with the civil regulations, nor does the *conscience* of the husband forbid his compliance with the wife's scruples;—he may think them idle, unnecessary, what you please; but the more slightly he esteems them, the less he can object to them on the score of troubling *his* conscience. If, indeed, there be any sect believing in God, which scruples to invoke the Divine blessing on any human affair, that sect might make a conscientious objection to the religious ceremony; but with the great class of dissenters, the worst that can be said of it is, that it is supererogation—*common sense* may, according to their ideas, be pleaded against the practice, but surely not *conscience*. We think it right to make these observations on an incidental point of the case, because the very phrase '*conscientious scruples*' commands so much sympathy and respect, that we are anxious to show that it cannot be applied, in its ordinary sense, to the present case; and we wish to exculpate the law of England for having enacted, and the *Dissenters themselves from having, for near a century, practised*, a violation of individual *conscience*.

But there was another, and more practical, reason why the minister of the Established Church was charged with the celebration of all marriages: there had not been devised at that time, and there has not been since, that we know of, any other satisfactory mode of ensuring a due registry. We need not expatiate on the value, the necessity of such a record, and of keeping it in such a way as shall be least liable to accident or alteration; and it was certainly not with the view of forcing Dissenters to partake of a rite of our church, but with that of securing to them a safe and authentic registry of an act so important to their feelings, their honour, and their property, that the Church was loaded with this additional and little-coveted responsibility.

The Church has always felt that *it*, and not the dissenters, had some grounds of complaint in this matter, at having its rites and its ministers made subservient to the convenience and security of those who were not in communion with it; but it acquiesced from a consideration that, as a national establishment, it was bound to perform national duties—that, as it must of necessity register the marriages of the vast majority of the people, and as it was desirable that there should be but one general record, her ministry ought not to be deterred by personal feelings from contributing to effect the great national object. If any party has to complain of a conscientious grievance, it would be the Established Clergy, who, if they were inclined to take a narrow and uncharitable view of their duties, might regret that they should be made the civil evidences of Dissenters'

senters' marriages, and obliged—on the grounds of general policy—to officiate in cases in which their intervention would not have been otherwise required. And we believe we speak the prevalent sentiments of the Church when we say, that, though it submits cheerfully to a duty which the general happiness and morality of the country at large have induced the law to impose on it, *it will be most happy to be relieved from all interference* except with its own members, whenever any other system can be devised which may give anything like the same security to private happiness and public morals. All attempts at discovering such a system have hitherto totally failed: if the legislature can make one, the Church will not be less pleased than the Dissenters at being relieved from all further concern in their marriages.

The same reasoning and conclusions will apply to their baptisms and burials. If we had space, we could exhibit the *mala fides* of the Dissenters in a striking light in the matter of *burials*. We shall probably have an opportunity of recurring to the subject: suffice it only now to say, that a leading Dissenter having made at a public meeting a charge of unchristian cruelty against the Church and its ministers for *not* burying the unbaptized children of Dissenters in the church-yard, it turned out that he had been misreported—that he had made no such complaint—but the very reverse—his statement being that they *did bury* such children, but did not read the *burial service* over them! This misrepresentation was called to that eminent Dissenter's notice by the clergyman, whose name had been implicated in the charge, and who further informed him, that he could not have read the service even over *one of his own children* if it had happened to die unbaptized. The Dissenter *admitted that he had been misreported*, but has never taken any step to correct the mistake, or to do justice to the *calumniated* clergyman! But lo!—even as the case is now correctly stated—how hard it is to please these Dissenters: they equally complain of the Church's reading the *marriage service*—and *not* reading the *burial service*. And that *very burial service*, which we had so recently to defend from the censures of one class of reformers, is become, *for the sake of a grievance*, so precious, that another body of reformers complain that it is denied to them in certain cases—in which cases, however, it is denied to Churchmen themselves!

But all these practical considerations were wholly overlooked by the parties who have been lately at work in the *officina* of grievances; and for want of duly examining the real amount of the evil, and the practical operation of the proposed amendment, they have contrived to propose a remedy which is scouted as worse than the disease. Early in the session Lord John Russel

Russell brought in a bill for Dissenters' marriages, which we believe did really meet and remedy all that could be considered serious and sincere in the complaints of the Dissenters—what ensued? thanks—gratitude? No; vexation and discontent; and the Dissenters, in high indignation, declared they would rather *remain as they were!*—all the common-places about *conscientious scruples* were in a moment forgotten, and these elastic consciences suddenly acquiesced in the so much reprobated system rather than accept a new one, which *only* quieted their conscience, and did *not* accomplish their *real* object—some direct invasion of, or insult to, the Established Church. The bill was really odious because it took away from the Dissenters even the semblance of a conscientious grievance—the masked battery by which they hoped to demolish the church, and they very wisely thought that, *for their ultimate object*, the grievance was better than the indulgence—so they have resolved to stick by the grievance!

Our limits do not allow us to develope all the intrigues which were now afloat; but one is too prominent to be overlooked. About this time Sir John Campbell was made attorney-general. Those who have observed that honourable member's parliamentary conduct will be amused by Sir James Mackintosh's account of King James's attorney-general—

'The (new) attorney-general was a lawyer of no known opinions or connexions in politics, who acted on the unprincipled maxim that he might as lawfully accept office under any government as undertake the defence of any client.'—p. 211.

Sir John Campbell went down to Dudley for re-election—a place where he had no natural connexion and was an utter stranger, till, in the *lottery for seats* which followed the Reform Bill, he was nominated as the government candidate for Dudley. He was defeated by a most respectable gentleman connected with the town and resident in the neighbourhood; but, instead of viewing this event in its true and natural light of the preference given by an independent constituency to one of themselves before a stranger, Sir John, to excuse his defeat to his angry colleagues, laid all the blame—not where it really was, on his own presumption and miscalculation, but—on Lord John Russell's Marriage Bill; he said, and the Dissenters everywhere else—*except in Dudley*—were ready enough to repeat, that, dissatisfied with this *insulting* measure, they had taken the opportunity of reading a lesson of warning and menace to the ministers. The statement was, we are informed, *totally false*; but however that may be, the desired result was obtained—the Dissenters were roused, and the ministers intimidated and, like unfortunate Othello, perplexed in the extreme.

The

The immediate affront and inconvenience of losing their attorney-general from the House of Commons was bad enough, but the prospect of the future hostility of the Dissenters was intolerable—yet what could they do? The Marriage Bill was on the table—a cabinet measure—produced by the godfather of the Reform Bill, himself. They dared not proceed with it—they could not withdraw it; and poor Lord John, like his namesake Don John in the 'Chances,'* found himself with a brat upon his hands which he could neither produce nor conceal—neither acknowledge nor get rid of. He took, however, like Don John, the wisest course in such a dilemma—he put the child to sleep, and determined to *take advantage of the first broil he could find or make, to divert attention from his ridiculous mishap.* This will account for his *gratuitous* and indiscreet announcement of differences in the Cabinet, which has created a confusion in which he hopes his marriage bill may be forgotten.

Now commences a new scene, and enter three new characters to carry on the farce. Everybody has heard of the London University, *a joint stock speculation in education*, of which the Dissenters and their leading political friends (amongst the rest Don John) were principal shareholders. Before the production of the unlucky marriage bill, this body had, it seems, petitioned the Crown for a charter. That petition had gone to sleep, but it now occurred to somebody that, if revived, it might divert the attention of the Dissenters from the marriage bill, and afford an opportunity of conciliating that body. Accordingly, on the *very first* sitting day (March 3) after the result of the Dudley election was known, Lord Durham took an opportunity of regretting the insufficient measure of relief which had disappointed the Dissenters, and obtained from Lord Grey an assurance that more general and wider concessions were under consideration. Again, on the *next* evening the same noble Peer asked the Chancellor what was meant to be done about the petition of the London University for a charter; and seemed rather to reproach the learned Lord with some lukewarmness in the matter. The Lord Chancellor is reported to have replied—1st. 'That the charter was delayed because the ancient Universities had protested against it;' but, 2ndly, 'that if those objections should not be—*as he was in hopes they would be*—withdrawn—the matter should, *in a short period of time*, be referred to a committee of the Privy Council.' Of these statements, which we copy from the newspapers of the day, we venture to pronounce the first to be a *falsehood*, and the second *prevarication*. These, we know, are heavy charges against such a man in such a station and on such a subject—but we have his own authority to the

* Beaumont and Fletcher, act i. scene 6.

first

first point, and that of official documents to the second. *Neither of the universities had protested against the charter!* This appears from the report of what the *Lord Chancellor* said at the Council Board on the 25th of April. When Sir Charles Wetherell was arguing against the *grant of a charter at all*, the Chancellor interrupted him saying—that he was going too far,

'*for your petition contains no such matter;* but only that no degrees should be granted of *similar names* with those granted at Oxford and Cambridge. *Indeed, the Oxford petition does not even pray against medical degrees.*'—p. 62.

Our readers will see the serious effects of the original misrepresentation; on the 4th March a statement is made from a quarter and in a place, which ensures it *immediate and general publicity and credence*, imputing to the Universities what must have looked like a selfish, illiberal, and dilatory opposition—while, *seven weeks after*, in another place, whose proceedings are not *immediately* or usually *reported*, we find, from the same authority, an *obiter* and incidental, but complete, contradiction of that imputation. The conduct of the Universities was, it appears, liberal and rational—they did not object to the charter, but only implored that, in granting it, care should be taken to prevent a fraud on the public by confounding the degrees to be granted by the London University from those given by Oxford and Cambridge: they begged, in order that they might neither usurp the praise nor bear the blame of the degrees that the London University might confer—that *these* should be in some way distinguished as being the degrees of the Gower-Street Institution.

The *prevarication* on the second point was this:—His Lordship is made to say, *on the 4th of March*, that 'he has *hopes* the Universities *may be* induced to withdraw their objections; but if they should not, then the case must be referred to the Privy Council.' Here, we see, there was a *locus penitentiæ* afforded to the Universities—the Lord Chancellor '*hopes* that they will not *persist* in this dilatory opposition, but *if they do*, the case must go to the Privy Council,' and the blame of this additional delay, as of the former, must be laid at their door. Our readers will be astonished to learn, that by a letter from the Secretary of State, *dated the 3d March*—the *day previous* to this statement!—it was officially communicated to the Universities, that the case HAD ALREADY BEEN *referred to the Privy Council!* This announcement astonished the heads of the University—first, because the debate of the 4th had reached Oxford *before* the communication of the Secretary of State's letter; and, secondly, because the last previous communication from the Secretary of State had promised that '*nothing should be done without* FURTHER NOTICE TO THEM!'

We

We cannot presume to explain this juggle, or reconcile the strange inaccuracies and contradictions put into the Lord Chancellor's mouth; we suspect, however, the fact to have been, that at the time Lord Brougham was speaking (on the 4th) nothing had been done, but that the Cabinet, *next day*, resolved to make the reference to the Privy Council, and—for some motive or other—*ante-dated* the order of reference to the 3d! What that motive could have been, it is not easy for the uninitiated to explain. Some might attribute it to the *instinctive obliquity* of some men who never can go straight forward—others, again, to a desire to persuade the Dissenters that the government had of itself, and without waiting for *Lord Durham's* instigation, taken its measures on the subject. Our own suspicion is, that being aware of the moderation of the Universities and their reluctance to appear in the character of opponents to the Gower-Street Body, the ministers were afraid that they themselves should have the responsibility of deciding the matter, and therefore thought it safest—though contrary to their own prior engagement of doing *nothing without further notice*—though contrary to the Lord Chancellor's assertion on the 4th—to hurry on the affair to inevitable litigation. By this trick the Universities would be *forced* to appear in the invidious light of *opposing parties*, while the ministers would adroitly merge their political responsibility in the character of mere judges of a dry question of law. If this was the motive of the juggle, we cannot but regret that it has in part succeeded; for the Universities have been inveigled into attending as *parties*, and into discussing, as a mere legal point,* what is, in fact, a great constitutional question, and should be decided by the King—as head of the Church and State—on the combined views of moral justice, political expediency, and Christian duty.

* Nothing can be more able, more ingenious, or more sound, than Sir Charles Wetherell's speech before the Council, which has been separately published. Obliged, by his position, to argue the matter as a question of *law*, he has taken the highest ground that an *advocate* could take; and argued, that by the fundamental principles of our Christian monarchy, the King cannot charter a university disavowing all connexion with Christianity. We see abundant reason to expect that the committee of the Privy Council, many of whom are shareholders in the London University, will advise that the King has the abstract right; but the great question of *constitutional policy* will still remain, and upon *that* the ministers *must* ultimately decide.

On a very minor detail connected with this question of policy, we beg to make a remark. The chief motive for founding this university was, that it should contribute to the education of the *million and a half of people resident in London and its neighbourhood*; except with that object, its position in the metropolis would, no one seemed to deny, be inconvenient and injurious. Now, it appears, by a list lately published of the honours distributed at the London University for the last year, that of one hundred and twenty-seven prizes, eighty-three, or about two-thirds, were obtained by persons *not belonging to London or its environs*, and who, we suspect, might have found as good an education, a cheaper residence, and better morals, nearer home.

But

But be all that as it may be, the question about the London University was destined to lose its short-lived importance. The Dissenters, growing strong and earnest in proportion as they discovered the weakness and insincerity of the government, now chose to consider that even a charter to the London University was a totally inadequate reparation for the slights and delays they had suffered; in the true spirit of chapmen, they raised their demands; and, throwing the charter, lately so valued, as they had done the marriage bill, overboard, they prepared to demand admission into the ancient universities themselves. The ministers saw this new storm approaching, and made another shift to get the credit of conceding that into which, in truth, they were driven at the point of the sword. A petition from a few members of the University of Cambridge was got up, praying for the admission of dissenters, and this petition was presented with formal notice and great parade to the House of Lords on the 21st March, by the First Lord, and to the House of Commons, on the 24th, by the Secretary, of the Treasury: and the speeches both of Lord Grey and Mr. Spring Rice were—amidst many professions of attachment to the Established Church—substantially in favour of granting this boon to the Dissenters.* But the Dissenters had had too much experience of their ministerial friends to trust to mere *palaver*, and Mr. Wood, the member for Manchester—an eminent and respectable dissenter—took the bull by the horns, to use a homely but expressive phrase, and by a vote of the House of Commons, on a division of 185 to 44, obtained leave to bring in a bill to open the universities to sectarians of all denominations. And thus, by a series of deceptions, intrigues, and manœuvres, of which we know no parallel—(as we have not yet had the secret history of the Reform Bill)—the Government and the House of Commons have been led to decide—by a side wind, and in so thin a House—the greatest question that ever had been mooted within its walls—the separation of Church and State.

We shall not insult the understanding of our readers by endeavouring to prove that the admission of dissenters to the Universities decides, in substance, that vital question. The proposition is self-evident; and, if it were not so, the bold and undisguised avowals made in a thousand shapes by the Dissenters themselves establish the fact—that the entire separation of Church and State, and the abolition of the Establishment, is their immediate and

* Mr. Cobbett in the same speech already quoted, avowed, 'That if the Catholics and Dissenters were to get into the Universities, and acquire degrees and the right of voting—let him not disguise the fact—they would soon become *masters* of the Universities—aye, and of the whole property of the Universities, in a very short time!'—*Debate, March* 25.

direct

direct object: with nothing less will they be satisfied, and *that* they are resolved to obtain! This imperious and dictatorial tone—we regret to say—they are but too well authorized to use by the pusillanimous subserviency of the ministry to their progressive demands, and by the concomitant acquiescence of a House of Commons in which they reckon, we fear too justly, that they have a predominant interest, and boast, we hope less truly, that they have an omnipotent authority.

It is fearful to observe how, with a weak, temporizing, and compromising government—as in a diseased habit of body—every trifling accident becomes a mortal wound. The blunders or the weakness of the ministry, in the affair of the Marriage Bill, have, by successive steps, brought a British House of Commons to vote, in substance, a proposition, so unexpected, so astonishing, so monstrous, as the abrogation of the first, most fundamental, and essentially vital principle of our constitution—the inseparable union of the Church with the State.

The arguments, too, by which the admission of dissenters to the universities is advocated, have gradually grown up from the humbler suggestion of *expediency* into the imperative assertion of *right*—'Parva metu primò mox sese attollit in auras.' We feel that the day is gone by when it might be hoped that these arguments would be tried and decided by the principles either of reason or the Constitution. We know too well that the Dissenters will not, and the ministers dare not, submit the case to those antiquated tribunals; we shall therefore not attempt to preach to the winds or harangue the waves, but we will venture to suggest one or two observations on the more moderate and plausible allegations on which Lord Grey and Mr. Rice rested *their* concurrence in the claims of the dissenters. They first alleged, as did the Cambridge petition, that the exclusion of dissenters was no part of the ancient constitution of the universities, but an innovation of the narrow-minded and bigoted age of James I. A conclusive answer to that allegation was given on the moment by Sir Robert Peel, and indeed is so obvious, that it seems marvellous that it should have escaped Lord Grey and Mr. Rice—the *exclusion* began as soon as *dissent;* they were contemporaneous. In Elizabeth's day the only dissenters were Papists—they were immediately excluded by the oath of supremacy: when, in the next reign, Protestant dissent made its appearance, it was excluded by edicts and tests directed specially against it. The conclusion is, that the universities have been from their foundation to the present moment the exclusive seminaries of the Established Church, and at no age, and under no circumstances, did any dissenters claim or, in fact, obtain admission to those establishments;

establishments; but, on the contrary, they were, as soon as they appeared, specifically, and without hesitation or objection, even on their own parts, excluded. From this incontrovertible fact, that the universities have been from the days of Alfred to those of William IV. the exclusive seminaries of the established religion, another (and in some respects contradictory) argument was deduced—that, as the majority of the colleges were founded in Roman Catholic times, the Protestant church can have no claim to them. In the first place, we observe that this historical argument would not much advance the claims of the Protestant dissenters. If we conceded that the intention of the founders was to maintain popery, (which we shall show presently that it was not,) and also that such intention was to be conclusive at this day, the argument would prove a little too much, for we should have to restore the universities—not to Mr. Wood or Mr. Wilkes, but—to Mr. O'Connell and Dr. Doyle —*q. e. a.* But the premises are false: the universities themselves, and all the colleges, have been founded on one great principle—connexion with the *Religion of the State*. Some of them were founded before popery, properly so called, existed—others, (the majority, we admit,) in what may be strictly called popish times—a few when there was an Anglican Catholic church as contradistinguished from that of Rome—and some since the dawn of the Reformation; but in *all* those cases, the persons who founded, and the law which sanctioned the foundation of these seminaries, had, and could have, no other idea, than that they were to be in connexion with the *established religion of the state*. But further—the religion of the state was not *changed* in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., but *reformed*—not abrogated, but purified and restored. Individual Romanists may deny this, but the universal voice of the British empire—all its laws, and constitutional forms and principles—attest the fact; and, according to the doctrines of every writer who has considered the origin and authority of civil society, the Church of England must be admitted to stand, since its reformation, on the same national basis as it did while unreformed, and to have succeeded to all the rights, privileges, and authorities of the State Religion—part of which was the exclusive possession of the universities. A contrary doctrine would sound strangely in the *Reformed Parliament*—that parliament claims, enjoys, and exercises all the privileges, the duties, and the powers of the old and, as it alleges, corrupt and vicious parliament which it replaces. On what principle is it, that the *Reformed Church* should not have equally succeeded to all the rights, privileges, and duties of the former Establishment? With all our abhorrence of the means by which Parliamentary Reform was brought about—with all our conviction of its folly and injustice—with all

our

our terror of its consequences—it would be insane to deny to the assembly elected under it the character, attributes, and authority of an House of Commons; and equally insane is it to attempt to deny to the Reformed Church of England the privileges and power of the Church before the Reformation. Our readers may think that we have given too much attention to so absurd an objection, but as it is one which grave authorities have advanced, and as it is the *only one*, which we have met with, that impugns the abstract right of excluding dissenters from the universities, we have thought it not unworthy this short, but, we trust, conclusive reply.

Incidentally in one of the debates connected with this subject, another topic was introduced, which also claims a passing observation. It was alleged, with all the air of sarcastic triumph, that the Oxford practice of requiring subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles from youths entering that university, was absurd, and almost profane. 'What could a youth of sixteen know about the Thirty-nine Articles?' And when the Bishop of Exeter observed, that—

'subscription is not, as was stated, a declaration that the party has examined the various propositions which these Articles contain, and believes them, *from examination*, to be true, but only tantamount to a declaration that the subscriber belongs to the church of which these are the Articles, and accepts them as true upon that authority,' (*Speech*, p. 4)—

he was met by an exclamation of astonishment from the Woolsack, and by that most decorous assertion which we have already noticed—that the explanation was 'a cloak for hypocrisy—a man-trap for tender consciences—and only suited to the uses of hypocrites and Jesuits!' The Lord Chancellor, it would seem, had forgotten that a petition was presented to parliament in 1772 for removing this subscription; that it was rejected by 217 to 71; and that amongst its most prominent and strenuous opponents are to be found the names of men whom the world did then and ever will regard for their statesmanlike views—their high principles—their transcendent abilities—and for all the qualities that can give authority to the opinions of public men,—Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke! And, in addition to these and other high political testimonies (which it is unnecessary to specify after having named Burke and Fox), it is remarkable that we have the corroborative opinion of that admirable man who is emphatically called the *great moralist* of England—Dr. Johnson—who, when this subject happened to be discussed before him gave an explanation exactly the same in principle (though rather stronger in expression) as the Bishop of Exeter:—

'They talk of not making boys at the university subscribe to what they

they do not understand; but they ought to consider that our *universities were founded to bring up members for the Church of England*, and we must not supply our enemies with arms from our arsenal. The meaning of subscribing is—*not that they fully understand all the Articles*, but *that they will adhere to the Church of England.*'—*Boswell's Johnson*, vol. ii. p. 148.

Dr. Johnson, it seems, would have been pronounced by Lord Brougham '*a hypocrite and a Jesuit, who wore a cloak of hypocrisy, and laid traps for tender consciences!*' The occupant of the woolsack, for the time being, may be the *dernier* resort in matters of litigation; but on questions of wisdom and policy—of piety and morals—we hope we may, without offence, prefer the opinions of Burke and Johnson.

We will venture to add a few explanatory words on this subject, which the Bishop of Exeter might not have thought necessary to introduce into an incidental debate or Dr. Johnson into occasional conversation, but which are illustrative of their opinions. In all Christian churches and communities—we believe even amongst the Dissenters themselves—children are from the earliest ages instructed in their religion. Lord Brougham triumphantly asks, 'Are persons to subscribe first, and afterwards learn the meaning of what they had subscribed?' We ask in return, does the pious mother who teaches her little boy to repeat the Apostles' Creed, imagine that *he* comprehends or that even *she* could adequately explain, all the doctrines which this creed involves? Will Lord Brougham, who, in one of his speeches on these matters, alludes to his own child, allow us to ask him whether *she* has not learned her catechism? Are the parents, tutors, or clergymen, who take so much pains to make the infant objects of their love or their care learn that formulary—'hypocrites, Jesuits, and entrappers of tender consciences?' Does the teaching a child to profess, in the awful presence of God, his belief in all the mysteries enounced in these rudiments of Christianity, exclude the idea that he is afterwards to endeavour to obtain such a clear and perfect understanding as may enable him to give '*a reason for the* faith *that is in him*?' We could push this much farther—but it is unnecessary. Whatever may be said to justify teaching children the Creed and the Catechism, may, *à multo fortiori*, be alleged in support of the Oxford regulation; and when we add, that, by the ancient statutes and the modern practice of that university, 'the tutors are required to instruct the undergraduate pupil in the full meaning and obligation of the articles which he had at first subscribed—as he had learned his creed and catechism—on the authority of the church to which he belongs'—we trust we have abundantly shown that the sneer and astonishment of Lord Brougham,

Brougham, and, what we consider of rather more importance, the arguments of the dissenters on this matter, are, to use some of his Lordship's own forms of speech, '*a cloak for insidious designs—a mere trap for weak intellects.*'

But all these minor objections, which were so sedulously advanced, *ad captum vulgi*, before the Dissenters had produced their final demands, have now vanished into comparative insignificance behind the great question of the separation of Church and State. It is no longer a charter for the London University—nor the admission of sectaries to Oxford or Cambridge—nor a civil rite of marriage—nor exemption from church-rate—nor the abolition of tithes, that are *separately* in discussion—it is all collectively. The question of the abolition of the Established Church—like Aaron's rod—swallows all the rest.

We believe that Lord Grey, and several of his colleagues, are sincere in the surprise and regret which they express at the latitude of the Dissenters' present demands. Some are alarmed, at least, at the prospect of their own personal difficulties; but there are others of the Cabinet who, to a sense of their political embarrassment, add, we believe, the higher and more honourable feeling of the public danger. They all must naturally feel mortified at the signal failure of their system of government by concession—their hope, we have no doubt, was, that by a piecemeal redress of what were alleged as grievances, they could suspend, at least for a season, if they could not avert, the overthrow of our institutions. The Government—

> 'Melle soporatam, et medicatis frugibus offam
> Objecit——'

and hoped to have seen

> ——'ille fame rabida tria* guttura pandens
> Correpit objectam, atque immania terga resolvit
> Fusus humi——'

But, alas! Cerberus, like Satan, 'now, is wiser than of yore!'—the offered cakes have been rejected with contempt; and the ministry have to deal *directly* with a great and growing danger, created by their own short-sighted policy, and inflamed by their own ill-judged and ineffectual concessions.

Their Church Rate Bill is another striking instance of accumulated folly. 'Why should Dissenters pay rates for churches that they never frequent?' The ministers had not the courage—nor honesty—nor common sense to answer—'because those rates were 'an ancient, immemorial charge on *property*, which had been 'for ages bought and sold subject to that charge—because all the

* Papist, Dissenter, and Infidel.

citizens,

'citizens of a state are liable to pay to national objects and establish-
'ments without reference to individual use—because a man who
'never goes to law, must still contribute his share to the repairs
'of Westminster Hall—because one pays for country bridges over
'which he never passes—because those who have no votes, *nay,*
'*those who have been deprived of their elective franchise,* must still
'pay their quota of the expenses of the Reform Bill—because
'the citizens of Colchester must contribute to pay the salary of
'Mr. *Thomas Jefferson Hogg*, in addition to the expense of their
'appeal to the Court of King's Bench against his vulgarity and
'insolence.'

But the Dissenters were to be conciliated, and a bill was introduced for abolishing church-rates! Were the Dissenters satisfied? Oh no! they again, and for once with justice, complained that the remedy was infinitely worse than the disease—more oppressive to their purses—and more offensive to their feelings. Church-rates were abolished *eo nomine*, but re-enacted under another. In the nostrils of the Dissenters,

'A *rate*,
By any other name, doth smell as *ill*,'—

and they were doubly exasperated by their disappointment. Led us spend a few words on this celebrated bill—the embodtie. type of the justice, toleration, economy, and prudence of the ministry. The amount of church-rates was estimated at 500,000*l.*—the bill reduces the sum to 250,000*l.*: so far, so good; but if 250,000*l.* be sufficient for the purpose, (which we entirely disbelieve,) it would have been just as well, instead of new name and machinery, to have diminished the rates one a half But no—the *name* was odious, and must be abolished, though the *thing* must survive. To be sure, it is something to save 250,000*l.*; and churchmen will be quite as much pleased as the Dissenters at such a saving,—rather more, we think; for as the rates are charged on real property, and as—although the Dissenters boast of their numerical power, their growing wealth, their superior intelligence—they must admit that the immense majority of *property* is in the hands of churchmen—the balance of relief will be in favour of the latter. But this is not all—the reduced sum, 250,000*l.*, is no longer to be paid as *rate:* oh no! *rate* is abolished; but it is to be paid out of the Consolidated Fund—and *property*, so large a proportion of which is in the hands of churchmen—is relieved from this ancient charge of 500,000*l.* a year, of which 250,000*l.* are transferred to the shoulders of every man who drinks beer or tea, or in any other way contributes to the general taxes. And, to complete the absurdity, a *fixed* annual sum is assigned for an expense

which by its nature must *fluctuate* from year to year. What, then, is gained by this complicated juggle? Nothing; for if the 250,000*l.* can be spared, it should be saved *at all events;* and although, if there were no other fund, we should not complain of churches being maintained out of the Consolidated Fund, yet we cannot see the shadow of a reason for—on the contrary, every reason against—removing the expense from its old basis to a new one; and the *object* being to relieve those who do not frequent church from the payment of rates, the *effect* will be to remove it from one body, the majority of whom *do* frequent the church, to another body, the majority of whom *do not.* We shall not dwell upon, though we deeply feel, the *insecurity* of the Church's right in this new fund; for that is no otherwise connected with our present purpose than as it adds this other remarkable ingredient to the case—that it makes the bill equally odious to all parties; and that when the Dissenter complains that he is duped, the Church, with more reason, complains that she is plundered; and the only persons who can possibly be benefited by the scheme are those who made no complaint, who asked for no advantage, whose interests never entered into the consideration at all—namely, the large possessors of rated property. Of this bill, therefore, we are not surprised that the Dissenters will accept nothing but its title—*the abolition of church-rates;* the principle, they say, of the abolition of church-rates is thus recognized by the government—and to the extension of that principle they will hold the ministers; but they will also teach them an easier and nearer way of accomplishing it—by abolishing the Church itself, and then the rates will follow, as a matter of course!

But another and more remarkable attempt at Church Reform has been since made by the Lord Chancellor, under circumstances which—all inured as we are to his extraordinary conduct and deportment—have very much surprised us. As this strange affair seems destined—both by its intrinsic importance and by its probable consequences—to become of historical interest, it belongs essentially to our present inquiry.

On the last night of the sitting of the House of Lords, prior to the Whitsuntide recess, the Lord Chancellor was reported in all the papers to have introduced—*as measures of the Government*—two bills for reforming the English branch of the Church by preventing pluralities and non-residence. These bills he prefaced by a speech containing several erroneous statements and objectionable propositions, which, to our very great surprise, and, we believe, that of the public in general, appeared to have passed almost without notice or objection from any temporal or spiritual peer. Unanswered it seems they were, and unanswered they remained

mained during the whole of the recess; but on the very first subsequent meeting, the former silence of the House received a most unexpected explanation.

'*The Earl of Malmesbury* said he rose to express his regret that no notice had been given by the noble and learned Lord on the woolsack of his intention to introduce two bills of such vast importance as that relating to the question of pluralities, and that respecting non-residence—bills which it was extremely necessary the Right Rev. Prelates, who were so deeply interested in the question, should have been made acquainted with. Moreover, the noble and learned Lord was not content with simply producing the bills, but he made a speech upon the occasion, which had appeared in the public prints.

'*The Archbishop of Canterbury* said, that at the beginning of the session, he had been told that a measure was in preparation for the regulation of those matters, and he asked the noble Earl at the head of the Government if it was their intention to bring in such a bill; and he replied that such a one was then in preparation, that it was in the hands of the Lord Chancellor, and that when it was duly prepared, it would be sent to him (the Archbishop) and submitted to his consideration. *Thereupon he rested.* There was nothing for him to do. On Wednesday (before?) last, he received from the noble and learned Lord his abstracts of the bills relating to pluralities and to non-residence, together with an extremely courteous letter, but which (if we understood the most reverend Prelate rightly) neither stated that the bills were prepared, nor that it was his intention to lay them on their Lordships' table. Now, when he received this communication from the noble and learned Lord, he naturally supposed that it was made with the view of obtaining his opinion respecting the principles put forth in the bill. Great, therefore, was his surprise to learn, that *during his absence*, and *without any intimation to him*, the bills had been introduced by the noble and learned Lord. On the evening they were brought in, he was absent, and *so were the Bishops generally.* They had attended the meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and on the day of that meeting *it was understood and known that the prelates were in the habit of dining with the Lord Mayor.* It was therefore with great surprise that he and his right reverend brethren learned from the public prints of the morning (if he might be permitted to allude to them) that the bills had been presented the evening before; and, moreover, that there had been an introductory speech from the noble and learned Lord, in which it was represented that doctrines had been urged, and opinions put forth, to which he should have felt it his duty to express his strong dissent.'

His Grace then went on to reply, most victoriously, to some of those passages; but our limits oblige us to omit all but the historical parts of the transaction.

The Lord Chancellor defended himself in a series of speeches,

so long, so verbose, and so rambling, that it is impossible to give their meaning by extracts; we therefore offer a summary of the chief points: first—on the subject of *notice*, he alleges, that it is not the practice in the Lords to give *notice* for the bringing in of bills; secondly—that as to his speech, it was a *short* one, and that he would have been more blamed if he had brought his bills in without some explanation; thirdly—that the Bishops were not *all* absent, for that two were present; fourthly—that he thought it necessary to bring in these bills before the Whitsuntide recess, because, when he recently presented a petition

'from a body of the most respectable, most enlightened, and most intelligent men'—(we presume, the Dissenters of Glasgow)—'he had thought it his duty, when stating to their Lordships the object of that petition, which those who subscribed it declared to be a severance of Church and State, by which he (the Lord Chancellor) understood the abolition of an established church; he had thought it his duty on that occasion to give his opinions as strongly, and his arguments as cogently, as he had the means of doing, in favour of an established church, although he had himself presented that petition, and it was signed by 50,000 persons. But it became him to prove, *as soon as he could after making that declaration*, that he was by no means averse to as expedient, as wise, and as safe a measure of Church Reform, as might increase the favour of the Established Church with the people, and provide for its permanence and security. He deemed the two measures which he had introduced as the most conducive to this end, and best answering the description he had just given; and he thought, for the *redemption of the pledge he had given*, that it *would be the most advisable to bring them forward before Whitsuntide*.'

Now we must observe on the several points of this defence,—first—the complaint did not relate to the want of *technical notice* on the Order-book, but of the *private notice*, which was due by *promise* to the *Archbishop*, and by *courtesy* to *other Peers*;—to *that* the Chancellor seems to have made no answer: secondly—the complaint was not against his making a speech, and, above all, a *short* one; but against his having managed *so* to make the speech, that it should go out to the country, for a week or ten days, as wholly unanswered;—to *that* again the Chancellor seems to have made no reply: thirdly—it is true there were two prelates present, but it turned out, on further explanation, that they were *Irish* bishops, who were not likely to express any opinion on details exclusively concerning the *English* Church;—and *this* part of the Chancellor's defence was, therefore, a *subterfuge:* but as to the *fourth* point, we have no doubt the Chancellor's explanation is true—the bills *were* produced to fulfil his *pledges* to the Dissenters; but that seems no reason why they should have been thus introduced furtively, or at least by surprise; and it adds peculiar

peculiar importance to the whole transaction, that it should be confessed that the hasty introduction of two bills, exclusively directed to the internal arrangements of the Church, should arise out of a dissenting petition for the total abolition of the Church! Nay, they were introduced *at the tail* of another petition against the Church from the Dissenters of Aberdeen—'an OPPORTUNITY'—(*opportunity* was the very word!)—'which,' his Lordship said, 'he *seized*' for introducing these two bills. But there is a still more precious admission to be deduced from the Chancellor's explanation—an admission which develops and explains the whole system of the Government; namely, that, having ventured to say a few *loose words for* the Church, he had not a moment to lose (in order, we presume, to preserve his influence with his dissenting friends) in bringing in two *strong practical measures against it*. We had long known that this was the ministerial mode of dealing with the Church—a word and a blow—a *word* for, and a *blow* against—but we did not expect that it would have been so candidly confessed.

But now arose another, and, as to the Chancellor *personally*, more serious charge. The House, it seems, had been on the evening in question very full, particularly of Bishops, in expectation of a Scottish Church bill; that bill having been postponed, the House thinned, and the Archbishops and Bishops went, as stated by the Primate, to dine officially with the Lord Mayor. It happened, however, that the Duke of Cumberland, the Earl of Wicklow, and (as the Lord Chancellor himself states) *forty* or *fifty* other Lords, had the precaution, before they went away, to ask the Lord Chancellor whether there was any other business coming on; to which his Lordship—*with his two bills in his pocket, and his speech in his head*—answered, 'NOT ANY.' These Peers, of course, retired; and when the House grew empty, the Lord Chancellor produces his speech and his bills. This must seem to our readers so incredible, that we shall extract Lord Wicklow's testimony and the Chancellor's reply.

'The Earl of Wicklow.—After the Catholics' Marriages Relief (Scotland) Bill was postponed the other evening, he inquired of the noble and learned Lord whether anything else was coming on, and the answer of the noble and learned Lord was, "*There is no other business coming on to-night.*"

'The Lord Chancellor.—*No, no.*

'The Earl of Wicklow.—My Lords, the noble and learned Lord *stated as I have now said!*

'The Lord Chancellor—said he was asked, not by one, but *by forty or fifty noble lords*, if there was any more business coming on, meaning, as he supposed, the business of the night which was set down *in the paper*.

Upon

Upon this latter reply—which is certainly neither *answer* nor *defence*—the first obvious remark is, that it does not support the previous '*No, no*'—it does *not* deny the fact, but pleads that he (the Lord Chancellor) mistook the object of the inquiry. It is also worthy of remark, that the Lord Chancellor admits that there were *forty or fifty lords* who showed a disposition to stay if the Lord Chancellor had not assured them that there was no other business coming on. But the Chancellor suggests that he thought their inquiries only referred to business *on the paper*. It is very strange he should have, on that occasion, mistaken *everybody*; for all the peers who spoke agree in Lord Wicklow's version of the affair—My Lord Chancellor 'was not wont to be so dull'—and it is singular that he should have made this particular mistake, because the '*paper*,' we suppose, means the paper of the orders of the day, of which every lord has, or may have, a copy—the paper would speak for itself; their Lordships, therefore, must clearly have meant to ask the Lord Chancellor for that very information which the paper could *not* give them. It was when pressed upon this point, that the Lord Chancellor burst out into that decorous tirade which we have already quoted, but which cannot be too often recorded or too much admired:—

'This, however, he would tell the noble earl, and he might believe him, for he was perfectly candid and sincere in what he said, that he would not go out of his way one inch—no, not one hair's breadth—to save any measure of his from any answer that could be given to it, either by the noble earl himself, by the illustrious duke, or the noble duke who had spoken that night.'

But while the Lord Chancellor was thus evincing, by the placidity of his temper, his own consciousness of the goodness of his cause, another discovery was made, more important, in a public view, than all the rest. The Duke of Wellington, in the course of some observations, happening to observe that the Lord Chancellor had stated that he had had the '*concurrence of his colleagues*' in bringing in these bills, was interrupted by a denial from the Lord Chancellor, who exclaimed—

'I did not say *any such thing*. What I did say was—*not* that I had the *unanimous concurrence of my colleagues*, but that I had *consulted my colleagues* on the subject.'

Now we ask Lord Brougham, if any solicitor or attorney of his court, in proposing a certain proceeding to a client, had added that he had '*consulted his partner upon it*,' and that he should afterwards deny that these words meant *some such thing* as 'that his partner concurred in the advice,' would not Lord Brougham think him a *pettifogger*, and probably strike his name off the rolls of the court? But Lord Brougham talks a great deal too much and

too

too loosely to be always the best authority as to the exact words he may have used in the hurry of debate; we shall therefore quote the reports given in three of the morning papers of the 17th May, of what passed on that occasion; and we select from one paper that is opposed to Lord Brougham, from another that is supposed to be particularly attached to him, and from a third which is generally neuter,—the Morning Post, the Times, and the Morning Herald:—

MORNING POST.—'The Lord Chancellor then stated that he had two bills to lay on their Lordships' table, which it would be unnecessary for him to describe at any length. *He brought them forward with the full concurrence of his colleagues*,' &c.

TIMES.—'He had now to present to their Lordships two bills, *which had received the sanction of Government*,' &c.

MORNING HERALD.—'He should *seize* the present *opportunity* to introduce to their Lordships' notice two bills, which had been prepared with the *approbation and aid of his Majesty's Government*,' &c.

But we have evidence still more conclusive to this point. Lords Bute and Radnor happened to remain in the House, and they both, in reference to the Chancellor's statement, expressed their satisfaction that '*the* GOVERNMENT *had brought in these measures*,' and the Lord Chancellor did *not* contradict or correct them! It is therefore no matter of surprise to us, though it is of additional curiosity and interest, that—during the whole of this conflict, in which the Lord Chancellor appears to have been attacked by eight different Peers, and to have made ten or a dozen speeches in reply—NOT ONE of his colleagues is stated to have said one word in support of *him*. A silence so extraordinary—so little like the usual generosity of political friends—we can only explain by supposing that the other Cabinet Peers were as much surprised as the rest of the House by the proceedings of their noble and learned colleague.

We sincerely hope that such may turn out to have been the case, and that the Cabinet, as such, has been no party either to the proceedings of the Chancellor or to all the provisions of his bills. But we are in the dark on this point: probably before these lines meet the eyes of our readers, Mr. Ward's motion for the confiscation of Church property in Ireland will have brought to a crisis the dissensions in the Cabinet, and exposed some of these mysteries to public view; we shall therefore hazard no conjectures on that subject—but shall close this topic by observing, that, however the differences of the Cabinet may terminate, enough has transpired to show that the interests of the Church are in a crisis of the most alarming difficulty and the most imminent danger.

Such have been the plans, projects, and power of the present—

perhaps

perhaps we should say the *late*—executive government of the country;—fallen from a popularity earned by bad means, and endeavouring to retrieve it by worse—'despised and abhorred' (we use the expressions of its own organs) by those whose favour they had meanly courted, and only enabled to carry on even the routine of government by the assistance of that disinterested and patriotic party which they take every occasion to weaken, to vilify, and to insult.

The people of England, so long accustomed to the blind violence of a Whig Opposition, whose sole thought was how they might thwart and embarrass the government of the day, are surprised to see a Tory Opposition helping a Whig Ministry in all its difficulties, and giving it whatever of power and consistency it possesses. Mr. Whittle Harvey is reported to have said that

'Lord Althorp, and those who sat around him, were the government of the Crown; but the real government of the country was in the hands of Sir Robert Peel.'

God forbid that Sir Robert Peel, and those to whom the country turns its longing but almost despairing eyes, were to be responsible for what is misnamed the government of the country: but it is perfectly true that the influence of his talents in the House—his following in the country—the wisdom of his advice—the high integrity of his motives—have mainly contributed to enable the present ministers to carry on the current business of the state—to maintain, in the few instances in which they have had the courage to attempt it, the institutions of the country—and to show, with a force of which *they* were not capable, the mixed absurdity and danger of the various mischievous propositions with which we are assailed. If it had not been for the moral power of the Conservative party, the ministers would have been long since driven from places which they occupy, but cannot fill; and the Revolution would have made still more rapid and irremediable progress.

These circumstances give us hopes—faint, indeed, but drowning men will catch at straws—that now, at the eleventh hour, if the ministers, 'weak masters though they be,' had the courage to act independently, to exert their own judgment—that even now, the crisis might be postponed. If the majority of the Cabinet—who are not, we hope, for a Revolution—would honestly and resolutely say to the Dissenters, or rather their factious leaders,—'We have offered all that was practicable, and 'more than was reasonable or safe; we have *reformed* the 'Church of Ireland—we have abolished tithes in that portion 'of the realm—we have insulted the clergy—we have disgusted 'the Protestants—we have even risked the integrity of the Bri-'tish empire:—in England we have offered you a marriage act—

'a tithe

'a tithe bill—a church-rate bill; we have countenanced your petition for a charter for a university of your own, and have voted a simultaneous measure for your admission into ours. We have offered as many distinct sacrifices as you proposed grievances. You have rejected them all with contumely; you have at last, by the utter prostration of our concession, been obliged to take your real ground and to avow your real object—you do not stand on the insufficiency or inefficiency of the *details* of our propositions, but, contrary to all our advice, warnings, and entreaties, you have boldly hoisted the black flag of separation between Church and State—you have declared *that* to be your first, your last, your only object,—and you have done so after we had declared to you that neither as ministers nor as men could we sanction so monstrous a proposition; you have broken all engagements with us—you have defied and exasperated all the good sense of the country—you have set up claims so monstrous, so progressively increasing with every attempt to satisfy them, that we can go no further, without a violation of our principles—a breach of our duty—a sacrifice of our honour, our policy, and our conscience! You have avowed, by the rejection of all our efforts in your behalf, that your grievances were a mere pretext—that your ultimate, and now undisguised, object, is a Revolution in Church and State. We take you at your word, and reply, we will *not* have a Revolution!—we retract all the concessions which you call illusory—we retrace all the steps that you call insulting—like negotiators, who, offering what is reasonable and finding it unavailing, are justified in resuming their original position, we renounce your alliance, we abjure your doctrines, we repudiate your connexion; we resume our natural station of ministers of the Crown, and servants, not of a faction, but of the public—we are resolved to maintain, without further change, the constitution of England; and we appeal to God—the King—our consciences, and our country, for support against a democratical and dissenting dictatorship!' Such is the language which the Cabinet would be justified in using. Such a reply—(would that we could believe that they had the sense, the courage, and the patriotism to make it!)—would rally round the ministry a vast accession of power; the Dissenters would find that they are—however busy and loquacious—inferior to the Church in numbers, wealth, education, and abilities; and the country—even if we should still have to undergo, as no doubt we should, serious trials—would obtain at least an interval of repose, would have time to consult its moral feelings and political interest, and to consolidate its strength for the awful struggle—if it be inevitable—between the monarchical constitution of England and the reveries of madmen

enforced by the extravagance of demagogues. If such a course be not taken—if ministers will persist in a system which disturbs everything, conciliates nobody, and settles nothing—*væ victis!*—our career of happiness and glory is run. The degraded, and plundered, and dismembered nation will weep, in *tears of blood*, its forfeited prosperity and its extinguished glories! For the unhappy and infatuated ministers themselves, we reluctantly predict—the fame of Sunderland and the fate of Jeffreys!—*Te miror, quorum facta imitere, eorum exitus non perhorrescere!*

*** We read, while the preceding article was passing through the press, a report of the King's address to the prelates of England and Ireland on his Majesty's birth-day, the 28th of May; which report, though the high character of the newspaper that published it, THE STANDARD, ought to have satisfied all men of its accuracy, has since been impugned or sneered at in various quarters. We having now ASCERTAINED that the report is not only substantially, but literally correct, think it proper to reprint the words of our sovereign on this important occasion IN REI MEMORIAM; and the words marked by italics and capitals are so distinguished because they were *spoken* with peculiar emphasis.

'My Lords, you have a right to require of me to be resolute in defence of the Church. I have been, by the circumstances of my life, and by conviction, led to support toleration to the utmost extent of which it is justly capable; but toleration must not be suffered to go into licentiousness: it has its bounds, which it is my duty and which I am resolved to maintain. I am, from the deepest conviction, attached to the pure Protestant faith, which this Church, of which I am the temporal head, is the human means of diffusing and preserving in this land.

'I cannot forget what was the course of events which placed my family on the throne which I now fill: those events were consummated in a revolution which was rendered necessary, and was effected, not, as has sometimes been most erroneously stated, merely for the sake of the temporal liberties of the people, but for the preservation of their religion. It was for the defence of the religion of the country, that was made the settlement of the Crown, which has placed me in the situation that I now fill; and that religion, and the Church of England AND IRELAND, the Prelates of which are now before me, it is my *fixed purpose, determination*, and *resolution*, to MAINTAIN.

'The

'The present Bishops, I am quite satisfied, (and I am rejoiced to hear from them, and from all, the same of the Clergy in general, under their governance,) have never been excelled, at any period of the history of our Church, by any of their predecessors, in learning, piety, or zeal in the discharge of their high duties. If there are any of the inferior arrangements in the discipline of the Church (WHICH, HOWEVER, I GREATLY DOUBT,) that require amendment, I have no distrust of the readiness or ability of the Prelates now before me to correct such things; and to YOU I trust they will be left to correct, with your authority UNIMPAIRED and UNSHACKLED.

'I trust it will not be supposed that I am speaking to you a speech which I have *got by heart*. No, I am declaring to you my real and genuine sentiments. I have almost completed my sixty-ninth year, and though blessed by God with a very rare measure of health, not having known what sickness is for some years, yet I do not blind myself to the plain and evident truth, that increase of years must tell largely upon me when sickness shall come: I cannot therefore expect that I shall be very long in this world. It is under this impression that I tell you, that while I know that the law of the land considers it impossible that I should do wrong—that while I know there is no earthly power which can call me to account—this only make me the more deeply sensible of the responsibility under which I stand to that Almighty Being before whom we must all one day appear. When that day shall come, you will know whether I am sincere in the declaration which I now make, of MY FIRM ATTACHMENT to the Church, and RESOLUTION TO MAINTAIN IT.

'I have spoken more strongly than usual, because of *unhappy circumstances* that have forced themselves upon the observation of *all*. The threats of those who are enemies of the Church make it the more necessary for those who feel their duty to that Church TO SPEAK OUT. The words which you hear from me are indeed spoken by my mouth, but they flow from my heart.'

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